

THE WORKES OF THE FAMOUS AND

worthy Knight, Sir

David Lindesay of

the Mount, Alias, Lyon,

King of Armes:

Newlie corrected and vindicate from the former
errours wherewith they were corrupted: and
augmented with sundrie workes, &c.

IOB. 7.

Militia est vita hominis supra terram.

Vivet etiam post funera virtus.



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The Printer to the Reader.



D *It hath pleased GOD in all Ages, to raise up faithfull and worthie men, of singular giftes and graces (especially in the time of greatest defection) to beare Witnesse to his truth, and to rebuke the world of sinne. As Noah to preach repentance to the corrupt world, for the space of 120 yeares, before hee sent that universall deludg: Lot in Sodome, whose righteous Soule they vexed from day to day with their unlawfull deedes: Moses in Egypt, to be a delyverer to his people, and to threaten King Pharaoh for their oppression, who chused rather to suffer adversitie with the people of GOD, than to enioye the pleasures of sinne for a season: and all his Prophets from time to time to reprove & correct the enormities, not onelie of his owne people of the Iewes, but also of the adjacent Gentiles for their iniquities. And in the time of the Gospel, what a multitude of notable men of all Nations hath hee stirred up, whereof there was many holy Martyres, who exponed their bodies to cruell torments for the testimony of his truth. And even heere in our owne Nation, among many other learned and faithfull men, it pleased his Maiestie (even in the time of palpable darkenesse) to stir up this our Author, Sir David Lindesay, albeit a Courtour of his calling, and exercised about matters of Estate; yet a man of such sinceritie and faithfulness,*

that

that hee spared not aswell in his satyricall farset and playes, as in all his other workes, to enueigh most sharply, both against the enormities of the Court, and the great corruption of the Clergie, that it is to be wondered how ever he escaped their bloodie hands, they having such power at that time, and being so fiercely bent to shed the blood of Gods Saintes: As they practised in those dayes upon the bodies of GODS deare Servants Master Patrick Hammiltoun, Robert Forrestier Gentleman, George Wischeart, and Walter Milne with diuerse others, who gave their lives for the testimony of Gods truth. And yet this our Author ended his dayes in peace for all their cruell manasseing.

This lets us see the wonderfull power and providence of the Almighty, that albeit hee suffer the wicked to execute, their crueltie upon some of the bodies of his dearest Saintes (as may best serve to the glorie of his owne Name, and to their singular good) yet he can and will preserve others of his own Children, that the enemies shall not have power to touch one haire of their beades, but as it pleaseth his Maiestie to permit them.

Leaving any further commendation of the Author, because his own works shall better testifie of his faithfulnessse, sinceritie, than I can expres, I will not detain thee (good Christian Reader)

any longer from the perusing of the same, Praying GOD, that thou mayst reade them with as sincere a minde as hee hath

written the same

Amen.

THE CONTENTS OF

this Booke following

A Dialogue betweene Father Experience and the Courteour, of the miserable estate of the World, divided into foure Bookes, or in foure Monarchies.

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Lord King James the fifth his Papingo.

3. The dreame directed to our said Sovereigne

Lord, wherein is contained.

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16. Iusting betweene James Watson, and John Barbour, Servitours to King James the fifth.



A PROLOGUE

Of the miserable estate of the World, Betweene EXPERIENCE and the COURTEOUSER.

Using and marveling on the miserie,
From day to day in earth which both en-
And of each stat that instability (create
Proceeding of the restlesse businesse,
Whereon the most part doe their mind addresse
Inordinatelic on hungrie Covetise,
Aine gloze, deceite, and other sensuall vice.

But tumbling in my bedde I might not lye,
Wherefore I went forth in an May morning,
Comfort to get of my Melancholie,
Some-what befoze fresh Phcebus up-rising,
Where I might heare the Birds sweetelie sing,
Into a Parke I past so; my pleasure,
Decozed well by craft of Dame Nature.

How I received comfort naturall,
For to describe at length it were too lang,
Smelling the wholsome Herbes medicinall,
Whereon the Dulce & balmie Dew down hang,
Like Orient Pearles upon the twigs hang,
How that the Aromaticke Odours,
Proceeded from the tender fragrant flowres)

How Phcebus that King Ethernall

The first Booke.

Swætliesprang up into the Orient;
Ascending in his Throne Imperiall;
Whose bright and Bozeal Beames resplendent
Illuminate all unto the Occident:
Comforting euerie corporall Creature,
Which formed were on Earth by Dames Nature.
Whose donk impurpor'd Vestiment nocturnall.
With his imbrowdzed Mantle matutine,
He left into his Region Aurozall,
Which on him waited when hee did decline,
Toward his Occident Pallace Wespertine:
And rose in habite gay and glorious.
Brighter than Golde or Stones pzeious.

But Cynthia the horned Nights Quene,
Shee lost her light, and led a lower saile,
When once her Soberaigne Lord y shee had seene
And in his pzeence wared darke and paile:
And over her Visage cast a mistie Maile.
So did Venus the Goddesse amorous,
With Iupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Right so the olde intoricate Saturne,
Perceiuing Phœbus powze his Beames bright
Above the Earth, then made he no sojourne,
But suddenlie did lose his borrowed light:
Which hee durst neuer shew but in the Night.
So Pole Arctick, Vrscs, and Starres all,
Which situate are in the Septentrionall:

(To erring Ships that are without all guide
Convoying them upon the stormie Night)

Within

Of the Monarchie.

Within their frostie Circle did them hide.
Howbeit that Starres have none other light,
But the reflere of Phœbus beames bright.
That day durst none into the Heavens appeare,
Till he had circuite all our Hemispheare.

Woe thought it was a sight Celestiall,
To see Phœbus so Angel-like ascend,
Into his fierie Chariote triumphall,
Whose beautie bright I could not comprehend,
All care of worldlie things did from mee wend.
When fresh Flora spread forth her Tapisrie,
Brought by Dame Nature queynt and curiouslie

Painted with manie hundzeth heavenlie bewes,
Glad of the rising of that royall Roy,
With blowmes breaking on the tender Bewes.
Which did provoke mine heart to naturall joy.
Neptune that day and Æolus held them coy,
That men of far might heare the Birds sound
Whose noyse did to the Starrie Heaven rebound.

The pleasant Pown punzeing his fethrem faire
The mirthfull Ma veis made gzeat melodie,
The lustie Larke ascended in the Aire:
Pumbring her naturall Notes craftilie
The gay Gold-spinke, the Merle right merilie,
The noyse of the noble Nightingalles
Redounded through Mountains, Heades & Walles

Contemplating this mirthfull harmonie,
How everie Bird drest them so to advance,
To salute Nature with their Melodie,

The first Booke.

That I stood gazing almost in a trance,
To heare them make their naturall obseruance
So royallie, that all the Rockes rang,
Through repercussion of their sugred sang.

I lose my time, alas, for to rehearse
Such unfruitfull and vaine description,
Or write into my rorall ragged verse,
Matter without edification:
Considering how that mine intention,
Were to deplore the mortall miseries,
With continuall carefull calamities,

Consisting in this wretched baile of sorrow,
But sad sentence should haue a sad indyte:
So tearmes bright I list not for to borrow,
Of mourning matter men haue no delyte,
With rousie tearmes therefore I will now write
With sorrowfull sighs ascending from y^e spleene
And bitter teares, distilling from mine eene.

Without anie vaine invocation.
To Minerva or to Melpomene:
For yet will I make supplication,
For helpe to Clio, or to Calliope.
Such marr'd Muses may make mee no supplie:
Proserpine I refuse and Apollo,
And right so Euterpe, Iupiter, and Iuno,

Which be to pleasant Poets comforting,
Wherefore because I am not one of those;
I doe desire of them no supporting:
For I did never sleepe in Parnasso,

Of the Monarchie.

As did the Poetes of long time agoe:
And speciallie the ornate Ennius.

For I thanke I never with Hesiodus

Of Greece the perfect Poet Sovereaigne,

Of Helicon the source of Eloquence,

Of that mellifluous famous fresh Fountaine,

Wherefore to them I ought no reverence,

I purpose not to make obedience

To mischant Muses or Mahometrie,

Before time used into Poetrie.

Hoping Rhamnusia goddess of despite,

Might be to me a Muse right conuenable:

If I desir' o such helpe for to indite,

This mourning matter mad and miserable,

I must goe seeke a Muse more comfortable,

And such vaine superstition to refuse,

Beseeching the great GOD to be my Muse.

By his wisdom al maner of things were wrought

The high Heavens, with all their Ornaments

And without matter made allthings of nought:

Well in mid Center of the Elements,

That heauenlie Muse to seeke my whole intent is

The which gave Sapience to King Salomon,

To David grace, and strength to strong Samson.

And of pious Peter made a prudent Preacher,

And by the power of his Deitie,

Of cruell Paul he made a cunning Teacher,

I must beseech right lowly on my knee,

His high super-excellent Majestie,

That

The first Booke,

That with his heavenly Spirit hee me inspire
To write nothing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his Soberaigne Son IESV,
Which was conceived by the holy Spirit,
Incarnate of the purified Virgine true,
And into whom the Prophecie was compleete,
That Prince of p[er]ice, most humble & most sweet
Which under Pilate suffered passion,
Upon the Crosse for our Salvation,

And by that cruell death intollerable,
Loose we were from the bonds of Belial:
And mozeover it was so profitable,
That to this houre came never man, or shall,
In the triumphant joye Emperiall
Of life, although that they were never so good,
But by the vertue of his p[re]cious blood.

Wherefore in stead of the Mount Parnasso,
Swiftlie I shall goe seeke my Soberaigne,
To Mount Calvarie the straight way shall I goe
To get a taste of that most fresh fountaine:
That source to seeke mine heart may not restra
Of Helicon, which was both deepe and wide,
That Bonginus did graue into his side.

From y^e fresh fountaine sprang a famous flou
Which redolent River through the world runne
As Christall cleare, and mixed is with blood,
Whose sound above the highest Heabenes dinne
All faithfull people purging from their sinnes:
Wherefore I shall beseech his Excellence,

Of the Monarchie.

To grant mee Grace, Wisedome, and Eloquence
And bath mee with the Dulce & balmy Strands:
Which on the crosse did speedilie out-spring,
From his most tender Fate, & beavenlie hands,
And grant mee grace to write oz dite nothing,
But to his high honour and land lobing.
Without his helpe there may no good be wrought
To his pleasure, good wo2kes, wo2d, oz thought.

Therefore, O LORD, I pray thy Pasestie,
As thou did shew thine high power diuine:
First plainlie into Cane of Galilie.
Where Thou conuerted Water into Wine:
Conboy my matter to a fructuous fine,
And save my sayings both from shame and sin,
Take heede, for now my purpose I begin.
The end of the Prologue.

A DIALOGUE OF

The miserable estate of the world, betweene
Experience and the Courtour.

Wto that Parke I saw appeare,
An aged Man, that drew mee neare:
Whose beard was wel three quarters lang
His Haire did ower his shoulders hang:
The which as anie Snow was white,
Whom to behold I thought delite.
His Habite Angel-like of hew,
Of colour like the Saphy2 blew.

Under

The first Booke.

Under an Holme hee reposed,
Of whose presence I was rejoyced
I did him salute reuerentlie,
So did hee mee right courteously:
To sit down hee requested mee,
Under the shadow of the Tree:

To save mee from the Sunns beate,
Among the flowres soft and sweete:

For I was wearie with walking,
When we began to fall in talking:
I asked his name with reverence,

E. I am (said hee) Experience:

C. When Sir (said I) you cannot faile,

To give a desolate man counsaile.

You doe appeare a man of fame:

And, sith Experience is your name;

I pray you Father venerable,

Give me some counsell comfortable.

E. What beere (said hee) thy vocation,
Making such supplication:

C. I have (said I) beere to this houre,

Since I could ryte, a Courteour:

But now Father, I think it best,

With your counsell, to live in rest,

And from hence forth to take mine ease,

And quietlie my GOD to please.

And renounce curiositie,

Leaving the Court, and learne to die,

Oft have I sayled over the Strands,

And travelled through diverse Lands,

Both South, and North, East, and West,

Of the Monarchie. IT

What can I neuer finde where rest
Doeth make his habitation,
Without your supposition:
When I beleue to bee best easde,
Most suddenlie I am displeasde.
From trouble when I fastest slee,
Then finde I most aduersitie.
When I pray you heartfullie,
How I may liue most pleasantlie,
To serue my God of kings King,
With I am tyde of trauelling;
And learne soz to be content,
Of quyet life and sober rent:
What I may thank the King of Gloze,
As though I had a million moze,
With euerie Court beene variant,
Full of enbie, and inconstant:
Nigh I without grieve liue in rest,
Now in vaine age I thinke it best.
E. Thou art a great foole son (said hee)
That to desire which may not bee,
Longing to haue prerogative,
Above all creatures on liue.
With father Adam create bene,
Into the great Campe Damascene:
Nigh no man say unto this houre,
That euer hee found perfect pleasure:
Nor neuer shall, till that hee see,
GOD in his Diuine Majestie.
Wherefoze prepare thee soz to trauell,
For mans life beene but battell:

The first Booke.

All men begins for to die,
The day of their Partitie.
And Iournalie they doe proceede,
Till Atropus cut of their fatall thred:
And in the short time that they have,
Betwæne their birth and the Grave;
Thou seest what mutabilitie,
What miserable calamities:
What trouble, travell, and debate
Seest thou in euerie mortall State:
Begin at poore low Creatures,
Ascending then to Senatoures,
To great Princes and Potentates,
Thou shalt not finde in no Estates,
Since the beginning generall,
Nor in our time now speciall,
Bot tedious restlesse businesse.
Withoutten anie sickernesse.

C. Prudent Father (said I) alas,
You tell to me a carefull case:
You say that no man to this houre,
Hath found on Earth perfect pleasure
Withoutten infortunate variance.
Since we beere thral to such mischance,
Why doe we set our whole intents,
On Riches, Dignitie, and Rents:
Sith in the Earth beere no man sure,
One day without trouble to endure,
And worst of all when we least weene,
The cruell death we must susteine,
As I your Father-hood durst demand,

Of the Monarchie.

The cause I would faine understand:
And eke father I you imploze,
Shew mee some trouble gone before,
That hearing others indigence,
I may the moze have patience.
Fellowes in tribulation,
Beene wretches consolaton.

E. (Said hee) after my small cunning,
To thee I shall make answering:
But orderlie for to begin,
This miserie procedes of sin.
But it were long to bee defined,
How all men are to sin inclined:
When sinne abundantlie doeth reigne,
Iustlie GOD maketh punishing.
Wherefore Great GOD into his hands,
Do daunt the World with diuerse wands,
After our ebill condition,
Hee makes on us punition,
With Hunger, Dearth, and Indigence,
Sometimes great plagues and pestilence,
And sometimes with his bloodie wand,
Thzough ciuill warres by Sea and Land,
Concluding, All our miserie,
Procedes of sinne allanerlie.

C. father (said I) declare to mee
The cause of this fragilitie,
That wee be all to sinne inclin'd,
In worke and word and in our minde,
I would the veritie were showane,
Who hath this seede among us sowne:

And

The first Booke.

And why wee were condemn'd to dead,
And how that wee may get remead.

E. (Said hee) the Scripture hath concluded,
Men from felicitie are denuded,
By Adam our Progenitour,
Sometime of Paradise possessour.
By whose most wilfull arrogance,
Was mankind brought to this mischance:
When hee was disobedient,
In breaking GODS Commandement,
By solistation of his Wife,
Hee lost that heauenlie pleasant life;
Eating of the forbidden Tree;
There began all our miserie:
So Adam was cause radicall,
That wee are fragill sinners all.
Adam brought in this Nation,
Sin, Death, and eke Damnation.
Who will say, That hee is no sinner,
CHRIST sayeth He is a great lyer.
Mankind sprang from Adams loyns,
And tooke of him flesh, blood, & bones,
And so after his qualitie,
Are all inclinde sinners to bee.
But yet my Son despaire thou nought,
For GOD that all the world hath wrought,
Hath made a soveraigne remead,
To save us both from sinne and dead,
And from Eternall Damnation,
Therefore take Consolation:
For GOD as Scripture doth recozd,

Having

8

Of the Monarchie.

Gabing on **H**is misericord.
Sent down his onlie Son **I E S V.**
Which lighted in a Virgine true.
And clad his high Diuinitie,
With our poore vile humanitie:
Then from our sins (to conclude)
He wassht us with his precious blood:
Howbeit thzough Adam wee must die,
Thzough that **LORD** wee shall raised be;
And ebery man he shall relæbe,
Which in his Blood doeth firm beleebe,
And bring us all into his Gloze;
The which thzough Adam borne forloze.
Without that wee thzough lake of faith,
Of his God-head incur the wath,
But who in **CHRIST** firme lie beleebes,
Shall bee relæd from all mischeebes.

C. What faith is it that you call firm?
Weir make mee understand that terme.

E. Faith without Hope and Charitie,
Shaileth not my Son (said he)

C. What Charitie is that would I know,

F. (Said he) By Son that shall I know.
First, Love thy **GOD** aboue all thing,
And thy Neighbour without faying.

Do none iniure noz villanie,
But as thou would were done to thee.

Quick Faith without Charitable works,
Can neuer be (as wyse best Clarke)
More than the fire intill his might
Can lake the heate, or Sun lake light.

The first Booke.

If Charitie into thee failes,
Thy faith, nor Hope nothing abailes:
The Devill hath faith, and trembles for bread,
But hee lackes hope and love indeede:
Doe all the good that may be wrought,
Without Charitie abailes nought,
Wherefore pray to the Trinitie,
For to support thy Charitie.
How have I shewn thee as I can,
How father Adam the first man:
Brought in the world both Sin and Dead,
And how CHRIST IESVS made remead,
Which in the great day of iudgement,
Shall us deliver from torment,
And bring us to his lasting Gloze,
Which shall endure for evermore.
But in this World thou getst no rest,
I make it to thee manifest.
Therefore my Son bee diligent,
And learne for to bee patient,
And into GOD set all thy trust,
All things shall then come for the best
C. Father I thanks you heartlie,
Of your comfort and companie,
And heauenlie consolation:
Making you supplication,
If I durst put you to such pine,
That yee would please for to define,
And make mee clearlie understand,
How Adam brake the LORDS Command,
And how through his transgression.

Of the Monarchie.

Was punisht his succession.

E, My Son (saie hee) would thou take cure,
To look upon Divine Scripture,
Into the Booke of Genesis.
That Historie thou shalt not misse,
And also sundrie cunning Clarkes,
Have done rehearse into their warkes,
Of Adams fall full ornatelie,
A thousand times better than I
Can write of that unhappie Man,
But I shall doe the best I can:
Shoertlie to shew that carefull case,
With the support of GODS grace.

An exclamation to the Reader, touching the
writting in vulgar and maternall language.



Entle Reader, have at mee no despise,
Thinking that I presumptionlie pretend
In bulgar tong so hie matter to write:
But where I misse I pray the to amēd.

To the unlearn'd I wold the cause were kend,
Of our most miserable travell and torment
And how in Earth no place is permanent.

Howbeit that diverse devote Cunning Clarkes
In Latine tongue have written sundrie Bookes,
Our unlearn'd knowes little of their warkes,
More than they doe the rabing of the Bookes.
Wherefore to Calliats, Carcers, and to Cookes,
To lacke and Tom my Rime shall be directed,
With cunning men howbeit that it vee lacke

The first Booke.

Though euerie Common may not bee a Clarke,
Nor hath not euerie except their tongue maternall,
Why shuld of Godd marvellous heavenly work
Be hid from them? I think it not fraternall.
The father of heauen, which was & is eternall,
To Moses gave the Law on mount Sinay,
Not into Greeke nor Latine as they say.

Hee wrote the Law in Tables harde of Stone
In their own vulgar Language of Hebrew:
That the Childzen of Israel euerie one,
Might know the Law, and to the same ensew.
Had hee done write in Latine, or in Grewe,
It had to them bene a labour lesse fest,
We may well know God wrought al for the best.

Aristotle nor Plato I heard saue,
Nor not their Philosophie naturall,
In Dutch nor Denc, nor tongue Italtane:
But in their most proper tongue maternall.
Whole fame and name doth reigne perpetuall.
Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie,
Nor Cicero, the flower of Oratorie,

Wrote not in Chaldie language nor in Grewe,
Nor yet into the language Saracene,
Nor in the naturall language of Hebrew,
But in the Romane tongue, as may be seene.
Which was their proper language as I weene.
When Romanes reigned Dominatozs indeede,
The Dynast Latine was their proper Leede.

In the meane time when y these bold Romanes

Over

Of the Monarchie.

Ouer all the World had the Dominion;
Made Latine Schools, their gloze for to aduance,
That their language might be ouer al common:
To that intent by mine opinion,
Trusting that their Empire should ay endure,
But of fortune alwayes they were not sure.

Of Languages the first diuersitie,
Was made by GODS malediction:
When Babylon was builded in Chaldie,
These builders got non other affliction.
Before the time of that punition
Was but one tongue, which Adam spak himselve
Where now of tōgs there be thre score & twelue.

Notwithstanding, I think it great pleasure,
Where cunning men haue Languages a new,
That in their youth by diligent labour,
Haue learned Latine, Greeke, and Hebrew.
That I am not of that sort, soe I rewe,
Wherefore I would all Bookes necessar.
For our faith were into our tongues bulgar.

CHRIST after his glorious Ascension
To his Disciples sent his holie Spzite
In tongues of fire, to that intention,
That being of all Languages replete,
Through all the world, with words faire & sweet,
To every man the faith they would forth shew,
In their own Laude delivering them the Law.

Therefore I think a great deuotion
To heare the Nunnes and Sisters night and day
Singing

The first Booke.

Singing and saying Psalmes and Psalms,
Not understanding what they sing or say,
But like a Stirling or a Papingay,
Which learned are to speake by long usage,
Them I compare to Birdes in a Cage.

Right so Childzen and Ladies of Honours
Pray in Latine, to them an uncooth Leede
Humbling their Patene Eensong & their hours
Their Pater noster Ave and their Creede.
It were as pleasant to their spirite in dede,
GOD have mercie on mee for to say thus,
As for to say, Miserere mei DEVS.

Saint Hierome in his proper tongue Romane
The Law of GOD truelie hee did translate,
Out of Hebrewe, Greeke, and Latine in plaine,
Which hath ben hid fro us long time, God waite
Untill this time: But after my conceite,
Had Saint Hierome beene bozne in to Argyle,
In Irish tongue his Bookes had done compyle.

Wudent Saint Paul doeth make narration,
Touching the diuerse Leedes of every Land:
Saying, there have beene more edification,
In fife words, that folke doe understand,
Than to pronounce of words ten thousand,
In strange language & knowes not what it means:
I thinke such prattling is not worth two pæns.

Unlearned people on the Holie day,
Solemnedlie they heare the Euangell sung,
Not knowing what the Priest doeth sing or say,
But

Of the Monarchie

But as a Bell when that they heare it rung,
Yet would the Priests in their mother tongue,
Passe to the Pulpet, and that doctrine declaire,
To Laicke people, it were moze necessarie.

I would that Prelates & Doctors of the Law,
With Laicke people were not discontent,
Though we into our vulgare tongue did know,
Of CHRIST IESVS the Law and Testament,
And how that we should keepe Commandement:
But in our language let us pray and reade,
Our Pater noster, Ave and our Creede.

I would some Prince of great discretion,
In vulgar language plainelie cause to translate
The needfull Lawes of this Region:
Then would there not be halfe so great debate
Among us people of the low estate.
If euerie man the veritie did know,
We needed not to treat these men of Law.

To doe our neighbour wrong, we would beware,
If we did feare the Lawes punishment.
There would not be such brawling at the Bar,
Nor men of Law clime to such royall Kent.
To keepe the Law, if all men were content,
And each man doe, as hee would be done to,
The Iudges would get little thing adoe.

The Prophet David, King of Israel,
Compylde the pleasant Psalmes of the Psalter
In his own proper tongue, as I heare tell.
And Salomon which was his Son and Aire,

Did make his Booke into his tongue vulgar,
 And by should not their sayings be to us shewn,
 In our language: I wold the cause were known.

Let doctors write their curious questions,
 And arguments sowne full of Sophistrie:
 Their Logicke, and their high opinions,
 Their darke judgements of Astronomie,
 Their Medicine, and their Philosophie.
 Let Poets shew their glorious engine,
 As euer they please, in Greeke or in Latine.

But let us have the Bookes necessarie
 To Common-wealth, and our Salvation,
 Justlie translated in our tongue vulgar.
 And eke I make you supplication,
 O gentle Reader, have non indignation,
 Thinking I meddle with so high matter,
 How to my purpose sozward will I fare.

The creation of *Adam* and *Eve*.

When God had made the heavens bright
 The Sun and Moone for to give light
 The Starry Heavens & Chyristalline,
 And by his Sapience divine,
 The Planets in their Circles round,
 Whirling about with mirrie sound:
 Of whom Phœbus was principall,
 Just in his Line Eclipticall:
 And gave by divine Sapience,
 To every Star their influence,
 With motion continuall,

which

Which doeth endure perpetuall,
And farthest from the Heavens Empyre.
The Earth, the Water, Aire and fyre,
He clad the Earth with Herbes and Trees,
All kind of fishes in the Seas:
All kind of Beastes hee did prepare,
With fowles flying in the Aire,
Thus by his Word all things were wrought,
Without materiall, made of nought.
By his wisdom infinite,
All was made pleasant and perfit.

When Heaven and Earth, and their contents
Were ended with their Ornaments:
Then last of all the LORD began,
Of most vile Earth to make the Man.
Not of the Lillie, nor of the Rose,
Nor of the Typer Tree as I suppose:
Neither of Gold, nor precious Stones,
Of Earth hee made flesh, blood, and bones,
To that intent, GOD made him thus,
That Man should not be glorious:
Nor in himselfe should nothing see,
But matter of humilitie.
When Man was made, as I have told,
GOD in his face did him behold,
Breathing in him a libelle spzite,
When all these words were compleate,
He made Man to his similitude,
Excelling into pulchritude:
Endued with giftes of Nature,
To be all Earthlie Creature.

Then

The first Booke.

Then pleasantly did him conboy,
To a Region compleat with Joy.
Of all pleasure which bare the price,
And called, Earthlie Paradise.
And brought by diuine pꝛouidence,
All Beasts and Birds to his pꝛesence:
Adam did crafftlike impone,
A speciall name to euerie one:
And to all things materiall,
A name hee gave inspeciall.
How hee them named, yet haue beene kend,
And shall be to the worlds end.
Into that Garden of pleasure,
Two Trees grew, most to aduance,
Above all other which bare the price,
In mids of that Paradise.
The one was call'd the Tree of Life,
The other Tree began our strife:
The Tree to know both good and eill
Which by perswasion of the Devill,
Began our miserie and woe.
But let us to our purpose goe.
How God gave Adam straite command,
That Tree not to touch with his hand,
All other fruites of Paradise,
Hee bade him eate at his device.
Saying, If thou eate of this Tree:
With double death then shalt thou die.
Therefore I this command, beware,
And from the Tree thou stand a far,
Yet Father Adam was alone,

With.

Of the Monarchie.

13

Without companie of anie one:
Then thought the Lord it necessar,
To create to him an Helper:
GOD put in Adam such sopour,
That for to sleepe he tooke pleasure.
And laid him down upon the ground,
Then when Adam was sleeping sound
Hee tooke a Rib from his side,
Then filled it with flesh and hide.
And made a woman of that bone,
Fairer of forme was never none.
Then to Adam incontinent,
That faire Ladie hee did present.
Which shortlye said, for to conclude,
Thou art my flesh, my bone and blood
And Virago he cald her name,
Which is interprete Made of man.
Which Eva afterward was named,
When for her fault shee was defamed.
Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
Saying increase and multiplie.
By this, men should leane al their kin,
And with their Wives make dwelling
And for their sake leaue Father and Mother.
And love them best above all other
For God hath ordained them true lie,
To be two Soules in on bodie.
¶ My wit is weake for to indite,
Their heabenlie pleasure infinite.
Was never earthlie Creature,
Since that time had perfect pleasure.

They

They had puissance Imperiall,
 Above all things materiall
 As cunning Clarkes doe conclude,
 Adam precelde in pulchritude,
 Most naturall, and the fairest Man,
 That euer was, since world began.
 Except Christ Iesus Gods own Son,
 To whom was no comparison.
 And Eve the fairest creature,
 That euer was formed by Nature.
 Though they were naked as they were made,
 No shame either of other had:
 What pleasure might a man have more,
 Nor have his Ladie him before.
 So lustie, pleasant, and perfect,
 Ready to serbe his appetite.
 They had non other care I wisse,
 But pass their time with joy and blisse.
 Wilde beastes did to them repaire,
 So did the fowles of the Aire.
 With noyse most Angelicall,
 Making to them mirth muscally.
 The fishes swimming in the strands,
 Were whollie all at their commands.
 All Creatures with one accord,
 Obeide him as their Soberaigne Lord.
 They suffered neither heate nor cold,
 With everie pleasure that they would.
 And to the Death they were not thral,
 And so should we have beene all.
 For hee and all his Successours,

Should

Should have possessed these pleasures,
Then from that soye materiall,
Gone to the Gloze emperiall,
They had if I can right describe,
Great joy in all their wits fine.
In Hearing, Seeing, Tasting, Smelling,
Enduring that delightful dwelling.
Hearing Birdes harmonies,
Tasting the Fruites of diuerse Trees.
Smelling the Balmie dulce Odours,
Which did proceede from fragrant Flowres,
Seeing so many beauenlie bewes,
Of Bloomes breaking on the Bewes.
Of touching eke they had delite,
Of other bodie soft and white.
Doubtlesse enduring that pleasure,
They loved each other paramoure.
No marveill though that so should bee,
Considering this their great beautie.
And GOD gave them command expresse
To multiplie and to increase:
That their seede and succession,
Might plenish every Nation,
I list not tarrie so to declare,
All properties of that place preclare:
How Herbs and Trees grew ever greene,
And of the temperate Aire serene.
How fruities indeficient,
Were alike ripe and redolent,
Noz of the fountaines, noz of the floods:
Noz of the flowres pulchritudes:

That

The first Booke.

That matter Clarke doe declare
Wherefore of them I speake no more:
The Scripture makes no mention,
How long they reigne in that Region,
But I belebe the time was short,
As diuerse Doctors doe report.

The miserable transgression of *Adam*.

After, how happened that mischance:
(Said I) shew mee that circumstance:
Declare to mee that carefull case,
How Adam lost that pleasant place:

From him and his Succession?
How did proceede Transgression?

E. (Said he) after my rude engyne,
I shall rehearse thee that ruyne.

When GOD the Creator of all,
Into the Heauen imperiall
Did create all the Angells bright,
Hee made an Angel most of might,
To whom hee gave preheminance,
Above them all in Sapience,
Because all others hee did prefer,
Named hee was bright Lucifer.
Hee was so pleasant and so faire:
He thought himselfe without compare
And grew so gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
He thought that hee would set his seat
Into the South, and make debate,
Contrare the Majestie Divine,

Which

Of the Monarchie.

Which was the cause of his ruine:
For hee incurred GODS yre,
And banisht from the heauens empire
With Angels manie Legion,
Which were of his opinion:
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest bell.
Some in the Sea did make repaire,
Some in the Earth, some in the Aire.
That most unhappie companie,
At ffather Adam had inbie:
Perceiuing Adam and his Seede,
Into their places to succede:
The Serpent was the subtillest,
Aboue all Beastes, and craftiest,
Then Sathan with a false intent,
Did enter into the Serpent,
Imagining some craftie wile,
How hee might Adam best beguile.
And caused him breake commandement,
But to the Woman first he went.
Trusting the better to preuaile,
Full subtiltie did her assaile.
With facund words false and faire,
Hee grew with her familiare.
That hee his purpose might aduance,
Beleebing in her inconstance:
That heene the cause (As adame said he)
That ye forbear yon pleasant Tree
Which beene peerlesse and precious,
Whose fruit beene most delicious:

The first Booke.

I will (said she) there to accord,
We are forbidden of the LORD.
The which hath given us libertie,
To eate of euerie fruite and Tree:
Which growes into Paradise,
Breake we Command we are not wise.
He gave to us a strait command,
That Tree not to touch with our hand,
Eate you of it, without remeade,
(Shee said) Doubtlesse we shall bee dead.
Beliebe not that (said the Serpent)
Eate you of it, incontinent
Repleate you shall bee with Science.
And have perfect intelligence
Like GOD himselve of evill and good,
Then (hastilie for to conclude,)
Hearing of this prerogative,
Shee pulled down the fruite beleeve,
Through counsell of this false Serpent,
And ate of this incontinent,
And put her husband in beleeve,
That pleasant fruit if he would praebe,
That he should be as sapient,
As the great GOD Omnipotent.
Thinke you not that a pleasant thing.
That wee like God should ever reigne?
Hee hearing this narration,
And by her sollicitation:
Moved by proudfull ambition.
Hee ate on that condition.
The principall pointes of this offence,

Of the Monarchie.

Alas pride, and inobedience,
Desiring for to bee equall,
To GOD, the Creator of all.
¶ Alas, Adam, why did thou so:
Why caused thou this mortall woe?
Hadst thou bene constant, firme, and stable,
Thy Gloze had bene incomparable.
Where was thy Consideration?
Who hadst the Domination,
Of euerie living Creature,
That GOD has formed by Nature
To use them at thine own devise?
Wast thou not Prince of Paradise?
Was neber man since thou on life,
That GOD gave such prerogative:
He gave the strength above Samson,
And sapience more than Salomon.
Young Absolon in his time most faire,
To thy beaultie was no compaire.
Aristotle thou didst p̄cell,
Into Philosophie naturall.
Virgill into his Poetrie,
So Cicero in his Oratorie,
Were neber halfe so eloquent.
Why brake thou GODS Commandements,
Where was thy wit, that wouldst not stay
Far from the presence of that Tree?
Habe not thy Master thee free will,
To take the good, and leave the ill?
How might thy foze-fault be excused?
That GODS Commandement refused.

C

Through

Through thy wifes perswasion,
Which hath bene the occasion,
Since that time manie Noble men,
By the evill counsell of women,
Have altogether destroyed bene,
As in the Historie may be seene,
Which now wee neede not to declare,
But to our purpose let us fare.

When they had eaten of the fruite
Of joy then were they destitute,
Then gan they both soe to think shame,
And to be naked through defame,
And made them breeks of leaues green,
That their secrets should not be seene,
But in th' estate of innocence,
They had no such experience:
But when to sin they were subjected,
To shame and sin they were coated,
And in a Bush they did them close:
Ashamed of the LORDS voyce:
Which called Adam by his name,

(Said he) my Lord I think great shame
Naked to come in thy presence,
Thou hadst no such experience.

(Said GOD) When thou wast innocent
Why brake thou my Commandement?
Alas (said Adam) to the LORD,
The veritie I shall record.

This Woman that thou gave to mee,
Can be mee eate of yon pleasant Tree,
Right so the Woman her excused,

Of The Monarchie.

And said, The Serpent mee abused,
Then to the Serpent GOD said thus,
O thou Decetber venemous:
Because the Woman thou beguilde,
From hence forth shalt thou be esilde:
Cursed and waried shalt thou bee,
So shalt thy seede bee after thee.
Cold Earth shall be thy foode also,
And cræping on thy bzeast shalt goe:
And I shall put enimitie,
Betwæne the Woman eber and thee.
Betweene thy sêde and Womans seede,
Shall bee continuall most all sêde.
Howbeit thou hast wrought their mischieues,
It shall not bee as thou beleeves:
Such sêde shall bee in woman sowne,
That thy power shall bee downe-throwne.
Treading thine head that thou mayst feele:
And thou shalt treade him on the heele:
This was his promise and meaning,
That the immaculate Virgine:
Should beare the Prince Omnipotent,
Which should treade downe the false Serpent,
Sathan and all his compante.
And them confound allutterlie.

C. (said I) If Sathan prince of hell,
Spake in the Serpent, as you tell,
And beastes can no way sin at all:
Why was the Serpent made so thral:
I heare men say before that houre,
The Serpent had a faire figure,

The first Booke.

And went up straight upon his fate,
And had his members all compleate.
As other Beasts upon the Beate.

E. (Said he) For he was instrument
To Satan in his miserie,
Punisht he was, as you may see,
As by Experience thou mayst knowe.
Expresse into the common Law:
A man consist of Buggerte,
The Beast is burnt as well as he,
Howbeit the beast be innocent,
And so befell of this Serpent:
It was the fiend full of despite,
Of Adams fall, which had the wife,
As he hath of many moe.
But to our purpose let us goe.

Then to the woman for her offence,
GOD did pronounce this sore sentence:
All pleasure that thou hadst before,
Shall changed bee in lasting sorrow,
Where that thou shouldst with mirth and joy,
Have borne thy birth without annoy.
Now all thy Children thou shalt beare,
With dolour and continuall care.
And thou shalt be for ought thou canst,
Ever subject unto the Man,
By this sentence GOD did conclude,
Woman from libertie denude.
When by Experience you may see,
How Queenes of most high degree,
Are under most subjection.

And

Of the Monarchie;

And suffers most correction:

For they like Birds into a Cage,

Are kepte age under thir luge.

So all women in their Degre,

Should to their men subiecte bee.

Howbeit some will stryve for state

And for the Passerie make debate.

Which if they lacke both Euen and Morrow,

Their men will suffer mekle sorrow,

Of Eve they take that qualitie.

To desire Sovereignitie.

And then to Adam said the LORD,

Because that thou hast done accorde

Thy will, and hearkened to thy wife,

Now shalt thou lose this pleasant life:

Thou wast to her obedient,

But thou brake my Commandement.

Cursed and barren the Earth shalt bee,

Where ever thou goest, till that thou die:

But Thistle, Pettie, Brier, and Thorne,

Without labour shall beare no Corne.

For foode thou gettest none other bield,

But eate the Herbes upon the field.

Soze labouring till thy browes sweete,

From henceforth shalt thou winne thy meate.

I made thee of the Earth certaine,

And thou to Earth shalt turne againe.

Then made He them abullement,

Of Skinnes and ragged rayment:

Them to preserve from heate and cold,

Then grew their dolour many fold.

The first Booke.

Now Adam you are like to us,
With your gay garment glorious.
To them these wordes said the LORD,
Then cryed they both, Misericoꝝ;
When from that Earth with hearts soꝝ,
Banisht they were soꝝ ebermoꝝ
Into this wretched Hail of soꝝow.
With daylie labour Even and moꝝow.
After whose dolorous departing,
The LORD gave Paradise in keeping,
Unto the Angel Cherubin.
That none should have entrie therein.
At the which entrie he did stand,
With flaming fierie sword in hand.
To keepe that Adam and his wife,
Should not taste of the Tree of Life.
For if they of the Tree had pꝛeebed,
Perpetuallie they might have lived.
So Adam and his succession,
Of Paradise lost possession.
And by his sin originall,
Were men of miserie made thꝛall.
My Son now prayst thou clearelie see,
This woꝝld began with miserie,
With miserie it doth pꝛocēde,
Whose fine shall to long be and dead.

C. Father (said I) what kind of life,
Led Adam with his lustie wife:
After his bailfull banishing,

E. (Said he) Continuall lamenting.
Mine heart hath yet compassion,

Of the Monarchie.

How they went wandring up and down,
Weeping with many loud, Alas,
That they had lost that pleasant place:
In Wildernesse to bee exilede,
Where they found nought but Beastes wilde.
Manassing them for to be boze,
Which all obedient were before.

C. Father (said I) in what Countrie
Did Adam live, after that hee
Was banished from that delite?

E. The Clarkes (said hee) have put in write
How Adam dwelt with mekle baile,
In Mamre, in that lustie Walle,
Which after was the Jewish Land,
Where yet his Sepulchre doeth stand.
I list not tarie to describe,
The woe of Adam and his Wive.
For how that they had sons two,
Kain and Abell, and no more.
For how curst Kain for envy,
Did slay his Brother cruelly.
For of their mourning, nor of their mone,
When they sonlesse were left alone.
Abell lay flaine upon the ground.
Curst Kain became an Wagabound.
For how GOD of his speciall grace,
Sent them the third Son faire of face,
Most like Adam of flesh and blood.
Seth was his name gracious and good.
And how blinde Lamech racklesse,
Did slay Kain unhappilie.

The first Booke.

Adam, as Clarkes doe describe,
Begate with Eve his woefull wife,
Of men childezen thirtie and two,
And of daughters alike also.
By this thou mayst well understand,
That Adam saw many a thousand,
That of his bodie did descend,
Ere he out of the world did wend.
Adam lived in Earth but weire.
Compleate nine hundredeth and thirtie yere.
And all his dayes were but sorrow,
Remembryng both Euen and Morro:
Of Paradise the prosperitie,
And then of his great miserie:
His heart might never be rejoyced,
Remembryng how the Heabens was closed.
From him and his succession,
And that by his transgression.
* After his death, as I heard tell, This was
His soule descended to the Hell: an erron-
And there remained prisoner, ous opinion
In that dungeon three thousand yere holden at
And more: So did both evill & good, that time
Till CHRIST for them had shed his blood.
Then by that most pzerious carison.
They were delivered out of prison.
I have declared now as I can,
The miserie of the first Man.

How G O D destroy'd all living Creatures in
Earth for sin, and drowned them by a terrible
Flood, in the time of Noe.

Of the Monarchie

Wudent Father Experience,
Declare to mee ere you goe hence:
What was the cause GOD did destroy;
All Creatures in the time of Noys.

E. [Said hee] I tremble for to tell,

That infortune how it befell,

The cause beene so abominable,

And the matter so miserable,

But for to shew the circumstance,

Manifestlie of that mischance:

First, I must make thee understand,

How Adam gave expresse command,

To those that were of Seths blood.

Because they were gracious and good:

Should not contract with Cains kin,

Which were inclined all to sin,

To obserue that commandement.

Cain past to the Orient,

With his wife, called Calmana,

Which was his own sister allwa.

Where his off-spring did long remain

Hard by the Mountaine of Tarbane.

And Seth did long time lead his life,

With Delbora his prudent wife.

Which was his sister good and faire,

In Damascene made their repairs.

In that Countrie of seth claid,

Discended many halp man.

So long as Adam was aliue,

The people did obserue Command.

When he was dead and laid in ground

The first Book c.

The people greatlie did abound:
And Kain slaine, as I have showane,
And Seths dayes all over-blowne.
The sons then of Seths blood,
Seeing the pleasant pulchritude,
Of the Ladies of Kains kin,
Howbeit they knew well it was sin:
Opprest with sensuall lustes rage,
Did take them into marriage.
And so corrupted was that blood,
The good with evill, and evill with good.
Then as the people did increase,
They did abound in wickednesse,
As holie Scripture doeth rehearse,
Which I abhorre to put in verse.
O tell with tongue I am not able,
The sooth beene so abominable,
How men and women shamefullie,
Abusde themselves unnaturallie.
Whose foule abomination,
And filthie fornication:
I thinke great shame to put in wyte,
Even as Paul. Orose doth indite.
And if I would at length declare,
It were enough to fyle the Aire.
Great Clarke of antiquities,
Have written many true Storied.
Which are worthe to be commended
Howbeit they bee not comprehended,
At length in the divine Scripture,
But I shall doe my busse cure.

Of the Monarchie

To take the best as I suppose,
That most pertaines to my purpose.
And with support of CHRIST our King,
I purpose to confirme nothing:
Of the old Historiānce,
Contrarious to his Excellence,
Howbeit that mens traditions,
Be contrarie CHRISTs institutions,
Of them though something I declare,
Now let us procede farther more.
And with a language lamentable,
Declare this matter miserable.

C. Father, the causes would I know,
Why they of nature brake the Law:

E. I trust (said hee) that wickednesse,
Entred through sloathfull idlenesse.
The Devill with all the craft hee can,
When hee perceives an idle man:
O woman given to idlenesse,
Hee getteth easlie entresse,
And so by this occasion.
And the flendes perswasion,
The whole world universallie,
Corrupted was allatterlie:

C. What was the cause they idle were,
That cause (said I) to mee declare:

E. (Said hee) By mine imagination,
For lacke of vertuous occupation,
For of Crafts they had small usage,
Of Merchandise or labourage.
The Earth was then so plenteous,

The first Booke.

Of fruite and Spyce delicious.
The Herbes were so comfortable:
Delightsome and medicinable:
The fountaines fresh and redolent,
To labouring they tooke little tent,
All manner of Beasts of their pleasure,
Dyd multiplie without labour.
The time betwene Adam and Noy,
To see the Earth it was great joy:
Planted with precious Trees of price,
Four famous floods of Paradiſe.
Ran thzough the Earth in sundrie parts
Spreading their branches in all Airts:
The Water was so strong and fine,
They would not labour to find Wine:
The fruite and herbes were so good,
They made no care for other food.
And so the people tooke no cure,
But past the time at their pleasure,
Aye finding new inventions,
To fulfill their intentions.
And so the LORD Omnipotent,
That hee made man, did him repent:
And shewde unto his seruant Noy:
That hee would all the world destroy.
Except himselfe and his Henzie,
Alas (said Noe) when shall that be?
Then said the Lord, sith y thou speakes
I shall prolong five score of yeres,
Carrying upon their Repentance,
Ere I fulfill my just sentence.

Of the Monarchie.

In the meane time fall thou to worke,
Incontinent, and builde an Arke.
Which Noe began obedientlie,
And wrought on it continuallie.
And to the people daylie preached,
To cry for grace hee to them taught.
And to them plainlie did declare,
That GOD his rod no more would spare:
But on them he would worke Wengence,
To Noe yet gave they no credence.
And so they were in counsellable,
Using their lust abominable:
And tooke his preaching in despise,
Eye following their soule delgite:
More and more to that vilesfull day,
Which all the world put in affray.
O, Father you made me understand,
When Adam brake the Lords Command:
To augment his affliction,
GOD gave his malediction.
Unto the Earth, which was so faire
That it should barren bee and baire,
And without labour beare no Corne,
Nor fruite, but Thissell, Brier, and Thorne;
Now say you in the time of Noy,
To see the Earth it was great joy.
Planted with fruites good and faire,
The sooth of this to mee declare.
These sayings two make mee consider,
How you make them agree together.
E. GOD made his promise sickerlie,

Howbeit

The first Booke,

Howbeit it came not instantlie:
(Said hee) As Clarkes doe conclude,
But after when the furious flood,
Destroyde the Earth allutterlie.
Then came that promise sickerlie,
Even as God did gibe Command,
Adam should not touch with his hand:
Nor eate of the forbidden Tree:
If hee did so that hee should die.
Howbeit hee died not but weete,
After that day nine hundred yere.
Right so the Prophet Esaias,
Speaking of CHRIST the Great Messias,
Saying, the Childe is to bee bozne,
To save mankinde that is forlorne.
As hee had bene bozne instantlie,
Yet was hee not bozne verilie.
After that saying many a yere,
As in the Scripture thou mayest heare.
A thousand yere who reckons right,
Is as an houre in GODS sight.
Examples many I might tell.
Where it not tedious for to dwell.

I To our purpose let us proceede.
Shewing the hight, the length, and breaðth
And quantitie of Noes Arke,
Which was a right excellent warke.
Of Wyne-tree made bound well about,
Laid over with Pick within and out.
Joynd full close with Railes strong,
And was three hundred yere long.

OF the Monarchie.

Fiftie in breadth, thirtie in hight,
Three Chambers joyned well and wight,
And euerie loft aboue another,
Without an Anko, Dar, or Kuther.
A right Cubite, as I heare tell,
Of measure now might be an Ell.
In the mid-side a doore there was,
For Beastes a full easie entresse.
This Arke which was both long and large,
Made in the bottome like a Barge:
Covered with Boordes well aboue,
Post like an house set on a roode.
Whose Rigging was one Cubite breade,
Wherein there was a Window made.
Some sayes, well closed with Christall cleare,
Wherethrough the day-light might appeare.
This worke the more was to be praised,
Because by GOD it was devised.
The making of this Arke but weere,
Endured well an hundred yere.
When Noe had ended this worke,
God did him close within the Arke:
With his wife and sons three,
With their wives, and no more menzie.
Of all the Fowles of the Aire,
Of euerie kinde entred a paire,
Right so two Beastes of euerie kinde,
For why? it was the LORDS minde.
That generation should not faile,
Wherefoze of Female, and of Male,
Of euerie kinde were keeped two,
But to rehearse mine heart is woe.

The first Booke.

The dolent lamentation,
That time of euerie passion.
Saying, Alas, a thousand tye,
When winde and raine began to rise:
The Rockes with reio began to ryse,
The uglye Cloudes did over-drye:
And darkened so the Heavens bright,
That Sun nor Moone might shew no light.
The terrible trembling of Earth-quake,
Made buildings bow and Cities shake:
The Thunder rent the Clouds stable,
With fearefull noyse inevitable,
The fire-flaughts flew over throught the fells,
Then was there not but shoutes and yells,
When they perceiued without remede,
All Creatures so to suffer dead.
All Fountaines from the Earth up sprang,
And from the Heaven the Raine down dang,
Fourtie dayes and fourtie nights,
Then ran the people to the hights,
Some climbs on Hills, some climbs on Trees,
Some to the heighest Mountaine fies:
With moze terrour then I can tell,
But all for naught the floodes downe fell:
And wind did rout with such a reard,
That euerie Might wearied his weard:
Crying, Alas, that they were bozne,
Into the flood to bee forlorne.
Men might make none to their wiues,
Nor yet support their Childrens liues,
The floodes rose up with such great mights,
That they over-covered all the hights.

They might no more their liues length,
 But swimde so long as they had strength,
 And so with cryes lamentable,
 Ended their liues miserable:
 Above Mountaines that were most hie,
 Little cubits did rise the Sea,
 Men may imagine in their minde,
 All Creatures in their kinde,
 Both Beastes and Fowles of the Aire,
 In their manner made mekle care.
 The Fishes thought themselves beguile,
 When they swimde through the woodes wilde.
 The Whales tumbling among the Trees:
 Wilde Beastes swimming in the Seas,
 Birdes with many a piteous pet,
 Scraidlie in the Aire they flew.
 So long as they had strength to flee,
 When swattered downe into the Sea:
 Nothing on Earth was left on life,
 Beastes, no, Fowles, Man, no, Wife.
 No, whollie GOD did them destroy,
 Except them in the Arke with Noy,
 The which lay floting in the Flood,
 Waltring among the streames wood.
 With many terrible affrayes,
 Remained an hundzeth and fiftie dayes:
 A great languor and heauinesse,
 The Winde or Raine began to cease,
 Sometimes effectiounlie praying,
 Sometimes the Beastes baying,
 By the Lords Commandement.

The first Booke.

He made provision sufficient,
For Noe dwelt in the Arke no doubt,
A yere compleete ere he came out.
How at more length in holie wryte,
This doolefull Historie beane indite,
And how that Noe gane to resoyce,
When Conduits of the Heavens did close:
So that the Raine no more ascended:
For yet the Floodes no more descended:
When he perceived the Heavens cleare,
He sent a Raven forth Messengere:
Into the Aire for to espye.
If hee saw any Mountaines drye,
Some sayes the Raven did forth remaine,
And came not to the Arke againe.
Forth flew the Dove at Noes command,
And when shee did perceive drye land,
Of ane Olive shee brake a branch,
That Noe might know the Flood did stanch,
And there no more shee did sojourne,
But with the branch shee did retorne,
That Noe might clearlie understand,
That fellon Flood was decreasand.
And so it did, till at the last,
The Arke upon the ground sticke fast.
On the top of a Mountaine hee,
Into the Land of Armenie,
And when Noe had done espye,
How that the Earth began to drye:
Then threw hee down the doores all,
And loosed them the which were t h r a l l .
The fowles flew forth into the Aire,

And all the Beastes by paire and paire,
 Went forth to seek their pasturages,
 There were none but eight personages,
 Noe his three sons, and their wiues,
 On earth that was left with their liues.
 Whom GOD did blesse and sanctifie,
 Saying, Increase and multiplie.
 GOD wote if Noe was blith and glad,
 When of that prison he was freed.
 When Noe had made his sacrifice,
 Thanking GOD of his benefice:
 Hee standing on Mount Armenie,
 Where hee the Countrie might espy:
 Hee may beleue his heart was soze,
 Seeing the Earth which was before
 The flood, so pleasant and perfite,
 Which to behold was great delite:
 That now was barren made and bare,
 Before which fructuous was and faire.
 The pleasant trees bearing fruites,
 Were lying pulde up by the rootes.
 The whole some Herbes and fragrant flowres,
 Had lost both vertue and coloures:
 The fieldes greene, and flourish'd Meeds,
 Were spoiled of their pleasant weeds.
 The Earth which first was so faire formed,
 Was by that furious floode deformed.
 Where some time were the pleasant plaines,
 Here steeple Cones and hie Mountaines,
 From sounding Rockes great and gay,
 The Earth washen cleane away.

The first Booke.

But Noe had greatest displeasures:
Beholding the dead Creatures
Which was a sight lamentable,
Men, Women, Beastes, innumerable.
Seeing them lying upon the Lands,
And some were flaking upon the Strands
Whales, and Monsters of the Seas,
Sticked on Stobbes among the Trees,
And where the flood was decreasand,
They were left waltering on the Land.
Before the flood during that space,
The Sea was all into one place.
Right so the Earth as bene divided.
In sundrie parts was not devided.
As ben Europa and Asia,
Devided aye from Africa.
You see now diuerse famous Ples,
Standing from Land right many myles
All these great Ples I understand,
Where then equal with the firme Land.
There was no Sea Mediterran,
But onelie the great Ocean:
Which did not spread such hurling Strands,
As it doeth now oer through the lands.
Then by the raging of that flood,
The Earth from vertue was denude.
The which before was to be praised,
Whose beautie then was disguised.
Then was the Malediction knowne,
Which was by GOD to Adam shewne
I heare now Clarke doe conclude,
During that most furions flood,

Of the Monarchie.

With which the Earth was sore oppressed,
The wind blew south of the South west,
As may be seene by Experience,
How t hrough the waters violence:
The high Mountaines on eberie Airt,
Are bare sozenent the South-west part,
As the Mountaines of Pyrenes,
The Alpes and Rockes in the Seas:
Right so the Rockes great and gay,
Which standeth into Norroway.
The highest Hilles in eberie Airt,
And in Scotland for the most part:
Through watering of that furious flood,
The Hilles of earth were made denude.
Travelling men may consider best.
The Mountaines bare next the South-west.
C. Declare (said I) ere you conclude,
How long lived Noe after the flood.
E. (Said hee) In Genesis thou mayst heare,
How that Noe was five hundred yeare:
The time of this great punishment,
And age to G O D obedient.
And was the best of Seths blood,
And more he lived after the flood:
Three hundred and fiftie yeares,
As holy Scripture witnesseth heares,
And was ere hee rendred his spirite,
Nine hundred and fiftie yeares completer
To shew this storie miserable,
At length my wits are not able.
And more (my Son, as I suppose,)
It longes not to our purpose.

The second Booke.

To shew how Noes Sons thre,
Can to encrease and multiplie.
For how that Noe planted the Vine,
And dranke till he was drunken syne,
And slept with his members bare:
And how Cham made for him none care
But laught to see his Father so,
Howbeit his brethren were right woe.
For how Noe but retraction,
Gave Cham his malediction,
And put him under servitude,
To Shem and Iaphet that were good.
For how God made a Covenant
With Noe, to make no punishment,
For by no Floods the people should,
In signe of that condition:
His Raine how set into the Aie,
Of diverse heauenlie colours faire,
For to be a perpetuall signe,
By Flood to send no punishing.
This Historie if thou list to know,
At length the Bible shal thee show.

THE SECOND BOOKE

Containing the building of Babylon by Nimrod: and how King Nimus began the first Monarchie of their idolatry; And how Semiramis governed the Empire after her Husband King Nimus.

After, I pray you to me tell,
The first misfortune that befell:
Immediately after the Flood,

Of the Monarchie

And who did first shed guiltlesse blood?

And how Idolatrie began?

E. (Said he) I shall doe as I can;

After the flood I find no storie,

Worthie to put in memorie:

Till Nimrod did begin to reigne,

Who bove the people as a king.

Which was the principall man of one,

That builder was of Babylon;

C. That storie I after would I know;

(Said hee) If thou sooth wouldst know,

Why: and for what occasion

They builded such a strong Dungeon?

E. When said to mee Experience;

I shall declare with diligence.

These questions at thy command,

But first. Son thou must understand;

Of Nimrod the Genealogie,

His strength, courage, and quantitie;

Howbett Moses in his first Booke,

That storie lightly doeth overlooke;

Of him no more he doeth declare;

Except he was a strong Hunter.

But other Clarkes curious,

As Orose and doeth Iosephus;

Describes Nimrod at more length,

Both of his stature and his strength.

This Nimrod was the fourth person

From Noe by line descending downe.

Noe begate Cham, Cham begate Chus,

And Chus Nimrod, the south heeethus;

This Nimrod a man of might,

That

The second Booke. 10

That time on Earth was none so wight:
 Hee was a Gyant stout and strong,
 Perforce wilde Beastes hee downe (throng,
 The people of that Region, and
 Come under his Dominton.
 No man there was in all that Land,
 His stalwardnesse that durst gaine stand
 No marvell was though hee was wight,
 Ten cubits large hee was of hight,
 Proportionate of length and breade,
 Conforme unto his height we reade,
 Hee grew so great and glorious,
 So pridefull and presumptuous,
 That hee came inobedient,
 To the great GOD Omnipotent.
 This Nimrod was the principall man,
 That first Babel first began,
 Then causd hee all the people call,
 To his presence both great and small,
 And in that great Conuention,
 Did propound his intention,
 My Friends (said hee) I make it knowne,
 The great vengeance that GOD hath thowne,
 In time of our fore-father Noe,
 When hee did all the world destroy,
 And drowned them in a furious flood,
 Wherefore I thinke wee should conclude,
 How wee should make a strong defence,
 Against the waters violence,
 For to resist his furious rage,
 Contrarie both to flood and feare.

Of the Monarchie: T

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Let us goe spyre some pleasant fieldes,
 And here a strong Building wee may bieldes:
 A Citie with a strong Dungeon,
 That none ingyne may beate it downe:
 So high so thicke, so large, so long,
 That GOD to us shall doe no wrong.
 It shall surmount the Planets seven,
 That wee from GOD may see the Heavens:
 These people with a firme intent,
 All to his counsell did consent:
 And did espy a pleasant place,
 Hard on the flood of Euphrates:
 The people then did their repare,
 Into the plaine fieldes Shinar:
 Which now of Chaldie beate the name,
 Which did so long tyme flourish same.
 That great Fortesse then did they found,
 And searcht it till they found sure ground:
 And fell to worke both man and childer,
 Some found out Clay, some burnt the Tylder:
 Nimrod that curious Champion,
 Diviser was of that Dungeon:
 Nothing they spared their labours,
 Like busie Bees upon the flowers:
 O; Emmets travelling into June,
 Some under wrought, and some aboue:
 With strong engines of passion,
 Upward that worke did fortifie:
 With burnt Tyle stones large and wight,
 That Towre they raised to such hight:
 Above the Aires Region,
 And

The second Booke

And foyned of strong fashon:
With Symont made of Picke and Tar
They used none other Mortar.
Though fire and water assailed,
Contrare that Dungeon nought abailed
The Land about was faire and plaine,
And it rose like an high Mountaine.
These foolish people did intend,
That to the Heavens it should ascend:
So great a strength was nebet sene,
Into the world with mens éne.
And the walles of that worke they made
Two and fiftie fathome breade:
One then, as some men sayes,
Might beet two fathomes in our dayes.
One man was then of moze stature,
Than two are now, of that be sure.
¶ Iosephus holdes opinion,
Saying, the hight of that Dungeon
Of large paces of measure beene,
Fife thousand, eight scoze and four teene
By this reckoning it is full right,
Fife myles and an halfe of hight,
A thousand pace take for a myle,
And thou shalt finde it neare that stile.
This Towre in compasse round about,
Were myles ten withoutten doubt,
About the Citie of Stadies,
Foure hundzeth and four score fiftie,
And by this number of compasse,
About threescore of myles it was:
As Orofius, reports

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Of the Monarchie.

There was fine scoe of Brazen Ports.

The translatour of Orosius,

Into his Chronicle writes thus:

That when the Sun is at the hight,

At Noone, when it doeth shine most bright

The shadow of that bierdeous strength,

Six myles and moze it was of length.

Thus may you iudge into your thought

If Babylon be high or noght.

How GOD made the diversitie of Languages,

and made impediment to the building of

Babylon.

When the Great GOD Omnipotent,
To whom all things be present,
That was, and is, and ever shall bee,
Are present to his Majestie.

The verie secretes of mans heart,

From his presence may not depart:

Woe seeing the ambition,

And the pridefull presumption:

How these proud people did pretende,

Up through the Heavens to ascende:

Which was great follie to devise,

Such a presumptuous enterprize:

For when they were most diligent,

GOD made them such impediment.

They were constrained with heart sore

From hence to goe and build no more.

Such Languages on them be laide,

That none knew what another said,

Where

The second Booke

Where was but one Language before,
GOD sent them Languages threescore,
At that time all did speake Hebrew,
Then some began for to speake Grewe,
Some did speake Dutch, some Saracine,
And some began to speake Latine,
The Haster-men were almost wilde,
Crying for Trees they brought them Tyldes,
Some said bring mayter here at once,
Then brought they to them Stockes and Stones,
Then Nimrod their great Champion,
Ran raging like a wilde Lyon,
Manassing them with words most rude,
But never a word they understode,
Before they found him good and kinde,
But then they thought him by his minde,
When he so furiously did fyte,
Then turnde his pride into despyte:
Full darke eclipsed was his gloze,
When they would worke for him no more,
Behold how GOD was gracious,
To them that was outrageous,
He neither brake their legges nor Armes,
Nor did to them none other harmes,
Except of tongues division,
And for a small conclusion,
Constrained they were for to depart,
Each companie in sundrie Airt:
Some past into the Orient,
And some into the Occident,
Some South, some North, as they thought best,
And their policle left wast.

Of The Monarchie.

But how that Citty was repaired.

Hereafter it shall be declared.

Of the first invention of Idolatrie: How Nimrod compelled the people to adore the Fire in Chalde.

NW Sir (said I) shew mee the Man,
At which first Idolatrie began.

E. What shall I doe with all mine heate
My Son (said he) ere wee depart.

Then Nimrod saw his purpose failed,

And his great labour nought availed,

In manner of contempton,

Departed forth of that Region:

And as Orosius doeth rehearse,

He past into the Land of Persie.

And manie a yeare did there remaine,

And then to Babylon came againe.

And found hudge people of Chaldie,

Remaining in that great Citty:

That were glad of his returning,

And did obey him as their King.

Nimrod his name for to advance,

Among them made new ordinance,

Saying, I thinke you are not wise,

That to no god make sacrifice.

Then to fulfill their false desire,

He caused be made a flaming fire.

And made it of such breadth and hight,

He caused it burne both day and night.

Then all the people of that Land,

Adoꝛde the ffre at his command;
 Prostrate on knees, and on faces,
 Beseeching their new god of graces.
 To giue them more occasion,
 Hee made them great perswasion.
 This god (said hee) is most of might,
 Shewing his beames on the night,
 When Sun and Moone are both obscure
 His heauenlie bryghtnesse doeth indure,
 When mens members suffer colde,
 Fire warmeth them euen as they would
 When cryde the people at his desire.
 There is no God, except the fire.

Ere there was any imagerie,
 Began this first Idolatrie:
 At that time there was no usage,
 To carue, or for to paint Image,
 Then made hee proclamation,
 Who made not adozation:
 To that new god without remead,
 Into that fire should suffer dead,
 I find no man into that Land,
 His tyrannie that durst gaine stand:
 But Abram and Aram his Brother,
 That disobeyed, I find none other.
 Which dwelling were in that Countrie
 With their ffather, called Tharie,
 These Brethren Nimrod did repꝛebe:
 Saying to him, Lord by your laue:
 This fire is but an Element,
 Pray you to GOD Omnipotent,

which

Which made the Heauen by his might,
 Sun Moone and Starres for to giue light:
 He made the Fishes in the Seas,
 The Earth with Beastes, Herbes, and Trees,
 And last of all for to conlude,
 He made man to his similitude.
 To that great GOD giue praise and glory,
 Whose Keigne endures for euermore.
 When Nimrod in his furious pre,
 These Brethren both cast in the fire,
 Abram by GOD he was preserved
 But Aram in the fire was sterbed:
 When Tharic heard his son was dead:
 He did depart out of that stead;
 With Abram, Nachor, and their wines
 As the Scripture at length descriues:
 And left the Land of Chaldea,
 And past to Mesopotamia,
 And dwelt in Charan all his dayes,
 And died there as the Storie sayes,
 The life of Abram, as I suppose,
 Nothing belongs to our purpose,
 Into the Bible thou mayst read,
 His vertuous life, word and dead.
 Now to thee haue I showane the Man,
 That first Idolatrie began.

Of the great miserie and skaith that com-
 meth of Warre, and how King Nimrod
 began the first warres, and strake
 the first battell.

Father

The second Booke.

After I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to me ere wee depart:
Who first began this mortall warres,
Which every faithfull heart so skars
And eberte Policie doth shewes,
Expresse against the LORDS Lawes,
Since CHRIST our King Dinnipotent,
Left peace into his Testament:
How doeth procede this crueltie,
Against Justice and Equitie:
In Land where ever warre hath bene,
Great miserie there may bee sene:
All things on Earth that GOD hath wrought,
Warres doe destroy and bring to nought.
Cities with many strong Dungeon,
Are burnt and to the Earth throwne downe:
Virgins and Patrons are defozed,
Temples that richlie were decozed,
Are burnt, and all their Riches spoyle,
Poore Orphants under fete foyloe:
Many old man made Childzenlesse,
And many Childzen Fatherlesse.
Of famous scholes the doctrine:
Both naturall Science and Divine:
And every vertue troden downe,
No reberence done to Religion:
Strengths destroyed allutterlie,
Faite Ladies forced Shamefullie
Young Widowes spoyled of their Spouses,
Poore Labourers driven from their Houses:
There dare no Parchand take in hand,

Of the Monarchie.

To trauell either by Sea or Land,
To Bouchers that doe them confound,
Some murthered beane, and some are bellowed:
And craftesmen of good engyne,
Are altogether brought to ruine:
The Bestiall rest; the Commons slaine,
The Land without Labouring doeth remaine,
Of Policie the perfect warkes,
Buildings, Gardens, pleasant Parkes;
Are altogether destroyed beane,
Great Granges burnt their may bee laine,
Riches is turned to Poverty,
And Plentie into Penurie.
Death, Hunger, Dearth: it is well kend
Of warre this is the fatall end.
Justice turned into Tyrannie,
All pleasure in abhorre,
The warres allutterlie doone, that was
Both the civill and common lawes:
Warre genders murther and mischeife,
More lamenting without reliefe.
Warres doe destroy Realme and Kings
Great Princes warre to prison brings:
Warre doth shed mekle guiltlesse blood
Since I can say of warres no good:
Declare to me, Sir, if ye can,
Who first this miserie began.

A short description of the foure Monarchies,
And how King Nimrod began his Mon-
archie,



H Marre (said he) the great outrage
Began into the second Age:
By cruell pridesfull covetous Kinges,
Reavers but right of others Reignes.

Howbeit Cain before the flood,
Was first shedder of guiltlesse blood.
Ninus was first and principall man,
Which sinistrus Conquest began:
And was the man withoutten faile,
In Earth which strak the first battell.
And first invented Imagerie.
Wherethrough came great Idolatrie.

What must know ere we farther wend
Of whom King Ninus did descend.
Ninus, if I can right define:
He was from Noe the fifth by Line:
Noe gat Cham, Cham begat, Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, Nimrod Belus,
And Belus Ninus, but lasing,
Of Assyria the second King.
And builder of that great Citie,
The which is called Ninive.
And was the first and principall man,
Which the first Monarchie began.

C. Father (said I) declare to mee,
What signifies a Monarchie?

E. The sooth (said he) Son if thou know
Monarchie is a tearme of Crew:
As when a Province principall,
Had whole power imperiall,
During their Dominations,
Above all Kings and Nations:

Of the Monarchie.

A Monarchie that men doe call,
Of whom I finde four principall.
Which hath reigned since the world began.

C. Then (said I) Father if you can,
Which four are they? shew mee I pray you.

E. My Son (said he) that shall I shew you.
First reigned King of Assyrians,
Secondly reigned the King of Persians
The Greeks thirdly with sword and fire
Perforce obtained the third Empe,
The fourth Monarchie as I heare,
The Romans kepted many a yeere.

Let us speake of Ninus King,
How he began his conquering.

The olde Greeke Historiane,
Diodorus he writs plaine.

At right great length of Ninus King,
Of his Empe and conquering.

And of Semiramus his wife,

That time the lustiest on life

It were too long to put in write:

Which Diodore doeth indite.

But I shall shew as I suppose,

Which most belongs to our purpose,

When Nimrod Prince of Babylon,

Out of this wretched world was gone,

And his Son Belus dead allwa,

The first King of Assyria,

This Ninus which was second King

Triumphantlie began to reigne:

And was not pleased nor content,

Of his own region nor rent. Thinkir g

The second Booke. O

Thinking his gloze for to aduance,
By his great people and puissance,
Through pride, covetise and vaine gloze,
Did him prepare to conqresse moze,
And gathered forth a great Armie,
Contrare Babylon and Chaldie,
Whereof hee had ardent desire.
To joyne that Land to his Empire:
Howbeit hee had thereto no right,
But by his tyrannie and might
Withoutten feare of GOD or Man,
His conqresseing hee thus began.
¶ His people being in array,
To Chaldea tooke his readie way.
When that the Babylonians,
Together with Chaldeans.
Heard tell King Ninus was come and,
Made Proclamation through the Land.
That each man after his degree,
Should come and save his owne countrie
Though that they had no use of warre,
Without all feare they past forward:
And put themselves in good order,
To meete King Ninus on the Border,
In that time ye may understand,
There was no Harnesse in the Land.
For to defend, or yet invade,
Whereby moze slaughter there was made:
They fought through strength of bodie:
With goades of Iron, with Stones and Trees,
With sound of Horne and hideous cry,
They rushed together right rudely.

Of the Monarchie.

With hardy heart and strength of hands
Will thousands lay dead on the Lands.
Where men in battell naked beane,
Great slaughter soone there may bee seene
They fought so long and cruellie,
And with uncertaine victorie,
No man might judge that stood on farre
Who got the better of the warre.
But when it did approach the night,
The Chaldeans they tooke the flight.
Then the king and his companie,
Were right glad of that victorie.
Because he wan the first Battail,
That stricken was on Earth but saile:
And peaceable of that Region,
Did take the whole Dominion:
Then was the king of Chaldea,
As well as of Assyria.
As for the king of Arabie,
In his Conquest made him supplie:
Of this yet was hee not content,
But to the Realme of Medea hee went,
Where Farnus king of that Countrie,
Did meeete him with a great Armie.
But king Ninus the Battell wan,
Where slaine was many Noble man:
And to the king would give no grace,
But plainlie in a publicke place,
With his seven Sons and his Ladie,
Cruellie did them crucifie.
Of that triumph hee did reioyce,

Then forward to the felds hee goes:
 Then conquest hee Armenia,
 Perse, Egypt, and Pamphilia:
 Cappadoce, Lyde, and Muritane,
 Calpia, Phrygia, and Hircane.
 All Africa and Asia,
 Except great Inde and Baetia.
 Which hee did conquest afterward,
 As you shall heare ere wee depart.
 Now would I ere wee farther wend,
 That his Idolatrie were kend:
 Then after that without sojourne,
 To our purpose wee shall retorne.

How King *Ninus* invented the first Idolatrie,
 or worshiping of Images.

NINVS an Image hee cause make,
 For King Belus his Fathers sake,
 Most like his Father of figure,
 Of quantitie and portrature.

Of fine Gold was that figure made,
 A craftie Crowne upon his head.
 With precious stones in tokening.
 His Father Belus was a King.
 In Babylon hee a temple made,
 Of craftie worke both high and broad:
 Wherein that Image gloriouslie,
 Was throned up triumphantlie.
 Then Ninus gave a strait command,
 To all the people of that land,
 As well into Assyria.
 As in Shinar and Chaldea

Of the Monarchie.

Under his Dominiation,
They should make adozation,
Upon their knees to that figure,
Under the paine of fore-faulture.
There was no Lord in all that land,
His summonding that durst gaine stand:
Then young and old, both great and small,
To that Image they prayed all.
And changed his name as I heard tell,
From Belus to that great god Bell.
In that temple hee did devise,
That Priests should make their sacrifice
By that consent then came a Law,
None other God that they would know
Also hee gave to that Image,
Of Sanctuary the Priviledge:
For whatsoever transgressor,
In Homicide or oppression,
Seeing that Image in the face,
Of their guilt got the Kings grace.

C. Declare to me sweet, Sir (said he)
Was there no more Idolatrie,
After that this false Idole Bell,
Was throned up as you me tell.

E. My Son (said hee) incontinent
These nobels through the world went,
How King Ninus as I have said,
A curious Image hee had made,
To the which all his Nation,
Made devote adozation.
When every country took conceit,

They would King Ninus Counterfeit:
 When any famous man was dead,
 Set up an Image in his stead:
 Which they did honour from the spleene,
 As it Immortall GOD had bene:
 Images some made for the bones,
 Of fine gold, of stokes, and stones:
 Of silver some, and yborie bone,
 With diuerse names to gherie one,
 For some they called Saturnus,
 Some Iupiter some Neprunus,
 And some they called Cupido,
 Their god of love, and some Pluto.
 They called some Mercurius,
 And some the windie Eolus,
 Some Mars, made like a man of warre
 Enarmed well with sword and speare
 Some Bacchus, and some Apollo.
 Of names they had an hundred and moe
 When any Ladie of great fame
 Was dead, for to exalt her name:
 An Image for a portraiture,
 Was set up for an picture.
 The which they called their goddesse,
 As Venus Iuno and Pallas:
 Some Ceres, vesta, and Diana,
 Some Clio, some Proserpina:
 And some the great goddesse Minerue,
 With curious coloure they would carbe
 Among the Poets you may see,
 Of false gores the Genealogie.
 So that these abominations,

Of the Monarchie.

Did spread throughout all Nations:
Except good Abram, as wee reade,
Who honoured God in word and deede.
For Abram had his beginning,
Into the time of Ninus King.
Ninus began with tyrannie,
And Abram with humilitie.
Ninus began the first Empire,
Abram of warre had no desire.
Ninus began Idolatrie,
Abram in spirit and veritie,
He prayed to the LORD alone,
False Imagery hee would have none,
Of him descended I heard tell,
The twelue Tribes of Israel.
These people made adozation,
With humble supplication,
To Him who was of kings King,
And heaven and earth made of nothing
Dead Images they held at nought,
Which were with mens hands wrought
But the Almighty GOD on libe:
Oy Son now have I done describe
These questions at thy command,
The which thou didst at mee demand.
C. What was the cause, Sir, make mee sure,
Idolatrie did so long endure,
Out thzough the world so generallie,
And with the Gentiles speciallie?
E. (Said hee) Some causes principall,
I finde in my memo:iall:

First was through Princes commandement,
 Which did Idolatrie invent:
 Then singular profite of the Priests,
 Painters, Goldsmiths, Masons, Wrights;
 These men of craft full curiouslye:
 Made Images so pleasantlie:
 And solde them for a sumptuous price,
 So by their craftie marchandise:
 They were made rich aboue measure,
 As for the Priests I thea assure:
 They got profite into all Lands
 Through Sacrifice and Offerands,
 And by their fained sanctitude,
 Abused many a man of good,
 As in the time of Daniell:
 The Priests of that Idole Bell,
 When Nebuchadnozor King,
 In Babylon highlie did reigne,
 The Priests the King made understand
 That Image made with mens hand,
 Hee was a glorious god of life,
 And also had prerogative:
 That by his great power diuine,
 Would eate Beefe, Mutton, Bread, and Wine,
 And so the King caused euerie day,
 Before Bell on his Altar lay:
 Fourtie fatte Medders, fresh and fine,
 And fire great rounnbours of wight wine;
 Twelue great Lones of boulded flowze;
 Which was all eaten in one houre:
 Not by that Image deafe and dumbe,
 But by the Priests all and some.

Of The Monarchie.

As by the Bible thou mayst ken,
Whose number was thre score and ten,
They and their wives every day,
Ate all that on the Altar lay.
Then Daniell in conclusion,
Shewde to the King their abuson:
And of their craft has made him sure,
How underneath the Temple floore,
Through a passage they came by night,
And ate that meate by Candle-light.
The King when he the matter knew,
The Priests with all their wives he slew
Thus subtilly the King was wyled,
And all the people were beguiled.
My Son (said he) now may thou ken
How by the Priests and craftiemen,
And by their craftinesse and cure,
Idolatrie did long endure.
Behold how John Boccacious,
Hath witten woakes wonderous:
Of Gentiles superstition,
And of their great abuson:
And in his great Booke thou mayst see,
Of the false gods genealogie,
Of Demogorgon in speciall,
Howe-grandsyre to the gods all,
Honourde among Arcadians,
And of the false Philistians:
With their great devilish god Dagon,
With other Idoles many one.
But I abhorre the trneth to tell,

The second Booke. 10

Of the Princes of Israel:
Chosen by GOD Omnipotent,
How they brake his Commandement:
King Salomon, as the Scripture sayes,
He doted in his latter dayes:
His wanton wnes for to please,
He cared not GOD for to displease.
And did commit Idolatrie,
Worshipping carved Imagerie,
As Molech, god of Amonites,
And Chemosh god of Moabites:
Ashtaroth god of Sidonians:
So for his inobedience,
And foule abomination,
Was punished his succession:
His son Roboam, I heard tell,
Lost the ten Tribes of Israel,
For his fathers Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images used among Christian Men.

After, yet one thing would I speere,
Behold in euerie Church and Quere.
Through Christendome in Burgh & Land
Images made with mens hand,
To whom are giuen diuerse names,
Some Peter, and Paul, some Iohn and Iames:
Saint Peter carved with his keyes,
Saint Michael with his winges and weyes:
Saint Catherine with her sword and wheele,
An Wynde set up hard by Saint Gele.
It were ower long for to describe,
Saint Francis with his wounds fife. Saint

Of the Monarchie.

Saint Trodwell eke there may bee seene
Who on a pycke hath both her eene.
Saint Paul well painted with a sword
As he would feght at the first word.
Saint Appollon on Altar stands,
With all her teeth into her hands.
Saint Roch well seased men may see,
A Wyle new broken on her thie.
Saint Eloy he doeth statelie stand,
A new Horse-shoe into his hand.
Saint Nimian of a rotten stocke.
Saint Dutho boz'de out of a blocke.
Saint Andrew with Crosse in his hand.
Saint George upon a Horse rband.
Saint Antone fet up with a sow.
Saint Bryde well carbed with a bow.
With costlie colours fine and faire,
A thousand moze I might declare:
As Saint Cosme and Dominian,
The Souto, Saint Chrispinian:
All these on Altars statlie stands,
Peisles crying for their offerands.
To whom wee commons on our knees,
Doe worship all these Imageries,
In Church or Quere, or in the Closter,
Praying to them our Pater noster.
In Pilgrimage from Towne to Towne
With Offering and Adoration.
To them aye babling on our Beedes,
What they may helpe us in our needes,
What differs this declare to mee,
From the Gentiles Idolatrie.

The second Booke.

E. If that bee true that thou reports,
It goes right neare the selfesame sorts;
But wee by counsell of Cleargie,
Have licence to make Imagerie:
Which of unlearned beene the Bookes,
For when the Laicke on them lookes,
It brings them in remembrance,
Of Saincts liues the circumstance:
How the faith for to fortifie,
They suffered paine right patiently,
Seeing the Image on the roode,
Men should remember on the blood,
Which CHRIST into his passion,
Did shed for our salvation:
And when thou seest the portraiture,
Of blessed Marie Virgine pure.
A pleasant babe upon her knee,
Then in thy minde remember thee,
The word which the Prophet said,
How she should be both mother and maide
But who that siteth on their knees,
Praying to many Imageries.
With oration and offerands,
Kneeling with Cup into their hands.
No differance beene (I say to thee)
From the Gentiles Idolatrie.
Right so of diuerse Nations:
I read the abominations,
How Greeks made their devotion haile,
To Mars to save them in battaile.
To Iupiter some took their voyage,
To save them from the stormie rage:

Of the Monarchie.

Some prayed to Venus from the spleene
That they their Lovers might obtaine,
And some to Iuno for riches,
Their pilgrimage they would addresse.
So doeth our common populace,
Which were to long for to declare:
Their superstitious pilgrimages,
To make diuerse Images.
Some to Saint Rock with diligence,
To save them from the Pestilence:
For their teeth to Saint Apoline,
To Saint Trodwell to mend their eene.
Some makes offerings to Saint Eloy,
That hee their Horse might well conboy,
They run when they have Jewels fitt,
To Saint Syech ere ever they stint.
And to Saint Germane to get remed,
For maledies into their head.
They bring mad men on feete and horse
And binds them to Saint Mongoes Crosse.
To Saint Barbara they cry full fast,
To save them from the thunder blast.
For good nobels, as I heard tell,
Some takes their way to Gabriel.
Some wives Saint Margaret doeth exhort,
Into their birth them to support.
To Saint Anthone to save the Sow,
To Saint Bryde for Calfs and Kow.
To Saint Sebastian they run and ride
That from the shot hee save their side.
And some in hope to get their heale,
Run to the old Kilde of Karreale.
Hotobelt

The second Booke

Howbeit these people rude,
Thinke their intention to be good.
Woe be to Priests, I say for mee,
Which should shew them the Meritie:
Priests which haue of them the cure,
Shall make answer therfore, be sure:
In the great Day of Iudgement:
Where no time is for to repent,
Where manifest Idolatrie,
Shall punisht be perpetuallie.

An Exclamation against Idolatrie.

Imprudent people, ignorant and blind,
By what Reason, Law, or Authoritie,
Or what authentick Scriptur can ye find
Lawfull for to committe Idolatrie.

Which is to bow your bodie, or your knee,
With debote humble adozation,
To anie Image made of stocke or tree,
Gibing to them Offering or Oblation?

Why doe ye giue the honour, laude or gloze,
Pertaining to God, who made all things of nought
Who was, and is, and shall be evermore:
To Images by mens hands wrought?
O foolish folke! why have ye succour sought,
Of them that cannot helpe you in distresse?
Yet reasonable reuolue into your thought,
In stocke or stone, can be none holinesse.

In the Desart the people of Israel,
Moses remaining on the Mount Sinay:
They made a molten Calf of fine met fall:

Of the Monarchie

Which they did honour as their God alway:
But when Moses descended, I heare say,
And did consider their Idolatrie:
Of that people three thousand cause hee say,
As the Scripture at length doeth testifie.

Because the holy Prophet Daniel,
In Babylon Idolatrie repzeved,
And would not worshop their false Idol Bell,
The whole people at him were soze agreeved,
So that effect that hee should be mischeved,
Delibered him to ramping Lyons seven,
But of that dangerous den hee was releved
Through miracle of the great GOD of heauen.

Behold how Nebuchadnozor King,
Into the Aile of Duran did prepare:
An Image of fine gold: A marvellous thing,
Threescore of cubites high, and sixe in square,
As more clearelie the Scripture doeth declare,
To whom all people by proclamation,
With bodies bowde, and on their knees bare,
Right humble made their adozation.

A great wonder that day was seene also,
How Nebuchadnozor in his ire:
Tooke Sedrach, Mesach, and Abednego,
Which would not bow their knees at his desire
To Idol; cause call them into the fire
For to be burnt, ere hee stirde of that dead,
When hee beleved they were burnt bone and lyze:
Was not consume a small haire of their head.

The second Booke.

The Angel of the LORD was with them sene,
Into that hote fornaice passing up and downe,
Into a rosie Earth as they had bene.

No spote of fire distaining coate or golwe,
Of Victorie they did obtaine the Crowne.
And were to them that made adozation,
To that Idole, or bowde their bodie downe,
A witnessing of their damnation.

What was the cause at mee thou mayst demand
That Salomon used none Imagerie,
In his triumphant Temple for to stand,
Of Abram, Isaac Iacob, nor Iesse,
Nor to Moses, their safeguarde through the Sea,
Nor Iosua their valient Champion?
Because GOD did command the contrarie,
They should not use such superstition.

Behold how the great GOD Omnipotent,
To preserve Israel from Idolatrie;
Directed them a strait commandement,
That they should make no graven Imagerie,
Neither of gold, silver, stone, nor tree:
Nor give worship to any similitude,
Being in heaven, in earth, or in the Sea,
But openlie to his Soberaigne celsitude.

The prophet David planelie did repziebe,
Idolatrie to their confusion:
In graven stocke or stone that did beleue,
Declaring to them their great abuson,
Speaking in manner of derision,
How dead Idoles by mens hands wzought.
Whom they honourde with humble adozation,
Were in the market daylie solds and bought.

Of The Monarchie.

The Devils feeling the ill condition,
Of the Gentiles and their unfaithfulnesse,
For to augment their superstition,
In these Idoles they made their enteresse:
And in them spake, as stories doe expresse,
Then men believed of them to get reliefe,
Asking their helpe in all their businesse,
But finallie that turnde to their mischefe.

Trust well, in them is no divinitie,
When with the roust thair faire colour doth fade
Though they have feete, on foote they cannot stee
Howbeit the Temple burne about their head,
In them is neither friendship nor remead,
In such figures what favour can yee finde?
With mouth & eares & eyes though they bee made
All men may see they are dumbe, deafe, and blind
Howbeit they fall down flatlie on the floze,
They have no strength themselves to raise againe
Though Rats over them run, they take no cure:
Howbeit they broke their neck they feele no paine
Why should men Psalmes to them sing or faine
Since growing trees that yeerslie beareth fruit
Are more to praise, I make it to the plaine,
Than cutted stocks, wanting both crop and roote
Of Edinburgh the great Idolatrie,
And manifest abomination:
On their feast-day all creatures may see,
They beare an old stock Image through the towne
With Taberne, Trumpet, Shalme, and Clarion
Which hath bene used manie a yeare by-gone,
With Priestes and Friers into procession,
Like unto Bell carried through Babylon.

The second Booke.

Think ye not shame, ye secular Priests & Friars
To so great superstition to consent?
Idolaters ye have bene manie yeres,
Expresse against the LORDS Commandement
Wherefore Brethren, I counsell you repent,
Give none Honour to carved stocke or stone:
And praise him aye, as wiselie writteth Iohn.

Hee on you Frieres! that uses so to preach,
And doe advance so ward Idolatrie:
Why doe ye not the ignorant people teach,
How a dead Image carved of a tree:
As it were holie, should not honoured bee:
For borne on Burgesse backs up and downe?
But ye shew plainlie your Hypocrisie,
When ye passe for most in procession.

Hee on you, Fosterers of Idolatrie,
That to the dead stockes doeth reverence,
In presence of the people publicklye:
Feare ye not GOD to commit such offence?
I counsell you to doe your diligence,
To cause suppress so great abusyon.
Doe ye not so, I dread your repentance
Shall be nought else, but cleane confusion.

Had S. Frances been borne out through the towne
By Sainct Dominicke, though ye had refused,
With them to have pass in procession.
In that case some would you have excused:
How men may see how that you have abused.
What noble towne through your hypocrisie.
The people thinke that they may right well use it
When ye passe with them into companie.

Of the Monarchie.

Some of you hath bene quiet counsellours.
Probocking Princes to shed guiltlesse blood.
Which never did your prudent Predecessours:
But y^e like furious Pharisees denude.
Of charitie, which rent CHRIST on the roode,
For CHRIST'S flock, without malice or y^e,
Conbverted fragill faultors, I conclude,
By GODS own word, withoutten sword or fire.

Read ye not how that Christ hes given command
If thy Brother doe ought the^e to offend,
Then secretlie correct him hand for hand:
In friendlie manner, ere that thou farther wend
If hee will not heare thee, then make it kend,
To one or two by true narration,
If hee for them will not his misse amend,
Delate him to the Congregation.

And yet if hee remaine obstinate,
And to the holie Church unconscillable:
Then like a Turke hold him excommunicate,
And with all faithfull folke abminable,
Banishing him, that hee bee no more able,
To dwell among the faithfull companie,
When hee repents be not unmerciable,
But him receive againe right tenderlie.

But our dumbe Doctors of divinitie,
And y^e of the last found Religion,
Of poore transgressours y^e have no pittie,
But cryes to put them aye to confusion:
As cryde the Iewes for the effusion,
Of CHRIST'S blood into their burning y^e,

The second Booke.

Crucifige so y^e with an union,
Doe cry, cause cast the faulter in the fire.

Winmercissall members of the Antichrist,
Extolling your humane tradition,
Contrare the institution of CHRIST,
Feare y^e not for diuine punishment?
Though some of you be of good condition,
Readie to receiue new recent wine.
I speake to you all Wosses of perdition,
Returne in time, ere y^e run to ruine.

As ran the peruerse pzophets of Baal,
Which did consent to the Idolatrie:
Of wicked Achab King of Israel,
Whose number were foure hundzeth and fiftie,
Which honoured that Idol openlie:
But when Elias, did pzoue their abusyon,
Hee caused the people slay them cruellie,
So in one houre came their confusion.

I Pray you print in your remembrance,
How the red Frieres for their Idolatrie:
In Scotland; England, Spaine, Italie & France,
Upon one day were punisht piteouslie,
Behold, how your owne Bzethen now latelie,
In Ducheland, England, Denmarke & Norroway
Are troden downe with their hypocrisie,
And as the snow are vanisht quite away,

I marveill that our Bishops thinke no shame
To giue your Friers such pzeheminence,
To use their office to their great defame,

Preaching

Of the Monarchie.

Preaching for them in open audience,
But might a Bishop augment his owne expence
For each Sermon ten Ducats in his hand,
Hee would ere he did lacke that recompence,
Goe preach himselve both into Burgh and Land.

I trust to see good Reformation,
When that wee get a faithfull pudent King,
Which knowes the Trueth, and his vocation,
All publicans, I trust hee will downe thring,
And will not suffer in his Realme to reigne,
Corrupted Scribes, nor false Pharistie.
Against the trueth, which plainelie doe maligne
Till that King come, wee must take patience.

Now farewell friends, because I cannot flyte
Howbeit I could, yee must holde mee excused:
Though I against Idolatrie indyte:
Do them despyte, that will not yet refuse it.
I pray GOD, that it be no more used,
Among the rulers of this Region,
That common people be no more abused,
But give him gloze that bare the thorny, Crown

Who teaches us by his Divine Scripture,
To right prayer the perfect readie way,
As writteth Matthew in his sixt Chapter.
In what manner, and to whom wee should pray
A short compendious Oracion each day,
Most profitable both for bodie and soule,
The which is not directed I heare say,
To Iohn or Iames, to Peter or to Paul.

The second Booke.

For to none other of Apostles twelue,
For to no Sainct, nor Angel in the Heauen,
But onelie to our father GOD himselte,
Whiche oration is contained full euen.
Most profitable for us Petitions seuen.
Whiche we laicke folke the Pater noster call,
Though we say Psalmes nine ten or eleuen,
Of all Prayers this is the principall,

By reason of the maker that it made,
Who was the Son of GOD our Saviour,
And by reason to whom it should bee said,
To the Father of Heauen our Creator,
Who dwelleth not in Temple nor in Towre,
He clearely sees our thought, will, and intent:
What needeth us at others seeke succour,
When in all place, his power is present.

We Princes of the Priests that should preach,
Why suffer yee so great abusion?
Why doe yee not the simple people teach,
How and to whom to dresse their oration?
Why thole yee them to goe from Town to town,
In Pilgrimage to anie Imageries,
Hoping to get some satisfaction,
Praying to them deuotie on their knees:

This was the practise of some Pilgrimage,
When Fillockes into Fife began to go:
With Locke & Tom then they tooke their voyage,
In Angus to the felds Chappell of Dron,
Then Kirtocke there as keadie as a Con,
Without regard either to sin or shame,

Of the Monarchie.

Have Lawrie leabe at leasure to leape on,
Far better beene to have tarried at home,

I have seene passe a marveillous multitude,
Young men and women singing on their feete,
Under the soyme of fained sanctitude:

For to adoze an Image in Lawreit:

Many came with their fellowes for to merse,
Committing their soule fornication,

Some kist the clagged taile of the Heremite

Why thole y^e this abomination?

Of Fornication and Adulterie,

Appearantlie y^e take but little cure,

Seeing the marveillous infelicitie,

Which hath so long done in this Land endure,

Of your default, which have the charge and cure

This is of trueth, my Lords with your leabe,

Such Pilgrimages have made manie an whore

Which if I pleased plainlie I might pziebe.

Why make y^e not the Scripture manifest,

To poore people, touching Idolatrie

In your preaching, why have y^e not exprest,

How many Kings of Israel cruellie,

Were punisht by GOD so rigorously?

As Ieroboam: and manie moe no doubt,

For worshipping of carb'd Imagerie,

Were from their Realmes rudelie rooted out.

Why tho'e y^e under your Dominion,

A craftie Priest or fained false Hermite?

Abusing the people of this Region:

Onelie

The second Booke

Onelie for their particular profite,
And speciallie that Hermite of Lawrier,
Hæ put the common people in beleêve.
That blind got sight and crooked got their kiete,
The which the Ballard by no meanes can piete

Hæ married men, that hath trim wanton wibes,
And lustie daughters of young and tender age:
Whose honestie yæ should love as your liues,
Permit them not to passe in pilgrimage:
To seeke support of anie stock Image.
For I have known good women pase from hame
Which hath beene trapped with such lusts rage,
Hæ returned both with great sin and shame

Get up, thou sleepest stil too long, O LORD,
And make an hastie Reformation:
On them y do tramp down thy gracious word,
And have a deadlie indignation,
At them which make a true narration
Of thy Gospel shewing the veritie,
O LORD, I make the supplication,
Support our faith, our hope, and charitie.

How King *Ninus* builded the great Citie of
Ninive: and how he vanquished *Zorastes*
King of *Bactria*

His *Ninus* of Assyria King,
When hee had made his Conquesting:
To build a Citie hee him drest,
Choosing a place where hee thought best
Where hee had first Dominion,

Of the Monarchie.

In Assyria his own Region:
Though Ashur as the Scripture sayes
Who came before King Ninus dayes
He founded that famous Citie,
The which was called Ninive,
But as rehearseth Diodore,
Ninus that Citie did decoze:
So mervellous triumphantlie,
As y^e shall heare immediatlie.
Upon the flood of Euphrates,
Which to behold great wonder was:
An hundzeth and fiftie stages,
That Citie was of length I wisse:
The walles an hundzeth foote of hight
No wonder was thought it was wight
Such breadth about the walles there was,
Thre Cartes might stolings on them passe:
Foure hundzeth stages, foure scoze and foure,
In circuite, but nine or moze.
Of Towres about the walles I wene,
A thousand and fife hundzeth beene:
Of hight two hundzeth foote and moze,
As witteth famous Diodore.
The Scripture maketh mention,
When GOD sent Ionas to that Towne,
To shew them of his punishment,
Throughtout the Citie when hee went,
Thre dayes journey to him it was,
The Bible sayes it was no lesse.
My Son, now have I showane to thee:

The second Booke

Of the building of Ninivie,
For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus calde it after his Name.

When he that great citie had ended,
To conques more yet he intended.

And diddepart from Ninive.

And raised up a great Armie,

Of the most stalward men and stout,

Of all the Regions round about

In great order toke their journey,

Toward the Realme of Bactria.

Of wight foot-men I understand,

He had senentene hundzeth thousand.

Without horse-men and warlick carts

Whom hee ordred in sundrie parts.

Which to describe I am not able,

Whose number is incredible.

Zorastes that Noble King.

Which Bactria had in governing.

That prudent Prince as I heard tell,

Did in Astronomie pzeell:

And found the Arte of Magia,

With naturall science many ma,

Seeing King Ninus in the fiede,

Forward he came with peare & shield.,

Four hundzeth thousand men hee was

In his Armie there was no lesse:

And met King Ninus on the border.

Right valientlie and in good order.

On the Vanguard of his Armie.

On them hee rushed right rudelie.

Of the Monarchie,

And of them flew as I heare say,
An hundred thousand men that day,
The rest that scaped were unslaine,
To Ninus great host fled againe,
Of that King Ninus was so noyed,
Hee rested never till hee destroyed,
All whole that Region up and downe,
And from the King did reabe the Crown
And made the Realme of Bactria,
Subiected to Assyria,
And in the selfe same Land I wisse,
Hee got his wife Semiramis.
Which as mine Authoz doeth describe,
Was then the lustiest on live.
That being done without sojourn,
To Ninive hee did returne.
With great triumph of victorie,
As mine Authoz doeth specifie.
Both Occident and Orient,
Were all to him obedient.
It would abhorre thee to heare red,
The guiltlesse blood that hee did shed.
When hee had rung as you may heare,
The space of thre and fourtie yeare,
Being in his excellent gloze,
The dolent Death did him debore.
In what sort I am not certaine.
Some Authoz sayes that hee was slaine.
And left into his heritage,
A little childe of tender age.
Young Ninus was the Childes name,

which

The second Booke.

Which after flourish in great fame:
Some sayes, that by his wines treason,
King Ninus died into prison.
As I shall shew ere I hence fare.
How Diodore hath done declare.

Of the wonderfull deedes of Queene Semiramis

NINUS loved so ardentlie,
Semiramis his faire Ladie:
There was nothing she wold have done
But all obeyed was full soone,
Shee seeing him so amorous.
Shee grew proude and presumptuous,
And at the King shee did desire,
Fife dayes to governe his Empyre:
And he of his benevolence,
Dio grant her that prebemenence,
With Scepter, Crown, and Robe royall,
And whole power Imperiall:
Till fife dayes were come and gone,
That shee as King might reigne alone
Then all the Princes of the Land,
During that time made her a band,
With banquet royall merrilie,
Shee treated them triumphantlie.
So the first day the people all,
Came to her service bound and thrall:
But ere the second day was gone,
Shee tooke such gloze to reigne alone,
By a deceite made them among,
The King shee put in prison strong:

Of the Monarchie.

I read well of his prisoning,
But not of his delibering:
How euer it was, into his shewes,
Hee did of Death suffer the shewes:
And might not length his life one houre,
Though hee was the first Conquerour.
Whose conquessing for to conclude,
Was not without shedding of blood.

Now haue yee heard of Ninus King
How hee began, and his ending.
Although mine Authoꝝ Diodore,
Of him haue witten meekle more.
Princes for wrongous conquessing,
Doe make oft-times an evill ending:
Though hee had long prosperitie,
Hee ended with great miserie.

Of King Ninus Sepulture.

The Quene a Sepulture had made,
Where shee King Ninus bodie laide,
Of curious craftie worke and wight,
The which had stades nine of hight:

And ten stades of breadth it was,
Diodore says it was no lesse,
For eight stades a myle thou take,
And thereafter thy number make.
So by this compt it was full right,
A myle and eke an stade of hight.
Except the Towre of Babylon.
So heigh a worke I read of none.

Semiramis his lustie Quene,

Conside

The second Booke.

Considering what danger beene,
To have a King of tender age,
Which might not use his bassallage:
Shee tooke a couragious conceite,
Thinking that shee should make debate
If any made rebellion,
Contrare her son and Region:
Whom shee did foster tenderlie:
And kepted him full quietlie,
Shee laid a part her own clothing,
And tooke the rayment of a King:
When shee was into armour dight,
Nicht no man know her by a Knight
So valientlie went to the wear.
And to give Battell tooke no feare:
Daunting all Realmes round about,
That all the world of her had doubt:
More fortunate in her conquessing,
Then was her Husband Ninus King
Babylon shee did fortifie,
Temples and Towres triumphantlie
So pleasantlie did them prepare,
Which in the Earth had no compare,
Howbeit Nimrod, of whom I spake,
The hideous Dungeon he caused make
And of the Citie the fundament:
To whom GOD made impediment,
Where Nimrod left there shee began
And put to work many a man,
Of All Realmes round about,
Of most ingyne, shee sought them out.

Of the Monarchie.

hæ had working with tree and stones,
Twelue hundred thousand men at ones
Soe read the the Booke of Diodore,
And thou shalt finde the number more.
On eberie side of Euphrates,
That noble Citie builded was:
And so that river of renowne,
Ran thzough the mid part of the Towne
Ouer-thwart that flood the bzidges made,
Of marvellous Strength both long and bzade:
They were fife stages large of length,
On eberie bzidge she made a strength:
The circuit, as I said befoze,
Foure hundred stages and fourescore.
The walles height who would describe,
Thzee hundred fote thzeescore and fife
Sixe Carts might passe right easlie,
Aboue the walles of that Citie:
Ridlings without impediment.
Consider then by your judgement:
If these walles were high or nough,
And also curiouslie were wrought:
As Diodore hath done define
Which doest transcend my rude ingyne
Of Babylon the magnificence,
To whom yæ would give no credence,
If I at length would put in write,
Which Diodore hath done endyte.
Compare with Cities finde I none,
To Ninive and Babylon.
From Ninive of Auyria,

The second Booke

To Babylon in Chaldaea.
By Bridges pleasantlie yē may passe
Upon the flood of Euphrates,
Among the floodes of Paradise,
This Euphrates may beare the prise:
All woꝝkes which the Quæne began,
Transcended the ingine of man.
The proud Quæne Penthfilea,
The Princesse of Amazona:
With her Ladies triumphantlie,
At Troy which fought valiantlie.
Noꝝ yet the faire Maiden of France,
Daunter of English ordinance:
To Semiramis in her dayes,
Were no compare, as bookes sayes.
Except triumphant Iulius.
Strong Hamiball, oꝝ Pompeius:
Oꝝ Alexander the Conquerour.
I finde no greater warriour,
Would I rehearse as writes Clarke
Her wonderfull and valiant warkes:
It were to mee a great labour,
And tedious to the auditor.
What shee did in Ethiopia,
And in the Land of Medea.
Building cities, castles, and towres,
Parkes and Gardens of pleasures.
Foꝝ the exalting of her name,
And immortall to make her fame,
Of Iarcius the high mountaine,
Shee caused run down, & made them plaine
Great Orances, the mountaine wight, I went

Of the Monarchie.

Twentie and fyve stages of hight,
To her Pallace to draw a Loch,
By force of men the cut it throughe.
Had shee kept her chastitie,
Shee might have bene an A-per-se.
When shee had ordered her Emprye,
Of Venus worke shee tooke desire.
A secret Mansion shee coulde make,
Wherein shee pleasantlie might take
Young Gentle-men for her pleasure,
The which shee used aboue measure.
One man alone might not be able,
To stanch her lust insatiabie.
When shee was satisfied of one,
Shee coulde another come anone;
The lustiest in all that Land,
Came quietlie at her command.
When they at length had lyne her by,
Shee slew all them right cruellie.
When her son came to age perfit,
Of him shee tooke such great delite:
Shee caused him with her to lye,
Among the rest right quietlie.
Some sayes with sensuall lusts rage
Shee bound him into marriage.
And helde him under Tutorie,
To uphold her Authozitie.

How the Queene *Semiramis* with a great Ar-
mie past to *Inde*: And fought with the
King *Staurobates*: And of her miser-
able end.

The second Booke

When shee had long time liu'de in rest;
To conquesse more, shee her addrest:
Because of diuerse shee heard tell,
How that the Ind, Orientell:
Excelde in great Commodities,
As Bestiall, Cornes, and fruitfull trees;
All kind of Spices delicious,
Gold, Silber, and Stones pzeious,
And how that plenteous Land did beare,
Corne, Fruite, and Wine twise in the yeere,
With Elephants innumerable,
In Battell wondrous terrible:
Shee hearing this, and meekle more,
Believing to augment her gloze:
Cause make strait Proclamations,
In all and sundrie Nations.
Shewing how it was her desire.
All Princes under her Empyre.
In Egypt, and Arabia.
In Perse, in Medes, and Chaldea,
In Greece, in Caspia, and Hircane:
In Cappadoce, Lyde, and Mauritanie:
In Armenie, and Phrygia,
In Pamphilia and Assyria.
That each Land after their degree,
Should bring to her a great armie:
In all the goodlie haste bee may,
And meete her into Bactria
Declaring them that her intent,
Was to passe to the Orient.
And make warre with the King of Inde,
From time they knew what was her minde,

Of the Monarchie

Then by themselves each Region,
Came forthward with their Garrison,
Triumphantlie in good array:
So Baſtria took the ready way,
And made their muſters to the Queene,
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeene:
In Battell ray ſo marie a man.
At once ſince GOD the world began,
But Spainzie, France, Scotland, England,
Dutchland, Denmarke, nor yet Ireland,
Were not inhabite in thoſe dayes.
Nor long after mine Authoꝝ ſayes.
¶ Eſthas he doeth ſpecifie,
The number of this great Armie:
ſaying, there came at her command,
Fote-men thirtie hundꝛeth thouſand:
Of hoſe-men mounted galliardlie,
Fife hundꝛeth thouſand beſilie.
An hundꝛeth thouſand Camels wight,
On euerie Camell rode a knight.
Departed to paſſe into all partes,
There were an hundꝛeth thouſand Carts:
Two thouſands Boates with her ſhee caries,
On hoſe, camels, oꝝ Dromadaries.
Bridges to make, ſhee did conclude,
Ober-thwart Indus that furious flood,
Which bæne of Inde the utmoſt border,
On the which flood with right good order.
Of her Barges ſhee Bridges made,
Whereon her great Hoſte ſafelie rade.

C. Father, I would men underſtood,

The second Booke

How much a marvellous multitude:
Might be at once brought to the field,
Ready to fight with Speare and Shield
Some men will judge this beene a fable
If he mater beene so untrueable,

L. It may well be, my Son (said he)

As by exemple we may see,

How David King of Israel,

His people caused number all.

By Ioab his chiefe Capitaine,

As holie Scripture sheweth plaine:

Of fighting men into that Land,

He found thirtene hundred thousand.

With David in that small Countrie,

Might have raised such an Armie:

To this Ladie it was no wonder,

The which had great Realmes her under

Than Davids little Region

Though shee had many a Legion

Of men, more than I tolde before,

Wherefore, my Son, marvell no more.

¶ When Staurobates King of Inde,

Greatlie perturbed in his minde:

Hearing of such a multitude.

To make defence hee did conclude.

And sent a Message to the Queene,

Praying her Majestie serene.

That she would of her speciaall grace,

Give him licence to live in peace.

Spaying of that, though he should die,

That he should make her fight or flee.

Of the Monarchie.

And to his god a vow hee made,
If no peace might of her hee had,
And if hee wan the victorie,
That hee the Queene should crucifie.
At his boasting the Queene made bours
Saying, It shall not bee no wordes.
Shall make mee passe from my purpose,
Without great strokes as I suppose,
The Messenger shewde to the King,
Of her presumptuous answering,
Then Staurobates wise and wight,
Came forward like a noble knight.
With manie a thousand speare and shield
Arrayed royall on the fielde.
Thinking hee would his life defende,
Or in the battell make an end.

The Queene upon the other side.
Full of presumption and pride:
Her banners pleasantlie displaide,
With hardie heart and unafraide,
Upon Indus that famous flood
They met, where shed was mækle blood
In Boates, Balingars and Barges,
The two Armies on other charges.
Semiramis the Battall wan,
Where drownde and slaine were many a man,
So that the water of the flood,
Was red mixed with mens blood.
The King of Inde with all his might,
From Indus flood hee tooke the flight.
To his chiefe Citie hee retired,

The second Booke

Where in his presence there appeared,
In Battell-raye a new Armie,
Of right invincible Chebalrie.
With Elephanes an hideous number.
Which afterward made meikle lumber
Semiramis and her companie,
In the meane time right cruellie,
Destroyed the Borders of that Land,
Tooke prisoners moe then ten thousand
Shee toke a curagious conceite,
Great Elephanes to counterfaite.
Shee had ten thousand Oren-hides,
Well sou'd together back and side:
With mouth and nose, teeth, eares, and eene,
Quicke Elephanes as they had beene.
Right well stuffed with straw and hay,
Whereof the Indians toke a fray.
Upon Camels and Domadaries,
These false figures with her she carries.
The Indians when they saw that sight,
Affrayedlie they toke the flight:
For such a sight was never sene,
If naturall beastes they had beene.
The King himselfe was right affeard:
Will be the veritie had heard:
And knew by his Explozators:
They were but fained false figures.
Then manfollie like men of warre.
Forward they came withoutten feare.
Right so Semiramis the Queene,
Which for one man was age fiftene.

Of the Monarchie.

These two Armies full cruellie,
They rush together so rudellie
With hideous cry and trumpets sound
Till thousand lay dead on the ground:
Semiramis had such a number,
To order them it was great cumber.
Then the great Elephants of Inde,
Right strong and hardie of their kind.
Forward they came, and would not cease,
Till through the mids of the pzeasse,
Of that great hoste they rudellie rushed,
Their men and horse to earth they dashed:
These fained beastes withouten spzette
Were frush and sonlyed under fete.
The king of Inde with courage keene,
Met with Semiramis the Quæne,
Hæ riding on an Elephant,
But hæ with him fought hand for hand:
And gave the king so great assay,
That hæ was neber in such affray:
To strike at him hæ toke no feare,
So well hæ used was in weere
His strokes she had but little counted,
Where not the king was so wel mounted.
Either at other strake so fast,
Till they were tyzed at the last.
The king hæ thought himselse ashamde
With a woman to be defamde:
And was determunde not to flee,
Though in that Battell hæ should die,
As on which had dispaired bæne,
Hæ rudellie ran upon the Quæne:

The second Booke

And through the arme gave her a wound,
Which to her heart gave such a sound,
That shee constrained was to flee,
Then all the rest of her Armie:
When they perceib'd that shee was gone,
To Indus flood they fled each one.
The Quene overthwart the flood shee rode,
On bridges which were of boates made.
With her a sober companie,
Which with her fled affrayedlie.
The Indcans followed on the chase,
Then on the Bridges came such a pzeasse,
Of fleeing folke which were great wonder,
So that the Bridges brake in sunder,
Some sanke, some downe the Riber ran,
Then drownde there was many a Noble man,
Which was a great pittie to deploze,
As writeth famous Diodore,
And finallie for to conclude,
Was never shed so meekle blood.
At one time; since the world began,
Nor slaine so manie guiltlesse man:
And all through the occasion,
And the pridfull perswasion,
Of this ambitious wicked Quene,
Such one was never heard nor seene.
Staurobates the King of Inde.
Greatlie rejoyced in his minde.
Of his triumph and victorie,
Semiramis with heart full sozie:
Seeing so manie tan and slaine,

Of the Monarchie.

To her Countre returned againe:
Lamenting fortunes variance,
Which brought her to so great mischance,
Before which was so fortunate.
And then of comfort desolate,
Her Son a man of perfection,
Considering his subjection,
His libertie hee did desire;
That hee might governe his Empire;
Seeing his mother vicious,
And with that so ambitious:
As mine Authoꝝ doeth specifie,
Hee slew his mother cruellie:
What other cause oꝝ intention,
I finde no speciall mention,
Some sayes, to bee at libertie,
Some sayes, foꝝ her Adulterie:
None other cause I can define,
Except punishment divine,
Of this faire Ladie contragious,
Behold the ending dolorous:
Who was but twentie yeers of age,
When shee began her bassallage;
And raigne triumphantlie but weare,
The space of fourtie and two yeere.
When shee was slaine, shee was thre score,
With yeares two, shee was no moꝝe,
As Diodore wꝛites in his booke,
His Chꝛonicles who lists to looke.
Of this Ladie I make an ende,
Thinking no way I can commend,

Women

The second Booke

Women for to be man-like,
For men for to be woman like,
For why? it beane the LORDS minde,
All creatures to use their kinde:
Men for to have preheminance:
And woman under obedience:
Though all women inclined bee,
To have the soveraigntie,
As this Ladie, who would not rest,
Will shee her husband had suppress:
To that intent that shee might reigne,
Alone to have the governing:
Ladies no wayes I can commend,
Presumptuonslie which doe pretend
To use the office of a King:
Of Realmes take in Governing.
Whosbeit they valiant bee and wight,
Goeing in Battell like a knight.
As did pride Penthesilea,
The Princesse of Amazona.
In mens habite against reason.
Likewise I thinke derision,
A Prince to be effeminate,
Of knightlie courage desolate:
Neglecting his Authoritie,
Through beastlie sensuallitie,
Accompanied both dayes and nights,
With women more than ballant knights
Such Kings I discommend at all,
Example of Sardanapall.
Father (saide I) shew mee how long:
The succession of King Ninus rang:

Of the Monarchie.

That shall I doe with diligence,
My son (said hee) ere wee goe hence,
Since I haue showane at thy desire,
What man began the first Empire.
Now would I it were to thee kend,
Of that Empire the fatall end.

How King *Sardanapalus* for his vicious
life made a miserable end.

A Etweene the Conquerour Ninus,
And sensuall *Sardanapalus*:
I can find no speciall storie,

Worthie to put in memorie.

Except which I haue done describe,

Of *Simeramis* King *Ninus* wife.

But I can finde no good at all.

To write of King *Sardanapal*,

Which was the first and thirtie King,

By lyne from *Ninns* descending.

At length his life for to declare,

I thinke it is not necessarie,

Because that manie cunning *Clarkes*,

Haue him described in their warkes,

How hee was last of *Assyrians*.

Which had the whole preheminance:

The time of the first Monarchie,

In *Chronicles* as thou mayst see.

The last and the most bitious King,

Which in that monarchie did reigne:

That Prince was so effeminate,

With sensuall lust intoxicate.

The second Booke.

He did abhorre the companie,
Of his most Noble Chevalrie,
That he might have the more delite,
To use his beastlie appetite:
Conuersd with women night and day
And cloathed him in their array:
So that no man that had him scene,
Could iudge a man that he had bene,
So hee in who: dome and harlotrie,
Did keepe himselfe so quietlie.
The Princes of Assyrians,
Of him they could get no presence,
Thus liued hee continuallie,
Against nature so inordinatelie:
When to the Perse and to the Medes,
Reported was such vitious deedes;
With the Rulers of Babylon,
They did conclude all into one.
They would not suffer so: to reigne,
Above them such a vitious King.
But Arbaces a Duke of Medes,
Hee verilie tooke in hand that daide,
And first hee came to Ninive,
To see the King his Majestie,
And to one of the Kings Guardes,
Hee gave a secret rich reward.
To put him in a quiet place,
Where hee might see the Kings graces:
And bee unscene of any sight,
But hee saw neither King nor knight
Into his Majesties companie,
Except women allanerlie.

Of the Monarchie.

And as a woman hee was cled,
With women counselled and led.
And shamefullie hee was sitting.
With spindle and with rock spinning.
When Arbaces that sight had seene,
His courage rose up from the spleene:
And thought it small difficultie,
For to depriue his Maschie:

Then raised hee the Persians.
With Meds and Babylonians.
Enarmed well with Speare and Shield,
Triumphantlie they toke the fiede.

The King raised the Assyrians,
Together with the Chaldeans,
And they resisted as they might,
But finallie hee toke the flight:
To save himselfe in Ninive.

Then sieged they that great Citie,
Continuallie two yeares and moze,
As writeth famous Diodore.
Till that the flood of Euphrates,
Arose with such a furiousnesse,
Wherethrough the most part of the Towne,
By violence was beaten downe:

Then when the King found no remed,
But to be taken, or to be dead:
As man dispaired, full of ire,
Caused make a furious flaming fire:
And tooke his gold and Jewels all,
With Scepter, Crown, and Robe royall.
With all his tender Serbitures,
That of his corps had greatest cures.

The second Booke

Together with his lustie Quenes,
And all his wanton Concubines:
And in that fire hee did them cast,
Then lay himselfe in at the last.
Where all were burnt in powder small
Thus ended King Sardanapall,
Without anie repentance,
As may bee seene by this sentence.
Here following, which he did endite,
Before his death in great despite,
Which is a right ungodlie thing,
As yee may see by this dyting.

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

Cum te mortalem noris, presentibus exple
Delitiis animum, post mortem nulla voluptas,
Et Venere, & coenis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Now have I shottone with diligence,
The Monarchie of Assyriance.
The which at King Ninus began:
And ended at this wicked man:
And did endure withoutten weere,
A thousand two hundredeth and fourtie yere:
As doeth endite Eusebius.
Read him, and thou shalt finde it thus.

THE THIRD BOOKE

Of the miserable destruction of the five Cities,
called Sodome, Gomorrha, Seboim, Segor,
and Adama, with heire whole Regions.

Of The Monarchie.

Wather, I pray you to me tell,
What noble thing that befell:
During the reigne of Assyrians,
Which had so long preheminnence:

I meane of other Nations,
Under their Dominations.

E. What must bee done in tearmes short,
(Said hee) as stories doe report:

Induring the first Monarchie,
Became that woesull miserie,
Of Sodome, Gomorhe, and their Region.

As Scripture doeth make mention.

Whose people were so sensuall,

In filthie sins unnaturall:

The which into this vulgare verse,

My tongue abhozreth to rehearse:

Like Butall beastes out of their mindes,

Unnaturallie abuse their kindes:

By filthie stinking leacherie,

And most abominable Sodomie.

As holie Scripture doth describe,

In that countrie were Cities five,

Which were Sodome and Gomorrha,

Siboam, Sigor, and Adama.

Among them all found there was none,

Undefiled, but Lot alone:

How Abraham dwelt neare hand by,

Which prayed for Lot effectually.

For GOD made him advertisment,

That he would make such punishment

To Lot two Angels GOD did send,

Whom

The third Booke

Him from that furie to defend:
When the people of that Region,
Saw the Angel come to the Towne,
Transformed into faire young men,
They purposed them for to ken.
And abused them unnaturallie,
With their foule stinking Sodomie.
Of that thing Lot was wonder woe,
And offered them his Daughters two,
Them at their pleasure for to use,
But they his daughters did refuse.
And then the Angels with their might,
These men depriued of their sight:
And so perforce left them alone.
From Lots lodging when they were gone,
They him commanded hastilie,
For to depart from that Citie:
That foule unnaturall Lechery,
A vengeance from the Heauen did cry.
The which did moue GOD to such pyre,
That from the Heauen brymstone and fyre,
With awfull thundering rained downe,
And did consume that whole Region.
Of all that land escaped no more,
Except Lot and his Daughters two:
His wife was turnd into a stone,
So wiselesse was hee left alone:
For shee was inobedient,
And keepe not commandement.
When the Angels gaue them command,
To depart out of that Land:
They charged them under great paine,

Of the Monarchie

Peber to looke backward againe:
When Lots wife heard the thundring,
Of flaming fire, and the lightning,
The woefull cryes lamentable,
Of people most esponentable,
For none of them had force to flee,
Shee yearnde that sorrowfull sight to see
And as she turned her anone,
Shee was transformed in a stone:
Where shee remaineth to this day,
Of her I have no more to say.
To shew at length I am not able,
That pitteous Processe lamentable.
How Cities, Castels, Townes, and Towres,
Villages, Bastallies, and Bowres,
They were all into powder dizen,
Forrests by the rootes up-reaben:
Thei r king, their Queene, their people all,
Young and olde burnt in powder small.
No creature was left on liue.
Fowles, Beastes, Man, nor Wife:
The earth, the cozne, herbs, fruits, and trees
The children on the nurses knees:
Right suddenlie in an instant,
Unwarilie came that judgement:
As it came in the time of Noy,
When GOD did all the world destroy,
And for the selfe sin of Sodomie,
And most abominable Bougerie:
That vice at length for to declare,
I thinke it now not necessarie.

The second Booke.

When all was burnt, flesh, blood and bones,
The Hills, Valleys, Stockes and Stones:
The Countrie sanke, for to conclude,
Where now there stands an ugly floode:
The which is called the dead Sea,
Pert to the countrie of Indie.
Whose stinking Strands blacke as Tar,
The flower of it men seeles on far.
Into Orantius thou mayest read,
Of that Countrie the length and bread:
Of length fiftie myles and two:
And fourtene myle of breadth also.
Lot of his wife was so agast,
That to a mountaine wilde hee past:
Of companie hee had no moe,
Except his lustie Daughters two:
And by their provocation,
As Moses makes narration,
Alone into that Mountaine wilde,
His Daughters two hee got with Childe
For they belabed in their thought,
That all the world was gone to nought.
As it became that Nation,
Thinking that Generation,
Would fatter, except they craftilie,
Causede their father with them to lye,
And so they found a craftie wyle,
How they their father might beguile,
And caused him to drinke wight wine,
Which men to lecherie doeth incline.
When hee was full and fallen on sleepe,
His Daughters quiet he did creepe,

Of the Monarchie.

Into his bed full secretlie,
Probocking him with them to lye.
He knew not how he was beguilde,
Till both his Daughters was with child:
And bare two sons in certaine,
They beeing in that wilde mountaine.
Of whom two Nations did procede,
As in the Scripture thou mayst read.
In the which Scripture thou mayst see
At length this wofull miserie,
This miserie became but weere,
From Noahs flood thre hundred yere,
Together with foure score and eleuen,
As counteth Carion full eben.
And after Noahs death I ges,
One and fourtie yeares there was.
When Abraham was of age I twane,
Fourscore of yeres and nineteene,
Then this foule sin of Sodomie,
Was punished so rigorously.
Great GOD preserve us in our time,
That wee committe not such a crime:
Tideous it were for me to tell,
This monarchie during what befell:
And wonders that one earth were wrought
Which to my purpose longeth nought:
As how the people of Israel,
Did long time into Egypt dwell.
And of their great punishment,
Through Pharaoes persecution,
And how Moses did them conuey,

The second Booke

Throughe the red Sea with meekle ioye,
Where King Pharaoh right miserable,
Was drownde with his huge Armie:
And how that people wandring was,
Fourtie yeeres in wilderneſſe.
Moses that time as I heare ſay,
Receiued the Law on Mount Sinay.
That time Iofua from Iordan,
Led the people to Canaan.
Where Saul, David, and Salomon;
With Hebrew Kings many one:
Did richly reigne in that Countrey,
Enduring this firſt Monarchie.
The ſiege of Thebes miſerable,
Where blood was ſhed incomparable:
Of noble men into thoſe dayes,
With other terrible affrayes.
As how the Greekes wrought vengeance,
Upon the Noble Trojans:
Because that Paris did conuoy,
Perforce faire Helena to Troy:
Which was King Menelaus wiſe,
Where many a thouſand loſt their life.
That time the valiant Hercules,
Througheout the world did him addreſſe:
Where he did many a doughtie dede,
As in his ſtole thou mayſt read.
And how throughe Dejanira his wiſe,
That Champion did loſſe his life,
In flaming fire full furioſlie,
The death he ſuffered cruellie.

What

Of the Monarchie.

That time Remus and Romulus,
Did found that Citie most famous:
Of Rome standing in Italie,
As in their storie thou mayst see.
Would thou read Titus Livius,
Thou shouldst finde woꝝkes wonderous,
Whose woꝝthie deedes are well kend,
And shall be to the woꝝlds end,
Though they began with crueltie,
And ended with great miserie.
As bene the matter (to conclude)
Of all shedders of guiltlesse blood.
In Greece the oznate Poetrie,
Medicine, Musicke, Astronomie:
During the first Monarchie began,
By Homer that famous Man.
Together with Hesiodus,
As diuerſe Authoꝝs sheweth us,
It were too long to put in ryme,
The Bookes that they wꝛot in their time.
These were the acts pꝛincipall,
That Monarchie during which befell:
As foꝝ good Abraham and his ſæde,
Into the Bible thou mayst reade:
How in this time as I heare tell,
Began the Kingdome spirituall.
As I haue showane to thee befoꝝe:
Wherefoꝝe of them I speake no moꝝe.

A short description of the second, third
and fourth Monarchie.

The second Booke

Mo Ather (said I) which was the man,
That the next monarchie began.
E. Cyrus (said hee) the King of Perse
(As Chronicles hath done rehearse.)

W;udent and full of policie,
Began the second Monarchie:
For hee was the most goodlie King
That euer in Perse or Mede did reigne.
For he of his benignitie,
Delibered from captiuitie,
The whole people of Israel,
Into the time of Daniel.
The which had bene prisoners,
In Babylon full seuentie yeres:
Therefore GOD, of his grace benigne
Gave him a diuine knowledging,
During his time, as I heare tell,
Hee used counsell of Daniel.
Carion at length doth specifie,
Of his marvellous stativitie:
And of his vertuous upbzinging,
And how he vanquisht Cresus King:
With manie other valiant deedes:
As into Carion thou mayest read.
Whose succession did endure,
To the tenth King, thereof be sure.
But after his great conquessing,
Right miserable was his ending,
As Herodotus doth describe,
In Scythia hee lost his life:
Where the undanted Scythians,
Vanquisht the noble Persians.

Of the Monarchie.

And after that Cyrus was dead,
Queene Tomyre hacked of his head,
Which was the Queene of Scythians,
In despite of the Persians:
Shee cast his head for to conclude,
Into a vessell full of blood:
And said these wordes right cruelly;
Drinke now thy fill, if thou be dry.
For thou didst aye blood sheding thirst,
Now drinke at leasure, if thou list.
After that Cyrus succession,
Of all the world had possession:
Alexander with sword and fire,
Attainde perforce the third Empire,
Which was the King of Macedone,
With valiant Grecks many one:
In Battell fell and furious,
Vanquished the mightie Darius:
Which was the tenth & the last King
Which did after King Cyrus reigne.
As for this potent Emperour,
Alexander the Conquerour:
If thou at length would read his reign
And of his cruell conquering:
In English tongue in his great Booke,
At length his life there thou mayst look
How Alexander that potent King,
Was twelue yeers in his conquering
And how for all his great conquest,
Hee liued but one yeare in rest,
When by his seruant secretlie,

The third Booke

Her poysonde was full pitiouslie,
Vulcane and Alexander compare,
To thunder or fire-slaught in the Aire,
A cruell Planet a mortall weirde,
Down thringing people with his sword
Ganges that most famous flood,
Her mixed with the Indicans blood.
And Euphrates with the blood of Perse,
Whose crueltie for to rehearse:
And guiltlesse blood which hee did shed,
Were right abominable to be reade.
After his short prosperitie,
He died with great miserie,
It were too long to be decided,
How all their Realmes were diuided.
All while that Caesar Iulius,
When he had vanquisht Pompeius:
Was chosen Emperour and King,
Above the Romans for to reigne:
That potent Prince was the first man,
Which the fourth Monarchie began,
And had the whole dominion,
Of euerie Land and Region.
Whose successours did reigne but were
Ouer the world manie hundred yere.
But gentle Iulius, alas,
Raigne Emperour but little space,
Which I thinke pittie to deplore,
In fife moneths, and little more:
By false erorbitant treason:
That prudent Prince was troden down

Of the Monarchie.

and murdered in the Counsel-house,
By cruell Brutus and Cassius.
After that Julius was slaine,
Did reigne the great Octaviane,
Of Emperours one of the best,
During his time was peace and rest.
Over all the world in each Region,
As stories doeth make mention.
Andeke I make it to the plaine,
During the time of Octaviane:
The Son of God our Lord Iesu,
Tooke mankind of the Virgine true:
And was that time in Berhlem borne
To save mankind that was follozne,
As Scripture makes narration,
Of his blest incarnation:
Now have I tolde thee as I can,
How the fourth Monarchie began.
But in thy minde thou mayst consider
How worldly power hath bene but slender
For all their great Emppres are gone
Thou seest their is no Prince alone.
Which hath the whole dominton,
In this time of everie Region.
C. Father, what reason had these Kings,
Leaders to be of others Reignes:
But anie right and just quarrell.
Wherethrough that they might make Battell,
And common people to downe thying,
So this (said I) make answering.
E. My Son (said hee) that shall be done
As I best can, and that right soone.

The second Booke

These Monarchies I understand,
Preordinate were by command
Of GOD, the Plasmator of all,
For to do to thing, and to make thall
Undaunted people bitious,
And eke for to be gracious:
To them which vertuous were and good
As Daniel hath done conclude,
At length into his Prophectes:
How there shall bee foure Monarchies.
His second Chapter thou mayest see,
How after the first Monarchie,
When Nebuchadnozor King,
An Image saw in his sleeping:
With austere looke both high and broad
And of fine pure Gold was his head,
His brest and Armes of silber bright,
His wombe of copper hard and wight,
His loyns & limms of yron right strong:
His fete of clay, yron mixt among.
From the Mountaine their came alone,
Without mens hands, a full great stone
Which on that figures fete did fall,
And dang all do to in powder small:
Of whose interpretation,
Doctors doe make narration:
The head of Gold doeth signifie,
First the Assyrians Monarchie.
The silber brest they doe apply,
To Persians which raigne secondly.
The wombe of Copper or of Brasse,
Wholie to Greeks compared was.

Of the Monarchie.

his loynes and lims of yron & Steele,
Clarkes have them compared wale:
The Romans though their diligence,
To have the fourth preheminnence:
To be each other Nation,
By this interpretation:
The mixed sate with yron and clay,
Did signifie the Latter day:
When that the world shall bee divided.
As afterward shall be decided.
So CHRIST is signified the Stone,
Whose Monarchie shall never be gone,
For under his Dominion,
All Princes shall be trodden downe,
When that great GOD Omnipotent,
Come to his generall Judgement.
His Monarchie shall then be knowne,
And after shall bee to thee showne.
And as the Scripture shall thee tell,
Now in the sight of Daniel:
He saw into his vision:
By a plaine exposition;
Now that the Greekes should worke vengeance,
Upon the Medes and Persians.
Comparing the Greekes unto a goate,
With one horne fierce, furious and hote
Which kild the Rams with hornes two
Comparte the Perse and Mede also,
And so by Daniels prophecies,
All their great mightie Monarchies,
The which all other Realmes suppressed
By the great God they were devised

The third Booke

As hee of Titus the Romane,
Son and heire to Vespasiane:
Made him a furious instrument,
To put the Iewes to great torment,
Which I suppose ere I hence fare,
Sho'tlie that Proceſſe to declare.

Of the most miserable and terrible
Destruction of Ierusalem.

Ither (said I) declare to mee,
Induring the fourth Monarchie:
The most infortune that befell.

E. My Son (said hee) that shall I tell,
The most and manifest miserie,
Became upon that great Citie
Ierusalem, when it was supprest,
As Storied doe make manifest,
But as the Scripture doeth devise,
Ierusalem was destroyed twice:
First for their great Idolatrie,
Which they committed in Iurie.
The honour ought to GOD alone,
They gave to figures of stocke and stone,
Before CHRIST'S incarnation,
Came this first desolation:
Fifte hundred yeres, fourescore and ten,
In chronicles as thou mayst ken:
How Nebuchadonozor King,
That famous Citie did downethring:
Their King with people manie one,
Brought them all bound to Babylon.

Of the Monarchie.

Where they remained prisoners,
The space of threescore and ten yeeres,
And that first desolation,
Was called the transmigration,
Was no man left into their lands,
But poore folke labouring with their hands,
Till mightie Cyrus King of Persie,
As Daniel hath done rehearse:
Was moved by GOD for to ressoze,
The Iewes where they dwelled befoze.
¶ If I neglect, I were to blame,
The last sledge of Ierusalem.
Whose ruine was most miserable,
And for to tell right terrible:
Was never in earth, citie, nor towne
Got such extreame destruction:
The towne of Tyre, Thebe, nor Troy,
They never suffered halfe such noy.
The Emperour Vespasiane,
He did devise that sledge certaine:
There was the Prophecie compleete,
Which CHRIST spake on the Mount Oliver,
When hee Ierusalem behelde,
The teares from his eyes distelde.
Being by diuine presence,
The great destruction and vengeance,
Which was to come on that Citie,
His heart was pierced with pittie,
Saying, Ierusalem, if thou knew,
The great ruine, soe thou would reu,
For ought that I can to thee shew,
The veritie thou wilt not know,

The second Booke

For hast in consideration,
Thine holy visitation.
Thy people will no way consider,
Whom gathered I would have together.
As wandering sheepe are without Herds:
Or as the Hen gathereth her birds
Under her wings right tenderlie,
Which they refuse despytfullie,
Wherefore shall come that dreadfull day,
That no remeadie make you may:
Thy Dungeons shall be dung a sunder,
So all the world shall at the wonder.
Thy Temple now most triumphand,
Shall be trod down among the sand:
And as hee said, so it befell,
As heareafter I shall thee tell.

C. Show mee (said I) with circumstance,
The speciall cause of that mischance:

E. (said hee) As Scripture doth conclude,
For shedding of the guiltlesse blood
Of Prophets which GOD to them send:
And eke because that they miskend
IESVS the Son of GOD Soberaigne,
When hee among them did remaine:
For all the miracles that hee shew,
Maliciouslie they him miskeuew
Though by his great power diuine,
The Water cleare hee turnde to Wine,
And by the selfe same power and might,
To the blind bozne he gave the sight.
And gave the crooked men their fate,
And made the Lepper whole compleate.

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Of the Monarchie.

He healed all, and raised the dead,
Yet held they him at mortall fead:
Because hee shewde the veritie,
They did conclude that hee should die.
The Bishops Princes of the Princes,
They grew so bolden in their brestes:
The Scribes and doctors of the Law,
Of GOD noz man they stood none aw.
On CHRIST IESVS to worke vengeance,
Right so the false Phariſſance:
An Hea of fained Religion,
Devised his confusion,
And sent their servants at the last,
And with strong cords they bound him fast:
Then scourged him both backe and side,
That none for blood might see his hide.
There was not left a pennie broad,
Unwounded from his fæte to head.
In manner of derision,
They plat for him a cruell Crowne.
Of pricking thozne sharp and long,
Which on his heauenlie Head they throng.
Then cauld he for the greater lacke,
Beare his owne gallous on his backe:
To the vile place of Calvarie.
Where many a thousand man might see.
That Innocent they tooke perforce,
And plat him back ward to the Crosse.
Through fæte and hands great nailes they thruw,
Till blood aboundantlie out burd.
Without grudging, clamour, or cry.

The third Booke 110

That paine hee suffered patiently;
And for augmenting of his grieues,
They hanged him betwene two thieves,
Where men might see the bloodie strands,
Which sprang forth from his feete and hands,
From Thornes thrust on his Head,
And doone bullering streames red:
In the presence of manie a man,
That blood royall on Roches ran,
Shortlie to say, that heauenlie King,
In extream dolour there did hing.
Till he said, Consummatum est.
With a loud cry hee gave the Chaist.
When hee was dead, they tooke a dart,
And piercd that King out through the heart,
From whom there came water and blood;
The earth then trembled, (to conclude)
Phcebus did hide his Beames bright,
That through the world there was no light:
The great baile of the Temple rabe,
The dead men rose out of their grave:
And in the citie did appeare,
As in the Scripture thou mayst heare.
Then Ioseph of Arimachie,
Did burie him right honestlie,
But yet he rose full glorioustie:
On the third day triumphantlie:
With his Disciples in certaine,
Fourtie dayes hee did remaine:
After to the Heauen hee ascended.
The Iewes nothing their life amended,
Nor gave no credence to his sayes,

Of the Monarchie.

As at more length the storie shewes.
But cruellie they did oppresse,
All men that CHRIST'S Name did professe,
And persecuted many one,
They prisonde both Peter and Iohn,
And Steven they stoned to the dead,
From Iames the lesse they strooke the head,
This was the cause (in conclusion,)
Of their cruell confusion.

The prudent Jew Iosephus sayes,
That he was present in those dayes:
And in his Booke makes mention,
How after CHRIST'S Ascension,
The space of two and fourtie yeeres,
Began these cruell mortall warres:
The second yeere of Vespasian.
When manie taken were and slaine.

Iosephus plainelie doeth conclude,
Was never seene such a multitude,
Befoze that time into the towne,
Which came for their confusion:
Their great infortune so befell.

That all the Princes of Israel:
Conbænd against the time of Valsch,
But to returne they had no grace:
The bolde Romanes with their Chiffane,

Titus the son of Vespasiane,
Their Armie over Iudaea spred,
Then all men to the Citie fled:
Believing there to get reliefe:
But all that turned to their mischance.

The third Booke

The Romanes leapped them about,
That by no way they might winne out.
Sire moneths did that sledge endure,
Where lost was many Creature.
Which there in miserie did remaine,
Till they were all taken and slaine:
During the time of this assaile,
Their meate and drinke, and all did faile
For there was such a multitude,
That thousands died for fault of foode:
Necessitie caused them eate perforce,
Dog, Cat, and Ratton, Asse, and Horse:
Rich men behov'd to eate their gold,
Then died for hunger manifolde.
Such hunger was without remeade,
The quicke behov'd to eate the dead.
The filth of priories manie eate,
To length their life they thoght it sweet.
The famous Ladies of the Towne,
For fault of foode they fell in swoone,
When they might get none other meate
They kilde their proper Bairnes to eate
But all for nought despitfullie.
Their owne Souldiers full greedilie,
Eate them that flesh most miserable,
And they with mourning lamentable:
For extreame hunger yelde the spirit,
There was the Prophecie compleate,
As CHRIST before made narration,
The day of his grim passion,
When that the Ladies for him mourned,
And pitiouslie to them hee turned,

Of the Monarchie.

And said, Daughters mourne not for mee
Mourne for your owne posteritie.
Within short time shall come that day,
That men of this Citie shall say,
When they are trapped in the snare,
Blest be the wombe that never bare:
The barren Wappes then shall they blisse
That dolefull day thou shalt not misse,
His Prophecie it came to passe,
That they cry many loude, alas:
Such sorrowfull lamentation,
Was never heard in that Nation.
Seeing the lustie Ladies swete,
Dying for hanger on the streete,
Their husbands nor their Children,
Might gibe to them no comforting.
For yet releibe them of their harmes,
But either dying in others Armes,
After this woeful indigence,
Among them rose such pestilence:
Wherein there dyed manie hunder,
Which to declare it were great wonder
And for finall conclusion,
These war like walls they did ding down
Prince Titus with his Chevalrie,
With trumpets sound triumphantlie,
He entred in that great cite,
But to deploze I thinke pittie,
The painefull clamour horrible,
Of wounded folke most miserable.
There was nought else, but tak and day
For there might no man wine away.

The third Booke

The strands of blood ran through the strate,
Of dead folke troden under fete,
Olde widowes in the pzeasse were smazd,
Young Virgines shamefullie deflozd:
The great Temple of Salomon,
With many a curious carbed stone,
With perfect Pinacles on hight,
Which were both beautifull and wight:
Wherein rich Jewels did abound,
They rushed rudelie to the ground:
And set into their furions ire,
Sanctum Sanctorum into fire:
And with extreame confusion,
All their great dungeons they dang downe,
There bzused were the golden brests,
Of Bishops Princes of the Priests.
Wheretaken was the great vengeance,
Of the false Scribes and Pharisance,
All their painted hypocrisie.
That time might make them no supplie.
That day they dolefullie repented,
That to the death of Christ consented,
Though it was our salbation,
It was to their damnation.
The vengeance for the blood guiltlesse,
From Abell to Zacharias.
That day upon Iernusalem fell,
But tedious it were to tell,
The great extreame confusion,
And of blood such effusion:
Was never slaine so manie a man,
At one time since the world began,

Of the Monarchie.

The Iewes that day got their desire,
Which they did alke into their ire.
As in the Scripture is specified,
That day when Christ was crucified,
When Ponce Pilate the President,
Said to them, I am innocent.
Of the just Blood of Christ Iesus,
They cryed, His blood light upon us,
And on our Generation,
They got their supplication,
That day with many a carefull cry,
Their blood was shed abundantly:
Iosephus writeth in his booke,
His Chronicles who list to looke.
During that cruell Siedge certaine,
Were elevenhundredeth thousand slaine:
Of prisoners were told and sene,
Foure score thousand and sebentene:
Out of the land they did expell,
All the pe. ple of Israel.
And for their great ingratitude,
They live yet under serbitude:
There is no Iew in no Countrie,
Which hath one foote of propertie:
For never had withouften were,
Since this day sixtene hundredeth yere:
For never shall, (I to thee shaw,)
Till that they turne to Christs Law.
Some sayes, that Iewes manifolde,
Were thirtie for a pennie sold.
As Indas sold the King of Gloze,
For thirtie pennies and no more.

The third Booke

After that manie were mischieued,
When nobels past how long they leived.
Upon their gold withoutten doubt,
They slit their bellies to search it out:
Therest into Egypt they did send,
Prisoners to their liues end.
Titus tooke in his companie,
Great number of the most worthe:
With him to Rome they led them bound,
Then cruellie did them confound.
His Victorie for to decore,
And for augmenting of his gloze,
Cause put them into publicke places,
Where eachman might behold their faces.
Then with wilde Lyons cruellie
He cause deuoure them dolefullie.
This high triumphant mightie Town,
At Pasch was put to confusion:
Because that in the time of Pasch,
They crucifid the King of Grace.
Some haue this matter done indite,
More ornatelie than I can write.
Wherefore of it I speake no more,
Onelie to GOD be laude and gloze,

Of the miserable end of certaintyrannous
Princes; and especiallie the beginners of
the foure Monarchies.

Now haue I done declare at thy desires,
As thou demandest into tearmes short
And who began the principall Empires
As Chronicles and storie doe report.

Of The Monarchie.

Wherefore (my son) I heartlie thee exhort,
Perfetlie print into thy remembrance;
Of this unconstant world the variance.

The Princes of those foure great Monarchies,
In their most highest pompe imperiall,
Trusting most sure to be set on their Seas;
The fraudfull world gave to them mortall falles
For their reward, and darke memorials,
Though over the world they had preheminnence,
Of it they got none other recompence.

For such like as the Snow doeth melt in May
Through the reflexe of Phcebus beames bright,
These great Empires right so are went away:
Gone is their Glorie, their power and their might,
Because they were reavers withouten right,
And blood shedders full cruel (for to conclude,)
Right cruellie therefore was shed their blood.

Behold, how GOD aye since the world began,
Hath oftentimes made things instruments:
To scourge people, and to kill many a man.
Which to his law were inobedient:
When they had done perfarmisht his intents,
In daunting wrongous people shamefullie,
He suffers them be scourged cruellie.

Even as the Schoole-master doth make a wand,
To daunt and ding the Schollers of rude ingine;
The which will not studie at his command,
He scourges them, and onlie to that fine,
That they should to his good counsell incline,
When

The third Booke

When they obey, and meased is his ire,
He takes the wand, and casts it in the fire.

GOD of King Pharaoh made an instrument
Which was the great King of Egyptiance,
His owne peculiar people to torment,
That beeing done, he wrought on him vengeance
And let him fall through inobedience,
And finallie he with his great Armie:
In the red Sea, was drowned dolefullie.

Right so of Nebuchadonozor King,
God made of him a furious instrument,
Ierusalem and the Iewes to do some thing,
When they to GOD were disobedient:
They rest from him his riches and his rent,
And him transformed in a beast brutall,
Seven yeeres and moze, as writteth Daniel.

Alexander through pridesfull tyrannie,
In yeeres twelue did make his great conquest,
Aye shedding sakelesse blood full cruellie,
Till he was King of Kings he tooke no rest,
In all the world, when he was full possess,
In Babylon throned triumphantlie,
Through poyson strong deceased dolefullie.

Duke Hanniball the strong Carthagiane,
The Daunter of the Romanes pompe and glorie,
By his power were many thousand slaine,
As may be read at length into his storie.
At Cannas where he wan the victorie,
Of Romanes hands that dead lay on the ground
Three heaped Bushels were of Kings found.

Of the Monarchie.

Into that mortall Battell I heard saine,
Of the Romanes most worthe warriors:
Attour Captaines were fourtie thousand slaine,
Of whom there was thirtie wise Senators,
And twentie Lords, which had bene Pretours,
That died each in defence of their Countrey
And so to hold their Land at libertie.

What reward got the cruell Champion,
When hee had slaine so great a multitude,
And when the glasse of his baine-gloze was run
A shamefull death: (and shortly to conclude)
This is reward of all shedders of blood:
For hee got such extreame confusion,
Hee kild himselfe in drinkeing strong popson.

Behold the two most famous Champions,
That is to say, Iulius and Pompey:
Which did conquesse all earthlie Regions,
As well manie Lands, as Isles into the Sea,
And to the town of Rome causoe them obey,
For Pompeius subdu'de the Orient,
And Iulius Cesar all the Occident.

But finally these two did strive for state,
Whereby thre hundred thousand men were slaine
But Pompeius after that great debate,
Hee murdered was: the storie telleth plaine.
Then Iulius was Prince and Sovereigne,
Above the whole world Emperour and King,
But into rest short time endured his reigne.
For within five moneths and little more,
Amids his Lords into the Counsell-house.

The third Booke

Hee murdered was: what needes proesse more,
As I haue said by Brute and Cassius,
If thou wouldest know their deedes doleous
Thou mayst at length goe read the Roman storie
Which hath this matter put in memoire.

Gone is the Golden world of Assyrians,
Of whom King Ninus was first and principall.
Gone is the silber world of Persians.
The copper world of Greekes now thrall.
The world of yron, which was the last of all,
Compared to the Romanes in their gloze,
Are gone right so, I heare of them no more.

Now is the world of yron mixt with clay,
As Daniel at length hath done endyte:
The great empyres are molten cleane away,
Now is the world of dolour and despite:
I see nought else but trouble infinite:
Wherefore (my son) I make it to thee kend,
This world I wote is drawing to an end.

Tokens of dearth, hunger, and pestilence,
With cruell warres both by Sea and Land:
Realme against Realme with mortall violence,
Which signifies the last day even at hand:
Wherefore (my son) be in thy faith constant
Raising thine heart to GOD to cry for grace,
And mend thy life while thou hast time and space.

Of the first spirituell and Papall Monarchie,
Father, is there no Prince reignand,
Which hath the world now at command,

Of the Monarchie

As had the King of Assyrians,
Perse, Greekes, or the Romanes:
Who hath now Dominion,
Of euerie Land and Region:

E. There is no Prince (my son said he)
That hath the principall Monarchie,
Above the world universall:
With whole power imperiall:
As Alexander or Darius,
Or as had Cesar Julius:
For Orient and Occident,
Where all to them obedient,
Notwithstanding, I finde one King,
Which into Europe now doeth reigne,
That is the Potent Prince of Rome,
Empyring over all Christendome:
To whom no Prince may bee compare!
As Canon Lawes can declare:
All Princes of the Occident,
Are to his grace obedient:
For hee hath whole power complete,
Both of the bodie and the spirit.
Which never had no Prince before,
Except the mightie King of gloze,
To Christ hee is great Lieutenant,
In holie Peters seat sittand.
So hee is of all Kings king,
Which into Europe now doeth reigne.
And as the Romane Emperours,
Havng the world under their cures.
Had Princes, Knights, and Champions,
Rulers into all Regions.

The third Booke

Upholding their authoritie,
Using Justice and Politie.
Right so, this Potent Pope of Rome,
The soveraigne king of Christendoms
Hath into everie Countrie,
His Princes of great gravitie.
In some Countrie his Cardinals,
In their most precious apparels:
Archbishops Bishops thou mayst see,
Defending his authoritie.
With other potent Patriarches
Colledges full of Cunning Clarkes,
Abbots, and Monks as ye ken,
His rulers of religions men.
Officialls with their Procuratours,
Whose longsome lawes spoyle y^e poores,
Archdeacons, and deans of dignitie:
Great Doctors of Divinitie,
Their chanters, and their Sacristanes,
Their thesaurers, and their subdeacons
Legions, Priests, Seculars,
Parsons, Vicars, Monkes, and Frieres
Of diverse orders manie one,
Which longsome were for to expone:
In sundrie habites as ye ken,
Differing from other christen men:
Fair Ladies of Religion,
Profess'd in everie Region.
False hermites fashioned lik the Friers
Proud parish clarks and pardoners:
Their gregters and their chamberlaines,

Of the Monarchie.

With their temporall Courtisanes.
Thus all the world by Land and Sea,
His sanctitude they doe obey.
Not onelie his spirituall Kingdome,
But the great Emperour of Rome:
And kings of euerie Region.
That day when they receiue the Crowne
They make oath of fidelitie,
To defend his Authoritie:
Moreouer, with humble reuerence,
They make to him obedience:
By themselves or Ambassadors,
Or other orinate Orators:
Who doe gaine stand his Majestie,
His Lawes or his libertie:
Or holds anie opinion.
Contrarie his great Dominion,
Either by way of deedes or wordes,
Are put to death by fire and swordes.
Saint Peter stiled was Sanctus,
But he is called Sanctissimus.
His stile at length if thou wouldest know
Thou must goe looke the Canon Law,
Both in the first of Clementine,
His statelie stile there may bee seene.
There thou shalt finde read if thou can.
How hee is neither GOD nor man.
C. What is he then by your iudgement?
E. (Said he) me thinks him different:
Far from our Soberaigne Lord Iesus,
And to his kinde contrarions.

The third Booke 10

For Christ was naturall God and Man.

C. If hee bee neither, what is he than?

E. The Canon Law my Son (saide he)

That question will declare to thee:

It doeth transcend my rude ingyne,

His Sanctitude for to define.

Or to shew the authoritie,

Pertaining to his Wase Tie.

So great a Prince where shalt thou finde,

That spirituallie may loose or binde?

For by whom sins are forgiven.

Be they with his Disciples shryden,

Whom euer hee binds with his might,

They bounden are in Gods sight.

Whom euer hee loose on earth here donee,

Are loosed by GOD in his Region:

Als hee is Prince of purgatorie,

Delibering soules from paine to glorie.

Of that dark Dungeon withoutten doubt,

Whom euer hee pleases hee take out.

Our secret sins euerie yere,

We must shew to some Priest or Freire

And take their absolution.

Or else get no remission.

So by this did they clearelie ken,

The secrets of all secular men:

Their secrets we know not at all,

Whos are we to them bound and thral.

What euer their ministers commands,

Must hee obey without demands,

Wherefore (my son) I say to thee,

Of the Monarchie.

This is a marvellous Monarchie:
Which hath power imperiall,
Both of the bodie and the soule.

C. Father (said I) Declare to mee,
Who did begin this Monarchie?

E. (Said he) Christ Iesus God and Man,
That Empire grationlie began:
Not by fire, nor by the sword,
But by the vertue of his word.
And left into his Testament,
Many a devote document:
With his successors to bee used,
Though many of them be now abused.
For Peter and Paul with all the rest
Of their Brethren made manifest,
The Law of GOD with true intent,
Preaching the olde and new testament,
They led their lives in povertie,
Devotion and true humilitie,
As did their maister Christ Iesus,
And were not halfe so glorious:
As their successors now in Rome,
Empying over all Christendome,
After the death of Peter and Paul,
And of Christs true Disciples all:
Their successors within few yeres
As at more length the storie beares,
Right cruellie came to the hight
From spirituall life to temporall right

C. Father ere we passe furthermore
When did begin their temporall glore.

B

E. Some

The third Booke

E. Son (said he) thou shalt understand,
Cre eber a Pope got anie Land:
Two and thirtie great Popes of Rome,
Receib'd the Crowne of Martyrdome:
But not the thre:folde Diademie:
To ware thre crownes they thought great shame
Till Sylvester the Confessor.
From Constantine the Emperour:
Receib'd the Realme of Italic,
Right so of Rome the great citie:
That was the roote of their riches:
Then sprang the well of wealthinesse.
When that the Pope was made a King,
All Princes bowed at his bidding:
This act was done withoutten weere,
From Christ death thre hundred yere.
Then Ladie Sensuallitie,
Tooke lodging in that great Citie,
Where she sensyne hath done remaine,
As their owne Ladie Soberaigne:
Their Kings into all Nations,
Made Preists great foundations,
They thought great merite and honour,
To counterfait the Emperour:
As did David of Scotland King,
The which did found during his Reigne,
Fiftene Abbayes with temporall Lands,
Withoutten tiths and offerands:
By whose holie simplicitie,
He left the Crowne in povertie.
I Now have I shewne thee as I can,

How their temporall Emprze began,
 Ascending up aye græ by græ,
 Aboue the Emperours Pafestie:
 So when they got among their hands,
 Of Italic all the Emperours Lands,
 After that into each Countrie,
 Sprang up their temporallitie.
 With such great riches, and such rent,
 That they gan to bē negligent,
 In making ministration.
 To Christs true Congregation:
 And toke no more paine in their preaching,
 And far lesse travell in their teaching,
 Changing their Spiritualitie,
 In temporall Sensualitie.

C. Father, thinke yē that they are sure,
 That their Emprze shall long endure

E. Appearantlie it may bē kend,
 (Said hē) their glorie shall have an end:
 I meane their temporall Monarchie,
 Shall turne into humilitie.

Through GODS word without debate,
 They shall turne to their first estate:
 As in Daniels Prophecie appears,
 Thereto shall not bee manie yeres,
 Albeit Christs Faith shall never faile,
 But more and more it shall predaile:
 Though Christs true Congregation,
 Suffers great tribulation.

C. Father (said I) by what reason,
 Thinke yē their Emprze should come to downe?

The third Booke.

Considering their preheminence?

E. (Said he) For disobedience,
Abusing the commandement
Which Christ left in his Testament:
Using their owne tradition,
Contrare Christs Institution.
For Christ in his last Convention,
The day of his Ascention,
To his disciples gave Command.
That they should passe to euerie Land,
To teach and preach with true intent,
His Law and his Commandement.
None other office he to them gave,
He did not bid them seeke or crabe.
Corps, presents, nor offerands,
Nor yet Lord-ships, nor tempoꝛall Lands:
But now it may be heard and seene,
Both with thine eares, and eke thine eene.
How prelates now in euerie land,
Take little cure of Christs Command,
Neither into their doedes nor salues.
Neglecting their owne Canon Lawes:
Using themselves contrarious,
For the most part to Christ Iesus,
Christ thought no shame to be a Preacher,
And to all people of truth a Teacher.
A Pope, a Bishop, a Cardinall.
To teach and preach will not be thꝛall,
They send forth friers to teach for them.
Which makes the people mocke them for shame,
Christ would not be a tempoꝛall King,

Michle

74
Of the Monarchie.

Richlie into no Realme to reigne,
But fled temporall authoritie,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see:
All men may know how Popes reignes
In dignitie aboue all Kings.
As well of temporallitie,
As into spiritualitie.
Thou mayst see by Experience,
The Popes princelie preheminance.
In Chronicles if thou list to look,
How Carion wrytes in his booke,
A notable narration,
The yere of our saluation,
Eleven hundredeth and sixe and fiftie,
Pope Alexander presumptuouslie,
Which was the third Pope of that name
Fredricke the Emperour hee did besame
In Venice that triumphant Towne:
That noble Emperour he caused ly downe
Upon his wombe with shame and lacke
Then trode his fete upon his backe:
In token of obedience,
Where hee shewz his preheminance:
And caused his Cleargie for to sing,
These words hereafter following:
Super Aspidem, & Basiliscum ambulabis
Et conculcabis Leonem & Draconem. That is,
Thou shalt walke upon the Adder & the Cocatrice
And thou shalt tread downe the Lyon and Dragon
Then said the humble Emperour,
I doe to letter this honour:

The third Booke

The Pope answered with words wroth,
Thou shalt me honour and Peter both.

¶ CHRIST for to shew his humble sprit,
Did wash his poore Disciples fete:

The Popes holinesse I wis,
Will suffer kings their fete to kisse,
Birds had their nests and Lods their den,
But Christ Iesus savor of men:

In earth had not a penny bzead,
Whereupon hee might repose his head,

Albeit the Popes excellence,
Hath Castles of magnificence,

Abbots, Bishops Cardinals,
Have pleasant Palaces Royals,

Like Paradise all these pleasant places
Wanting no pleasure of their faces,

John, Andrew, Iames, Peter, no3 Paul,
Had few houses among them all.

From time they knew the veritie,
They did contemne all prosperitie.

And were right heartilie content,
Of meate, and drinke, and abuliment.

To save mankind that was forlorne,
Christ bare a cruell crown of thorne.

The Pope thre crownes for the nones,
Of gold powdered with precious stones,

Of gold and silber I am sure,
Christ Iesus toke but little cure,

And left not when hee yelde the sprit,
To buy himselfe a winding shate.

But his succellour good Pope Iohn,
When

Of the Monarchie.

When hee deceased in Avion.
He left behind him a treasure,
Of Gold and silver great measure.
By a iust computation,
Well fyve and twentie million,
As does endite Palmerius,
Read him, and thou shalt finde it thus
CHRISTS Disciples were well knowne.
Through vertue which was to them showne,
But speciallie fervent Charitie,
Great patience and humilitie,
The Pope stocks in all Regions,
Are knowne best by their clipped crownes.
Christ hee did honour Patrimonie,
Into the Land of Galilie:
Where hee by his power divine,
Did turne the water into wine,
And eke he choosed some married men,
To be his servants as ye ken,
And Peter during all his life.
Hee thought no sin to have a wife.
Hee shall not finde in no passage,
Where Christ forbiddeth Marriage,
But lawfull for each man to marrie,
Which laikes the gift of Chastitie:
The Pope hath made the contrarie Lawes,
In his Kingdome, as all men knowes,
None of his Prelates dare marrie wives,
Under the paine even of their lives,
Though they have Concubines fiftene,
Into that case they are over-seene,

The third Booke

What chastitie they keepe in Rome,
Is well known ower all Christendome.

CHRIST did shew his obedience,
Unto the Emperours Excellence:

And caused Peter soz to pay,
Tribute to Caesar for them tway.

Paul bids us bee obedient,
To Kings as the most excellent:

The contrare did Pope Celestine,
When that his sanctitude serene.

Did Crowne Henric the Emperour,
I thinke hee did him small honour:

For with his hand he did him Crowne,
Then with his fate the Crowne dange downe:

Saying, I have Authozitte,
Nen to exalt to dignittie

And to make Emperours and Kings,
And then depriue them of their reignes.

Peter by mine opinion,
Did neuer use such Dominion:

Appearantlie by my judgement,
This Pope read neuer the New Testament.

If hee had learned at that Loze,
Hee had refused such baine gloze.

As Barabas, Peter and Paul,
And right so CHRIST'S Disciples all,

The Captaine Cornelius,
When Sainct Peter came to his house:

To worshop him, fell at his feete,
But Sainct Peter with humble sprit,

Did raise him up with diligence,
And

And did refuse such reverence:
Right so Sainct Iohn the Evangelist,
The Angels seete hee would have kist:
And hee refused such honour,
Saying, I am but serbitour:
And eke thy fellow and thy brother,
Gibe gloze to GOD and to none other.
And likewise Barnabas and Paul,
Such honour did refuse at all:
In Listra where they wrought great workes,
The Priests of Iupiter and his Clarks,
And all the people with their advise,
Would have made to them sacrifice:
Of which they were so discontent,
That they their cloathing rabe and rent,
And Paul among them rudeliteran,
Saying, I am an mortall man,
Gibe gloze to GOD of kings King.
That made Heaben, Earth, and eberie thing.
Since Peter and Iohn haue gloze refused,
With Popes why should haue gloze be used,
Peter, Andrew, Iohn, Iames, and Paul.
And CHRISTS true Disciples all:
By GODS word their faith defended,
To burne and scalde they never pretended,
The Pope defends his traditions,
By flaming fire without remissions,
Albeit men breake the Law diuine,
They are not put to so great pine,
For whozedom no? Idolatrie,
For incest no? Adulterie.

The third Booke

W^hen young Virgines are deflored,
For such things men are not abhorred:
But who that eats flesh into Lent.
Are terribly put to torment:
And if a P^riest happen to marrie,
They doe him banish curse and warrie,
Though it be not against the Law
Of GOD, as men may clearelye know,
Betweene these two what difference bene,
By faithfull folke it may be seene.
Such Anticheses manie moe:
I might declare, which I let goe.
I may not carrie to compyle,
Of each order the statelie stile.
The sillie P^rines will thinke great shame,
Except they called be Madame,
The poore P^riest thinke he gets no right,
Be he not styled like a knight.
And called Sir before his name:
As Sir Thomas and Sir William.
All Monkes as yee may heare and see,
Are called Deanes for Dignitie:
Albeit his mother milke the know,
He must be called Deane Andrew:
Deane Peter, Deane Paul, Deane Robert,
With Christ they take a painefull part.
With double clothing from the colde,
Eating and drinking when they would:
With curious countreing in the Quire:
GOD knowes if they buy Heauen full deare,
My lord Abbot right venerable,

Of the Monarchie

Aye marshalled up-most at Table:
My lord Bishop right reverent,
Sit above Charles in Parliament:
And Cardinalls during their Reignes,
Fellowes to Princes and to Kings.
The Pope exalted in honour,
Above the potent Emperour.
The proude parson I thinke cruelie,
Hæ leades his life right lustilie:
For why? he hath none other pyne.
But takes the tithes, and spends them syne
But he is obliht by reason,
To preach unto his Parishon:
Though they lake Preaching seventene yære,
Hæ will not lake an pecke of Beare.
Some parson hath at his command,
The wanton Wenches of the Land.
Als they have great prerogatives,
That they may part aye with their wiues,
Without debozce or summoning,
Then take another without wedding.
Some would thinke it a lustie life,
Aye when hæ list, to change his wife,
And take another of more beautie,
But seculars lake that libertie,
The which are bound in Marriage,
But they like Hammes into their rage,
Unpissed, runs among the Cwes,
So long as nature in them growes:
And eke the Vicare as I trow,
Hæ will not faile to take a Bow.

And

The third Booke

And up most cloath (though Babes them ban)
From a poore sillie Husband-man.
When that hee lyeth for to die,
Having small childezen two or thre:
And hath thre Kine withouten ma,
The Alcare must have one of tha:
With the gray cloake that happes ybed,
Albeit that hee be poore & cled.
And if his wife die on the moorne,
Though all the babes should be forloze,
The other how hee cleekes away,
With the poore coate of raploch gray.
And if within two yeres or thre,
The eldest Childe happen to die:
Of the thirde how hee will bee sure.
When hee hath all then under cure.
And father and Mother both are dead,
Beg must the Babes without remead.
They hold the corpes at the Birke-style
And there it must remaine a while:
Till they gat sufficient sobertie.
For their Church-right and duetie,
Then comes the Lands-lozd peforce,
And clarkes to him an heired horse.
Poore Labourers would that Lawes were doone
Which never sounded was by Reason.
I heard them say under confession,
That Law was brother to oppression.
¶ My son, I have shovne as I can,
How this syst Monarchie began.
Whose great Empryre for to report,
At length the time beene all too short,

Of the Monarchie.

A description of the Court of Rome.

Ether (said I) what rul keep they in Rom
Which hath spirituall Dominion,
And Monarchie above all Christendome
Shew mee I make you supplication.

E. My Son, would I make true narration
(said he) to Peter and Paul though they succedd
I thinke they pꝛobe not that into their darde.

Foꝛ Peter, Andrew, and Iohn, were fishers fine
Of men and women to the Christian faith,
But they have spꝛed their Net with Hook & Line
On Rents, Riches, on Gold and other graith.
Such fishing to neglect they will be laith:
Foꝛ why? they have fished ober-shwart þe Strands
And great part truelie, of all tempozall lands,

With the tenth part of all goods moveable,
Foꝛ the upholding of their dignities,
So beene their fishing verie profitable,
On the drie land, as well as on the Seas,
Their herrie water they spꝛed ober all countries
And with their Hols-net daylie drawes to Rome
The most fine golde that is in Christendome.

I dare well say, within this fiftie yere,
Rome hath receiued smoth of this Region,
Foꝛ Bulls & benefices which they buy full deere,
That might full wel have payed a Kings ransome
But were I woꝛthie soꝛ to weare a Crowne.
Priests should no moꝛe our substance so consume
Sending pearelie so great riches to Rome.

Into

The third Booke

Into their tramelt-net they fangd a fish,
More than a whale, worthe of memorie:
Of whom they had many a dantie dish:
By which they are exalted to great glorie:
That marbeillous monster, called Purgatorie.
Albeit to us it be not amiable,
It hath to them bene verie profitable.

Let they that fruitfull fish escape their net,
For which they haue so great commodities:
A more fat fish I trust they shall not get,
Though they should search out thorough Ocean seas
Adew the daylie dolorous Diriges,
Sillie poore Priests may sing with heart full soze
Like they that painfull Palace Purgatorie.

Farewell Honkry, with Chanon, Dun, & frler,
Alas, they will be lightlied in all Lands:
Cowls will no more be known in church or quier
Let they that fruitfull fish escape their hands,
I counsell you to bind him fast in bands,
For Peter, Andrew. nor Iohn could neber get,
So profitable a fish into their net.

Their Merchandise into all Nations.
As printed Lead, their ware & their Parchment
Their Pardons and their Dispensations,
They doe excede some temporall Princes Rent
In such traffique they are not negligent:
Of benefice they make good merchandise,
Through Symonie, which thy hold little vice.

Christ did command Peter to fede his shepe

And

Of the Monarchie.

And so hee did feede them full tenderlie:
Of that command they take but little keepe;
But Christs Shep they spoyle piteouslie.
And with the wooll they cloath them curiouslie,
Like greedy Iewes they take of them their food,
They eate their flesh & drinke both milke & blood.

For their office, they serbe but little hyze,
I thinke such Pastours are not woorth to prise,
Which cannot guide their shepe about the myze
They are so buisie in their merchandise,
Though Peter was porter of Paradise:
What pleasant passage craftilie they close,
Though them right few gets entresse I suppose

Christ Iesus said, as Matthew doeth report,
Woe be to Scribes, and to Pharisance:
The which did close of Paradise the port:
Of them wee have the same experience:
To enter there they make small diligence:
They take such cure of tempoꝝall businesse,
Right so from us they stop the plaine entresse.

The spirituall keys that Christ to Peter gabe,
Their colour with smoke and rust are faded,
An exercise they hold them in their neibe:
Of that office they serbe to bee degraded,
With Gods word, except that they amend it.
Opening the port which long time hath bene closed
That wee may enter with them, and be rejoyced.

Contrare to Christs Institution,
To them that dyes in habite of a frier.

Rome

The third Booke

Rome hath them granted full remission,
To passe to heauen straight way withoutte wis
Which bene in Scotland used many a yere,
Is there such vertue in a Friers hood,
I thinke in vaine Christ Iesus shed his blood.

Would God the Pope who hath preheminance
With aduise of his Counsels generall:
That they would make their debtfull diligence,
That Christs Law might be kepte over all.
And truelie preached both to great and small.
And giue to them spirituall authoritie,
Which can perfectlie shew forth the veritie.

Who cannot preach, a Priest should not be named,
As may be proved by the Law diuine:
And by the canon law they are defamed,
That takes Priest-hood, but onelie to that fine,
To all vertue their heartes they should incline,
In speciall to preach with true intents,
And minister the needfull Sacraments.

As for their Monks, their Chanons, and their
And lustie Ladies of Religion: (Friers
I know not whereto their office offæres,
But men may see their great abuson:
They are not like, into conclusion,
Neither into their words nor their workes.
To the Apostles, Prophets, nor Patriarkes.

If presentlie these Prelates cannot preach,
Then let each Bishop have a Suffragane,
Or successor, who can the people teach,

Of the Monarchie.

On their expenses y^ere lie to remaine,
To cause the people from their vice refraine.
And when a p^relate happens to decease,
Then put a perfect P^reacher in his place.

Doe they not so, on them shall lye the charge,
Giving unable men authoritie:
As who would make a St^r man to a Barge,
Of one blind bozne, which can no danger see!
If that ship drowne, sozfooth I for mee;
Who gave the St^r man such commission,
Should of the ship make restitution.

The humane Lawes that are contrarious,
And not confor^ming to the Law diuine:
They should expell and hold them odious,
When they perceiue them come to no good fine,
Invented but by sensuall mens ingine,
As that Law which forbiddeth marriage,
Causing young Clarke^s burne into Lusts rage.

Full heard it is Chastitie to obserue,
Without great grace, and abstinence,
Into our flesh aye raigneth till we sterue,
That first originall sin Concupiscence,
Which we through Adams disobedience,
Have done incure, and shall endure fozeuer.
Till that our soule and bodie Death diuider.
Wherefoze made GOD of marriage the band,
In Paradise (as Scripture doeth record)
In Galilie, right so I understand,
Was Marriage honoured by Christ our Lord,

The third Booke

Olde Law and New, thereto they doe conoord:
I thinke for mee better that they had kepted,
Than to haue made a Law, and neuer kepted.

Tooke not Christ Iesus his humanitie,
Of a Virgine in Marriage contracted:
And of her flesh clade his Diuinitie?
Why haue they done this blessed bond defected
In their Kingdome? would God it were corrected
That young Prelates might marrie iustie wibes
And not in sensuall lust to lead their liues.

Did not Christ chosse of honest married men?
As well as they had kepted Chastitie,
For to be his Disciples, as yee ken,
As in the Scripture clearelie thou mayst see,
They kepted still their wibes with honestie:
As Peter, and his sponesed Brethren all,
Observed Chastitie matrimoniall.

But now appeares the Prophecie of Paul,
How some should rise into the latter age.
That from the true Faith should depart and fall
And some forbid the bond of Marriage.
Als thou shalt finde into that same passage,
They should commaund from meates for to abstaine
Which God create his people to sustaine.

But since the Pope our spirituall Prince & King,
He doeth obserue such vices manifest,
And in his Kingdome suffers for to reigne,
The men by whom the Vertue is suppress:
I excuse not himselfe more nor the rest.
How, how should we members be well used,

87
Of the Monarchie.

When thus our spirituall Heads are abused.

The famous ancient Doctor Avicenne,
Says, when ill Rheume descendeth from the head
Into the members, genders meekle paine,
Except there be made hastilie remede:
When the cold humour doth their from proceed,
In sinewes it causeth Arthritica,
Right so into the hands of Chiragra.

Of maladies it genders many moe,
Except men get some soveraigne prescribe,
As in the thighs Sciatica passio.
And in the best sometimes the strong Caterue,
Which causeth men right hastilie to sterbe:
And Podagra right difficle for to cure:
In mens fate, which long time doeth endure.

So to this most triumphant Court of Rome,
This similitude I may full well compare:
Which hath bene heir ship over all Christendome
And to the world an evill exemplare,
That sometime was Lead-Star and Luminar
And the most sapient seate of sanctitude,
And now, alas, bare of beatitude.

Their Kingdome may be called Babylon,
Which sometime was a bright Ierusalem,
As plainlie meaneth the Apostle Iohn.
Their most famous Citie hath lost the same,
Inhabiters thereof their noble name.
For why? they have of Sainats the habitacle,
To Simon Magus made a Tabernacle.

The third Booke

An horrible baile of euerie kinde of vice,
A loathlie Loch of stinking Lecherie.
A cursed Cate corrupt with cobetice.
Worshed about with Pride and Simonie:
Some say, a cisterne full of Sodomite.
Whose vyce in speciall if I would declare,
It were enough for to perturbethe Aire.

Of truneth the whole Christian Religion,
Through them is scandalizde and offended:
It cannot faile, but their abusion,
Before the Throne of God it is ascended,
I dread but doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of Iohn his Revelation,
Shall fall upon their Generation.

O LORD, which hast the heart of euerie King
Into thine hand, I make the supplication,
Conuert that court, that of thy grace benigne,
They would make generall Reformation,
Among themselves in euerie Nation,
That they may bee an holie example,
To us thy poore Laicke common popular.

Hungred, alas for fault of spirituall food,
Because from us is hid the veritie.

O Prince, that shed for us his precious Blood,
Kindle in us the fire of Charitie.
And save us from eternall miserie,
Now labouring in the Church Militant,
That we may come to the Church triumphant.

THE FOURTH BOOKE

Making mention of the death of the *Antichrist*,
of the generall Iudgement, &c.

With an exhortation by *Experience*,
to the *Courteour*.

Wudent Father, Experience,
Since you of your benevolence,
Hath caused mee soz to consider,
How woꝛldlie pompe and gloze beæne sidder,
By diuerse floꝛies miserable,
Which to rehearse beæne lamentable,
Yet ere we passe out of this baile,
I pray you giue mee your counsell.
What I shall doe in time cumming,
To haue the gloze euerlasting.

E. My son (said hee) let thine intent,
To kepe the Lords Commandement.
And preasse thee not to climbe ouer hie,
To no woꝛldly authozitie:

Who in this woꝛld doe most refoꝛce,
Are farrest aye from their purpose.
Would thou leaue woꝛldlie vanities,
And thinke on foure extreamities,
Which are to come, and that shortly,
Thou wouldest neuer sin wilfullie,
Print these foure in thy memorie,
Death, the Hel, and Heauens gloꝛie.

The fourth Booke

And extreame Iudgement generall,
Where thou must render a count of all,
Thou shalt not faile to be content
Of quiet life and sober Kent:
Considering no man can be sure,
In Earth one houre for to endure.
So all worldly prosperitie,
Is mixed with great miserie.
Were thou Emperour of Asia,
King of Europe and Africa,
Great Dominator of the Sea,
And though the Heavens did the obey:
All fishes swimming in the strand,
All Beastes and Fowles at thy command
Concluding thou were King over all,
Under the Heavens imperiall.
In that most high authoritie,
Thou shouldst finde least tranquillitie:
Example of King Solomon,
More precious life had never none:
Such Riches with so great pleasure,
Had never King nor Emperour,
With most profound Intelligence,
And supper-excellent sapience,
His pleasant habitations,
Preceded other Nations.
Gardens and Parkes for Harts and Hindes,
Stankes with fishes of diverse kindes,
Most profound Masters of Musike,
That in the world was none them like:
Such treasures of Gold and precious stones,

Of The Monarchie.

In Earth had neber no King at once,
Hæ had seven hundzeth lustie Queenes:
And thzæ hundzeth faire lustie Concubines,
In Earth there was nothing pleasand,
Contrarious to his command:
Pet all his great prosperitie,
Hæ thought it vaine and vanitie:
And neber found repose compleate,
Without affliction of the sprit.

C. Father (said I) it marbells mæ;
Hæ having such prosperitie:
With so great riches abobe measure,
Why hæ had not infinite pleasure,

E. My son (said hæ) if thou would know
The veritie I shall thee show:
There is no woꝛldly thing at all,
May satisfie a mans saull.
Foz it is so insatiable,
That Heaven and Earth may not bæ able,
A soule alone foz to content,
Till it sæ GOD Omnipotent:
Was neber none, noz neber shall bæ
Sattiate, that sight till that hæ see,
Wherefoze (my son) set not thy cure
In Earth, where nothing can bæ sure.
Except the death alanerlie,
Which followes man continuallie:
Wherefoze (my son) remember thæ,
Within short time that thou must die.
Not knowing when, how, oz in what place,
But as it pleaseth the King of grace.

The fourth Booke
OF DEATH.



My miseries most miserable,
Is Death, and most abhominable.
That dreadfull Dragon with his varte
Aye readie so; to pierce the hearts,
Of euerie Creature on liue,
Contrate whose strength may no man scribe,
Of dolent death this so;e sentence,
Was giuen through disobedience:
Of our Parents, alas, therefore,
As I haue done declare befoze.
How they and theire posteritie,
Were all condemned so; to die:
Albeit the flesh to Death bee th;all,
GOD hath the soule made immortall
And so of his benigntie,
Hath mixt his iustice with mercie,
Therefore call to remembrance,
Of this false world the variance.
How wee like Pilgrimes euen and morrow,
Are travelling through this baile of so;row:
Sometime in vaine Prosperitie,
And some time in great miserie.
Sometime in blisse, sometime in baile,
Sometime right sicke, and sometime haile.
Sometime full rich, and sometime po;e
Wherefore (my Son) take little cure.
Neither of great Prosperitie,
Nor yet of greater miserie.
But pleasant life, and hard mischance,

Ponder

Of the Monarchie.

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Ponder them both in one Ballance:
Considering none other authoritie,
Riches, wisdomē, nor dignitie,
Empyre of realmes, beantie nor strength
May not one day ouer liues length.
Since we are sure that we must die,
Farewell all vaine felicitie.
Greatlie it doth perturb my minde,
Of dolent Death the diuerse kind.
Though death to euerie man resorts,
Yet strikes hee into sundrie sortes,
Some by hote febers violence,
Some by contagious pestilence,
Some by iustice execution,
We are put to death without remission,
Some hanged, some doe lose their heads
Some burnt, some sodden into leades,
And some for their unlatofull actes:
Are rent and reaben on the flakes:
Some are dissolved by poison:
Some on the night are murdered downe.
Some falles into phrenesie,
Some dies into Hypozopesie.
And other strange infirmities,
Wherein many a thousand dies,
Which humane Nature doeth abhorre,
As in the gut, gravell and Goze:
Some in the flure and feber quartane
But aye the houre of death is uncertaine
Some are dissolved suddenlie,
By Catharre or Apoplexie.

Some

The fourth Booke


Some doe destroy their selfe also,
As Hanniball and wise Cato.
By thunder, death doth some consume,
As hee did the third King of Rome,
Called Tullus Hostilius.
As writeth great Valerius:
For hee and his household at once,
Were burnt by thunder flesh and bones
Some dieth by extreame excesse:
Of Joy, as Valeric doeth expresse:
Some by extreame Malancholie,
Will die but other malodie.
In Chronicles thou mayst well ken,
How manie hundred thousand men,
Are slaine, since first the world began,
In Battell, and how manie a man:
Upon the Seas doe loose their liues,
When that ships upon the Rocks rives,
Though some dies naturally through age
Far moe dies raving in a rage,
Happie is hee the which hath space,
At his last houre to cry for grace:
Albeit Death bee abominable,
I thinke it should bee comfortable:
To them of the faithfull number,
For they depart from care andumber.
From trouble, travell, sturt, and strife,
To joy and everlasting life:
Polidorus Virgilius,
To that effect hee writeth thus:
In Thrace when any Child was borne,

Their

Of the Monarchie.

Their kin and friends was them besozne
With dolent lamentation,
For the great tribulation,
Calamitie, cumber, and cure,
That they in Earth are to endure;
But at their death and bur ying,
They make great joye and banqueting:
That they have past from miserie,
To rest and great felicitie:
Since Death beane finall conclusion,
What a bailes worldlie pꝛovision;
When wisdomē may not contramand,
For strength thatistour may not gainstand,
Ten thousand Millions of treasure,
May not pꝛelong thy life one houre:
After whose dolent departing,
Thy spirit shall but carrying:
Straight way to Joy inestimable,
Or to strong paine intollerable;
Thy vile corrupted Carion,
Shall turne to putrifaction:
And so remaine in powder small,
Untill the Iudgement generall.

A Short description of the *Antichrist*.

 Aid I. Father, I heare men say,
That there shall rise before that day,
Which yē call generall Iudgement,
A wicked man from Sathan sent.
And contrarie the Law of Christ,
Called the cruell Antichrist.

And

The fourth Booke

And some sayes, that mischievous man,
Discend shall of the Tribe of Dan,
That should be bozne in Babylon,
The which deceive shall many one.
Infidels shall of eberie Airt,
With that false prophet take no part.

And how Enoch and Elias,
Shall pzeach against that false Messias
But finallie his false doctrine,
And hee shall be put to ruine,
But neither by the fire nor sword,
But by the vertue of GODS word,
And if this bee of veritie,
This sooth, I pray you shew to me.

E. My son (saith hee) as writeth Iohn
There shall not be a man alone,
Having that name in Spectall,
But Antichrist in generall,
Habe bene and now are manie one,
And right so in the time of Iohn.
Where Antichrist as himselfe sayes,
As presentlie now in these dayes:
Are right many withoutten doubt,
Where their false lawes well sought out
Who was a greater Antichrist,
And more contrarious to CHRIST,
Than the false prophet Mahomet,
Which his cruell lawes made so swéete?
In Turkic yet they are obserued.
Wherethrough the hell he hath deserued,
All Turkic, Saracenes, and Iewes.

That

That in the Son of GOD not trelwes,
Are Antichrists, I the declare,
Because to CHRIST they are contrare
Daniel sayes in his Prophecies,
That after these great Monarchies:
Shall rise a marvellous potent King,
Which with a Damalesse face shall ring
Mightie and wise in darke speakings,
And prosperous in all pleasant things,
Through his falshood and craftinesse,
He shall flow into wealthinesse,
The godly people hee shall noy,
By cruell death, and them destroy,
The King of Kings shall him gainstand
Then hee destroyed withoutten hand.
Paul sayes, before the Lords comming,
That there shall be a departing:
And that man of iniquitie,
To all men hee shall opened be.
Which shall sit on the holie seate,
Contrarie GOD to make debate:
But that son of perdition,
Shall bee put to confusion:
By power of the holie spirit,
When hee his time hath done compleete
Belæve not that in time cumming,
A greater Antichrist shall reigne.
Than there hath bene and presentlie,
Are now as clarkes can espye:
Therefore my will is that thou know
What euer they be that make the Law

Thoungy

The fourth Booke

Though they be called Christian men,
By naturall reason thou mayst ken.
Be they never of so great valour,
Pope, Cardinall, King or Emperour:
Extolling their traditions,
Above Christs Institutions,
Making Lawes contrarie to Christ,
He is a verie Antichrist:
And who doeth so? tisse or defend,
Such Law I make it to thee kend.
Be he a Pope, Emperour, King, or Quene,
Great sorrow shall on them be seene,
At Christs his extreame Iudgement,
Except in time they doe repent.

A short remembrance of the most terrible
day of Iudgement.

E. After (said I) with your licence,
Since you have such experience.
Yet one thing at you would I speare,
When shall this dreadfull day appeare.
Which you call Iudgement generall,
What things befoze that day shall fall:
Where shall appeare that dreadfull Iudge,
Or how may faulters get refuge?

E. (Said he) as to thy first question,
I can make no solution:
Wherefoze perturb not thine intent,
To know the day, houre, or moment,
To God alone the day is knowne,
Which never was to Angel showne.

Albeit by diuerse conjecturs,
And principall expositurs:
Of Daniel and his prophetic,
And by the sentence of Elie,
Which haue declared as they can.
How long its since the world began:
And for to shew haue done their cure.
How long thy trust it shall endure.
And eke how manie ages beene,
As in their woꝝkes may bee seene.
But to declare those questions,
There are diuerse opinions:
Some writers haue the world diuided;
In sixe ages as beene decided.
Into Falsciculus temporum,
And Chronica Chronicorum.
And by the sentence of Elie.
The world deuided is in thre.
As cunning Maſter Carion,
Hath made plaine exposition.
How Elie ſayes withoutten wæres,
The world ſhall laſt ſixe thouſand yærs
Of whom I follow the ſentence,
And let the other bookes goe hence.
From the creation of Adam,
Two thouſand yæres to Abraham:
From Abraham by this narrat ion,
To CHRIST his Incarnation,
Right ſo hath beene two thouſand yærs
As by their prophetic appeares:
From Chriſt as they make to vs kende,

The fourth Booke 530

Two thousand yeres to the worlds end:
Of which are by-gone as I weene,
A thousand, five hundred, ten and thirteene,
And so remaines to come but weene,
Thre hundred, threescore and eightene yere,
And then the Lord Omnipotent,
Shall come to his great Iudgement.

Christ sayes the time shall be made short,
As Matthew plainelie doeth report.

That for the worlds iniurie,
The latter time shall shortned be:

For pleasure of the chosen number,
That they may passe from care and cumber,
So by this compt it may be kend,
The world is drawing neare an end.

For legions are come no doubt,
Of Antichrists were they sought out.

And manie tokens doe appeare,
As after shortly thou shalt heare:

How that Sainct Ierome doeth endite
That he hath read in Hebrew write:

Of sixteen signes in speciall,
Before that Iudgement generall.

Of some of them I take no cure:
Which I finde not in the Scripture.

A part of them though I declare,
First I will to the Scripture fare.

CHRIST sayes before that day of Doome,
There shall be signes of Sun and Moone:

The Sun shall hide his Beames bright,
So that the Moone shall give no light.

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Of the Monarchie.

The glistring Starres by mens Iudgement,
Shall fall forth of the Firmament.

¶ Of these signes, ere we farther gone,
Some morall sense we willerpone.

As cunning Clarke have oft declarde,
And have the Sun and Moone comparde:

The Sun to the State spirituall,

The Moone to Princes temporall.

Right so the Starre they doe compare,

A Laicke common populate.

The Moone and Starres have no light,

But the reflexe of Phœbus bright,

So when the Sun of light is darke,

The Moone and Starres must needs be mark:

Right so when Pastors spiritualls,

Popes, Bishops, and Cardinalls.

In their beginning shewde great light,

The temporall State was ruled right:

But now, alas, it is not so,

Their shining Lampes beene agoe:

Their radious beames are turnde to ræke,

For now in Earth nothing they seke:

Except Riches and Dignitie,

Following there sensualitie.

Many Prelates are now reighnand,

The which no moze doe under stand,

What doeth pertaine to their office,

Than they can kindle fire with yce.

None bee to Popes, I say for me,

That suffer such enozmitie.

That ignorant worldly Creatures,

Should

Should

The fourth Booke

Should in the Church have anie cures;
No marvell though the people slide,
When they haue blind men to their guide:
For a Prelate that cannot preach,
For GODS law to people teach,
Esay compares them in his warke,
To a dumbe dogge that cannot barke.
And Christ him calleth in his grieve,
Most like a Furtherer or a Thiefe:
The cunning Doctor Augustine,
To wolues and deviles doth them define.
The canon Law doth him defame,
That of a Prelate beares the name.
And will not preach the diuine Lawes,
As the decrees plainly shawes.
But those that haue authoritie,
To provide spirituall dignitie,
Might, if they pleased to take paine,
Cause them light all their lampes againe,
But euer, alas, that is not done,
So darkned beene both Sun and Moone.
Were Kings liues well declared,
The which are to the Moone compared:
Men might consider their estate,
From charitie degenerate:
I think they should think mekle shame,
Of Christ for to take their surname:
They liue not like to Christians,
But more like Turkes and Paganes.
Turks contrarie Turkes makes little weare,
But Christian Princes takes no feare,

87

Of the Monarchie.

Which should agree as brother with brother,
But now each one dings downe another:
I know none reasonable cause wherefore,
Except Pride, Covetise, and Watne-glore,
The Emperour moves his ordinance,
Contrare the potent King of France.
And France right so with great rigour,
Contrare his friend the Emperour.
And right so France against England,
England also against Scotland.
And eke the Scots with all their might,
Doe fight for to defend their right.
Betwene the realmes of Albione,
Where battels have bene manie one,
Can be made no affinitie:
Nor yet no consanguinitie.
Nor by no way they can consider,
That they may have long peace together.
I dread these warres make no ending,
Till they be both under one King:
Though Christ the Soberaigne King of grace,
Left in his testament love and peace:
Our Kings from warre will not refraine,
Till there be manie a thousand slaine.
Great damage made by Sea and Land,
As all the world may understand.
C. Father, I think that temporall Kings,
Shall fight for to defend their reignes:
For I have seene the spirituall state,
Make war, their rights for to debate.
I saw Pope Iulius manfullie,

The fourth Booke

Pass to the felds triumphantlie
With a right awfull ordinance,
Contrare Lewis the King of France.
And for to doe him more despite,
He did his Region interdite.

E. My son (said he) as I suppose,
That belongs well to our purpose.
How Sun and Moone are both denude,
Of light, as Clarkes doe conclude,
Comparing them as you heard tell,
To spirituall state and temporall.
And common people hate despised,
Which to the Starres hath bene compared.
Laicke people follow aye their heades,
And speciali into their deads.
The most part of Religion,
Bene turned to abusion:
What doe abaile religious wēdes,
When they are contrare to their deeds:
What holinesse there is within,
A wolfe clad in a wedders skin?
So by those tokens doeth appeare:
The day of Iudgement draweth neare.

¶ Now let us leave this mortall sence
Proceeding to our purpose hence:
And of this matter speake no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The Scripture sayes after these signes
Shall be bene many marveilous things,
Then shall rise tribulations,
In Earth, and great mutations:

Of the Monarchie.

As well here under, as above,
When power of the heavens shall move:
Such cruell warres shall bee ere than:
Was never since the world began:
The which shall cause great indigence,
As dearth, hunger, and pestilence:
The horrible sounds of the Sea,
The people shall perturb and flée,
Jerome sayes, it shall rise on hight,
Above the Mountaines, by mens sight:
But it shall not spread over the Land,
But like a wall shall straight up stand:
Then settle downe againe so low
That no men shall the water know,
Great whailes shall runish, rowt and raite,
Whose sound redound shall in the Aire:
All fish and monsters marvellous,
Shall cry with sounds odious:
That men shall wither on the Eard,
And weeping warie shall their weild:
With loud alas, and well-away,
That eber they liues to see that day.
And spectallie those that dwelling be,
Upon the coasts of the Sea.
Right so as Ieremie concludes,
Shall be scene ferties on the floodes,
The Sea with moving marvellous;
Shall burne with flames furions.
Right so shall burne fountaines and flood,
And herbes and trees shall swete like blood,
Fowles shall fall forth out of the Aire,

The fourth Booke

Wild beastes to the plaine repaire:
And in their manner make their mone,
Howling with manie grieuſie grone:
The bodies of the dead creatures,
Appere ſhall on their Sepulchres:
Then ſhall both men, women, and bairnes,
Come crying forth of darke Cabernes.
Where they for dread were hid beſore,
With ſigh, and ſob, and heartes full ſore.
Standing about as they were wood,
Affamiſhed for fault of food.
None may make other comforting,
But double grieve and lamenting:
What may they doe but weepe and wonder,
When they ſee rockes ſhake aſunder:
Through trembling of the Earth and quaking,
Of ſorrow then ſhall be no ſlaking.
They that are liuing in thoſe dayes,
May tell of terrible Affrayes:
When riches, rents, and great treaſure,
That time may doe them ſmall pleaſure:
But when ſuch wonders doe appeare,
Men may bee ſure that day drawes neare.
The juſt men ſhall paſſe to the Gloze,
Unjuſt to paine for evermore.

C. Father (ſaid I) wee daylie read,
An article into our creede.

Saying, that Chriſt omnipotent,
Into that generall Iudgement:

Shall iudge both quicke and dead alſo,
Wherefore declare mee ere I go,

Of the Monarchie

If there shall anie man or wife,
That day be founden upon life:

E. (Said he) as to that question,
I shall make some solution.

The Scripture plainelie doeth expone:

When all tokens are come and gone,

Yet many a hundred thousand man,

That selfe-same day shall be liband,

Albeit there shall no Creature,

Neither of day nor houre be sure.

For Christ shall come so suddenly,

That no man shall the time espy.

As it was in the time of Noy,

When GOD did all the world destroy.

Some on the felds shall be labouring,

Some in the temple marrying:

Some before Iudges making pley,

And some men sailing on the Sea.

Those that be on the felds going,

Shall not returne to their Lodging:

Who be ne upon the house aboue,

Shall not have leasure to remoue.

Two shall be in the Mill grinding,

Which shall be taken without warning,

The one to everlastig gloze,

The other lost for evermore.

Two shall be lying in one bed,

The one to pleasure shall be led:

The other shall be left alone,

Weping with many grievous grone:

And so, my son, thou mayst well know,

The fourth Booke

The world shall bee as it is now;
The people using businesse,
As holy Scripture doeth expresse.
Since no man knowes the houre nor day,
The Scripture bids us watch and pray:
And for our sins bee penitent,
As Christ would come incontinent.

The maner how CHRIST shall come
To his Iudgement.

When all tokens are brought to end,
Then shall the Son of God descend:
As fire-flaught battellie glancing,

Descend shall that great heauenlie King,

As Phoebus in the Orient,

Lightneth in haste the Occident,

So pleasantlie hee shall appeare,

Among the heauenlie cloudes cleare.

With great power and Majestie,

Above the Countrey of Indie:

As Clarkes have concluded haile,

Direct above the lustie Maile

Of Iosaphat, and Mount Oliver,

All Prophecie there shall bee compleate.

The Angels of the Orders nine,

Embryon shall the Throne diuine:

With humble consolation,

Making him ministration.

In his presence there shall bee bozne.

The signe of Crosse, and Crowne of thorne,

Pillar, and Pailles, Scourges and Speare,

with

With euerie thing that did him deare
The time of his grim passion,
And for our consolation
Apeare shall in his hands and fete,
And in his side the print complete
Of his five wounds precious.
Shinning like Rubies radious:
To Reprobates confusion.
And for finall conclusion,
He sitting in his Tribunall:
With great power imperiall:
Then shall an Angel blow a blast,
Which shall make all the world agast,
With hideous voyce and vehement.
Rise up dead folke come to Iudgement.
With that all reasonable Creature,
That neber was formed by nature:
Shall suddenlie rise up at once,
Conjoynd with Soule, flesh, Blood and bones.
That terrible Trumpet I heare tell,
Has heard in Heaben, in Earth, and Hell:
Those that were drowned in the Sea,
That boasteous blast they shall obey,
Where eber the bodie buried was,
All shall be found into that place:
Angels shall passe in the foure Airtes,
Of Earth, and bring them from all partes,
And with an instant diligence,
Present them to his Excellence.
Saint Ierome thought continuallie,
On this Iudgement so ardentlie.

Of the Monarchie.

He said, whether I eate or drinke,
Or wake, or sleepe, forsooth I thinke,
That terrible Trumpet like a Bell,
So quicklie in mine eares doth knell,
As instantlie as it were present,
Rise up dead folke, come to Iudgement.
If Sainct Ierome tooke such a fray,
Alas, what shall wee sinners say.
All those that shall bee found on liue,
Then shall immortall bee belibe:
And in the twinkling of an eye,
With fire they shall translated bee,
And neuer for to die againe,
As our Scripture sheweth plaine.
As readie both for paine and gloze,
As they which died long time before.
Some anthoꝝ sayes they shall appeare
In age of thre and thirtie yeare,
Whether they die young or olde,
Whose great number may not bee told:
That day shall not be mist one man,
Which was borne since the world began
The Angel shall them separate,
As doeth an heerd shep from the goate
And those that bee of Believs band.
Trembling upon the Earth shall stand,
On the left hand of that great Iudge:
But esperance to get refuge:
But those that are predestinate,
Shall from the Earth bee elevate:
And that most happie companie,

shall

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Of the Monarchie.

Shall ordred bee triumphantlie,
At the right hand of Christ our King,
High in the Aire with loud lobing.
Full gloriouslie there shall compeare,
More bright than Phœbus in his Sphære.
The Virgine Marie Quæne of quænes,
With many a thousand of Virgines.
The Fathers of the old Testament,
Which were to GOD obedient,
Father Adam shall them conboy,
With Abel, Seth, Enoch, and Noy,
Abraham, with all his faithfull warkes,
With all the prudent Patriarkes,
Iohn the Baptist shall there compeare,
The principall and last Messenger,
Which came but halfe a yere before,
The comming of the King of gloze,
Moses and Esayas honorable,
With all true Prophets venerable.
David with all the faithfull Kings,
Which vertuouslie did rule their reignes,
The noble Chistane Iosue,
With gentle Iudas Maccabe,
With manie a noble Champion,
Which in their time with great renowne,
Manfullie to their liues end,
The Law of GOD they did defend.
With Eve that day shall bee present,
The ladies of the Old Testament.
Deboir Adams Daughter deare,
With foure must lustie Ladies cleare.

Which

The fourth Booke

Which kept were in the Arke with Noy,
Sara and Keturah with joy.
The which to Abraham wives beene.
With good Rebecca there shall be seene,
The prudent wives of Israel,
Good Leah, and the faire Rachel.
With Iudeth, Hester, and Susanna,
And the right sapient Queene Saba.
There shall compeere Peter and Paul,
With CHRIST his good Disciples all.
Laurence and Steven with their blest band,
Of Martyres moe than ten thousand:
Gregorie, Ambrose, and Augustine,
With confessours a triumphant trine:
With Sainct Francis and Benedicke,
Sainct Bernard, and Sainct Dominicke.
With small number of Monkes and friers,
Of Carmelits and Cordeliers:
That for the love of CHRIST onlie.
Rekount'de the world unfainedlie:
With Elizabeth and Anna,
All good wives shall compeare that day:
The blest and holie Magdalene,
That day besore her Soberaigne,
Right pleasinglie hee shall present.
All sinners that were penitent.
Which of their guilt heere asked grace,
In heauen with her shall have a place:
But woe be to that bailefull band,
Which shall stand low at his left hand,
Howe then to kings and Emperours,

That

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Of the Monarchie.

That were unrighteous Conquerours,
For their gloze and particulare good,
Cause shed so mækle sakelesse blood,
Both Scepter, Crowne and Robe Royall.
That day they shall make count of all.
And for their cruell tyrannie,
Shall punisht bee perpetuallie.
Ye Lords and Barons moze and lesse,
That your pooze Tennands did oppresse,
By great Circumine and double Maile,
More then your Lands were a baile.
With soze erobitant carriage,
With Merchants of their marriage.
Tormented both in peace and wære,
With burdens moze than they can beare.
Bee they have payed to you their Maill.
And to the Priest the Leinds baill:
And when the Land againe is sowne,
What rests behind, I would were knowne:
I trust, they and their pooze household,
May tell of much hunger and cold:
Except ye have of them pittie,
I dread ye shall get no mercy:
That day when CHRIST Omnipotent,
Comes to his generall Iudgement,
Woe be to publicke oppressours,
To Tyrants and to transgressours,
To Furtherers, and common Thieves:
That did not mend their great mischieves:
Fornicators, and Usurers.
Common publicke Adulterers:

The fourth Booke

All perberse wicked Heretickes,
All false deceitfull Whismatickes,
All shall be present in that place,
With many lamentable, alas.
The curst Cain that never was good,
With all shedders of sakelesse blood.
Nimrod the founder of Babylon,
With false Idolaters manie one:
Ninus the King of Assyria,
With great dule shall compeare y day
Which first inbented Imagerie,
Where thzough came great Idolatrie
For making of that Image Bell,
That day his hyze shall be in Hell,
That great oppzessour Pharao,
That tyzant Emperour Nero,
Shalwith them curstking Herodhyng
With manie other carefull king:
The cruell King Antiochus,
With the most furious Olofernus,
Great oppzessours of Israel,
That day their hyze shall be in Hell,
With Iudas shall compeare a clan,
Of false traitoures to GOD and man.
There shall compeare of eberieland,
With Ponce Pilate a bailefull band.
Of tempozall and spirituall States,
False Judges, with their Advocates:
There shall our Senyeours of the Session,
Of all their faultes make cleare confession:
There shall be seene the fraudfull faillies,
Which

Of the Monarchie.

With Shyreffes, Sherifes, and of Baillies:
Officials with their Consistorie Clarke,
Shall make count of their wrongous warkes,
They and their perberle Procutors,
Oppressours both of rich and poore,
Through Dilators full of false deceit,
Which manie one cause beg their meate,
Great dole that day to Judges beane,
That comes not with their conscience cleane,
That day shall passe by peremptours,
Without cautell, or dilators.
No duplicandum nor triplicandum,
But shortly passe to sententiandum,
Without continuations,
Any appellations:
That sentence shall not be retreated,
Nor with no man of Law debated
Pe labourers of sea and lands,
Perfect Craftisman, and rich merchands,
Leaue your deceites and craftie wyls,
Which fillie simple folke beguyles:
Make recompense heare as ye may,
Remembryng on this dreadfull day.
With Mahomet shall compeare no doubt,
Of Antichrists an hideous rout.
Bishop Annas and Caiaphas,
With them in companie shall passe,
The Scribes and false Phariseans:
Which wrought on Christ great violence:
With manie a Turke and Saracene,
With great sorrow there shall be scene.

Popes

The fourth Booke

Popes with their traditions,
Contrair Christs Institutions.
With manie a Crowle and clipped Crowne,
Which Christs Lawes hath beaten downe,
And would not suffer so: to preach
The veritie, no: the people teach.
But laicke men put to great tozment,
Which used Christ his Testament.
All Kings and Quænes there shall be bend,
The which such Lawes did defend.
To that Court shall come many one,
Of the blacke byke of Babylon.
The innocent blood that day shall cry,
A loude vengeance full pittionlie,
On those cruell bloodie butchours,
Of Partyzes, Prophets, and Preachours:
Some with the fire, some with the sword,
Which plainlie preached GOD his word.
That day they shall rewarded be
Comsozme to their iniquitie.
The Sodomites and Gomorrhance,
On whom God wrought so great vengeance:
With Korah, Dathan, and Abirone,
With their assistance manie one,
The holie Scripture will the tell.
How they sanke downe all to the Hell.
With Simon Magus shall resort,
Of proude Pride its a shamefull sort,
The selfe same day there shall bee sene,
Manie a cruell carefull Quæne.
Manie Semiramis King Ninus wife,

Of the Monarchie

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A tyger full of sturt and strife:
Together with Quéene Iezabell:
Which was covetous and cruell,
The false deceitfull Dalila,
With cruell Quéene Clytemnestra:
The which did murther in the night,
Agamemnon both wise and wight:
The which was her soveraigne Lord,
As Greeke stozies doe recozd:

With cruell Quéenes manie one,
Which long some were for to expone.

¶ Ye wanton Ladies and Burgesse wives,
That now for sildes taitles scribes,
Flapping the filth among your fete,
Raising the dust into the streete,
That day for all your pompe and pride
Your taitles shall not your hippes hide,
These vanities ye shall repent,
Unlesse that ye be penitent.

With Pithonissa I heare tell,
Which raised the sprite of Samuel.
That day with her there shall resort,
Of ranke witches a sorrowfull sort:

Brought from all parts manie a myle,
From Savoy, Athole, and Argyle,
And from the Rhynds of Galloway,
With a wofull wail away.

Ye Brethren of Religion,
In time leaue your abusion.

With which ye have the world abused,
Ye that day shall be refused.

The fourth Booke

I speake to you all generall,
Not to one order speciall,
That day all creatures shall ken,
If ye were Saindes or woꝛdlie men:
Or if ye tooke the Chapelrie,
That ye might liue moze pleasantlie,
And get good larg portion,
Or for a godlie devotion:
That day your fained Sanctitudes,
Shall not be known by your hoodes,
Your superstitious Ceremonies,
Participate with Idolatries.
Coꝛd, cutted shoes, noꝛ clipped head,
That day shall stand you in no stead:
For rowles blacke, gray, noꝛ begard,
Ye shall that day get no reward.
Your polite painted flatterie,
Your dissimulate hypocrisie,
That day they shall be clearelie known,
When they shal reaps, as they have sown.
Therefore in time be penitent,
Or else that day ye shall be shent.
I pray you heartfullie as I may,
Remember on that dreaddfull day.
Ye Abbot, Prior, or Pꝛoposelle,
Consider what ye doe confesse:
And how that your promotion,
Was nothing for devotion.
But to obtaine the Abbacie,
Ye made your vow of chastitie,
Of povertie and obedience,

Therefore

Of the Monarchie.

Therefore remoꝝd your consciences;
How these thre bowes beane obserued,
And what reward yē haue deserued:
Wherefore repent while yē haue space:
Since God is liberall of his grace.

C. Father (said I) declare to mē,
Where shall our Prelates ordered bee?
Which now are in the world liband,
With whom shall come that spirituall band.

E. (Said hee) As Sainct Bernard describes,
Except that they amend their liues:
And leaue their wanton vicious warkes,
Not with the Prophets or Patriarkes:
Nor with the Martyres and confessours,
The which to CHRIST were true Preachours.
Their predecessours Peter and Paul,
That day will them misknow at all,
So shall they not I say for mē,
With the Apostles ordered be.
I trust they shall dwell on the border
Of hell, where there shall bee none order:
Enlong the Flood of Phlegeton,
Or on the Bayes of Acheron:
Crying on Charon, (I conclude,)
To ferrie them over that furious floode,
To eternall confusion,
Except they leaue their abussion.
I trust these Prelates more and lesse,
Shall make cleare count of their Riches.
That dreadfull day with hearts full sore,
And what service they did therefore.

The fourth Booke

The princelie pompe or apparell,
Of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinall:
Their royall Rents and Dignitie,
That day shall not regarded bee.
There shall no taitles as I heare say:
Of Bishops bee bozne up that day.
Come they not with their conscience cleane,
On them great sorrow shall bee seene.
Except that they their liues amend
In time, and so I make an end.

The manner how Christ shall give his sentence.

When all these Congregations,
Are brought out of all Nations
Which shall bee without all procelle,
Though I habe made so long digresse,
For in the twinkling of an eye,
All mankind shall presented bee
Before that Kings Excellence,
Then shortly shall hee giue sentence:
First saying to that blessed band,
Which hee has ordred at his right hand,
Come with my fathers benediction,
And receiue your possession.
Which was for you preordinate,
Before the world was first create:
When I was hungrie, ye me fed,
When I was naked, ye me cled:
Oft-times ye gave me harberie,
And gave me drinke when I was dry:
And visite me with minds make,
When I was prisoner and sick.

In all such such tribulation,
Hee gave mee consolation.
Then shall they say, O potent King,
When saw we the desire such thing?
We never saw thine Excellence,
Subdued to such indigence:
Yet (shall hee say) I you assure,
When ever yee did receive the poore,
And for my sake made them supplie,
That gift doubtlesse yee gave to mee.
Wherefore shall now begin your gloze,
Which shall endure for evermore,
Then shall hee looke on his left hand,
And say unto the bailfull band:
Passe with my malediction,
To eternall affliction,
In companie with fiends fell,
In Everlasting fire of Hell:
When I stood naked at your gate,
Hungrie and thirſtie, cold and wet:
Right feeble, sicke, and like to die,
I never goſe of you supplie:
And when I lay in priſon ſtrong,
Of you I might have lyne full long.
Without your Conſolation,
Or any ſupportation.
Trembling for dread then ſhall they ſay
With many hideous harme ſay:
Alas good Lord when we ſaw thee,
Subject to ſuch neceſſitie:
When ſaw we thee come to our doore,

Hungrie, and thirſtie, naked and poore?
 When ſaw we thee in priſon lye?
 Or thee reſuſed harbery?
 Then ſhall that moſt precellent King,
 To theſe wretches make anſwering
 That time when ye reſuſde the poore,
 Which needſoll cryed at your doore.
 And of your ſuperfluetie,
 For my ſake make them no ſupplie:
 Reſuſing them, ye mee reſuſed,
 With wretchedneſſe ſo ye were abuſed,
 Therefore ye ſhall have to your hye,
 The everlaſting burning fyre.
 Without grace, peace, or comforting,
 Then ſhall they cry fullſore weeping,
 That we were made, alas, good Lord,
 Alas, is there no miſericord?
 But thus withoutten hope of grace,
 Thyne preſence of that pleaſant face.
 Alas, ſoꝛ us it had bene good
 We had bene ſmoꝛed in our cood:
 Then with a reare the Earth ſhall rive
 And ſwallow them both man and wiſe.
 Then ſhall theſe creatures ſoꝛloꝛne,
 Warrle the houre that they were boꝛne
 With many an hideous cry and yell,
 From time they feele the flames ſell.
 Upon their tender bodies byte,
 Whoſe toꝛment ſhall bee infinite,
 The Earth ſhall cloſe & from their ſight,
 Shall taken be all kind of light,

There

Of the Monarchie,

There shall bee howling and weeping,
Withoutten hope of comforting:
In that inestimable paine,
Eternallie they shall remaine,
Burning in furious flames red,
Eber dying, but never dead:
That the small minute of an houre,
To them shall be so great dolour:
They shall think they haue done remaine
A thousand yeezes into that paine:
Alas, I tremble to heare tell,
That terrible tormenting of Hell,
That painefull pit who can deplore,
Which must endure for ebermore:
Then shall those glorified Creatures,
With mirth and infinite pleasures
Conuoyed with joy Angelicall,
Passe to the heabens imperiall,
With Christ Iesus our Soberaigne King,
In gloze eberlastingly to reigne,
Of man which passeth the ingine:
The thousand part for to define,
Alanerlie to the least pleasure,
Proordinate for one Creature.
Then shall a fire as clarkesaine,
Make all the hills and Vallies plaine
From earth up to the heabens Empyre,
All be renewed by that fire:
Purging all things materiall,
Under the heabens imperiall,
Both earth, and water, fire, and aere:

Shall be moze perfect made and faire,
 The which befoze had mixed beene,
 Shall then bee purifide and made cleane:
 The Earth like Chryſtall ſhall bee cleare
 And euerie planet in his ſpheare:
 Shall reſt withoutten moze moving,
 Both ſcarrie heaven and Chryſtalling:
 The firſt and higheſt Heavens motuabſe,
 Will ſtand but turning firme and ſtable
 The Sun into the Orient,
 Will ſtand, and in the Occident,
 Reſt ſhall the Moone and bee moze cleare,
 Than now is Phœbus in his ſpheare,
 And eke the Lanterne of the heaven,
 Shall giue moze light by græs ſeven:
 Than it gabe ſince the worlde began,
 The heavens renewed ſhall bee than.
 Right ſo the Earth with ſuch deviſe.
 Compared to the heauenlie Paradiſe.
 So heaven and earth ſhall be all one,
 As meaneth the Apoſtle Iohn.
 The great Sea ſhall no moze appeare,
 But like a Chryſtall pure and cleare:
 Paſſing imagination,
 Of man to make Narration,
 Of gloze which God hath done prepare
 To euerie one that commeth there.
 The which with eares, noz yet with éne,
 Of man may not be heard noz ſene.
 With heart it is unthinkable,
 And with tongue unprouncable.

Of the Monarchie.

Whose pleasures shalt bee so perfitte,
Hauing in God so great delite:
The space now of a thousand yere,
That time shall not an houre appeare.
Which cannot comprehended bee
Till wee that pleasant sight shall see.
When Paul was ravisht in the Spirit,
To the third heauen of gloze repleat.
He sayes, the secrets which he saw,
They were not lawfull for to shaw,
To no man on the earthli band,
Wherefoze pzease not to vnderstand,
Albeit there to thou hast desire,
The secrets of the Heabens Empire.
The moze men look on Phœbus bright,
The moze feeble shall bee their sight.
Right so let no man set their cure,
To seeke the high diuine Nature,
The moze men studie I suppose,
Shall bee the moze from their purpose:
To know whereto should men intend,
Which Angels cannot comprehend.
But after this great Iudgement,
All things to us shall bee patent,
Let us with Paul our minds addresse,
Hee being full of heauenlinesse:
Full humble hee taughted us,
Not for to bee too curious:
Albeit men be of great ingine,
To seeke the high secrets diuine,
Whose iudgements are unsearchable.

His wayes strange, and inuestigable,
That is to say, past out-finding,
Of whom no man can find ending.
It sufficeth us for to employe,
Great God to bring us to his gloze,

Of certaine pleasures of the glorified Bodies.

Since there is none in earth may comprehend
The heauenlie gloze & pleasures infinite,
Wherefore (my son) I pray thee not pre-
Too farre to seeke that matter of delite,
Which passeth naturall reason to indite,
That God before that hee the world create,
Preparde to them which are predestinate.

All mortall men shall bee made immortall,
That is to say, neber to die againe:
Impassible, and so celestiaall,
That fire, nor sword may doe to them no paine,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor winde, nor rain,
Whogh such things were, may doe to thee no deare,
These creatures right so shall be as cleare.

As flaming Phœbus in his mansion,
Consider then if there shall bee great light,
When euerie one into their region,
Shall shine like to the Sun, and be as light,
Let us with Paul desire to see that sight,
To be dissolvd Paul had a great desire,
With Christ to bee into the heavens Empire.

And moreover as Clarkes can describe,
These marvellous lights they bene incomparable
Among

Of the Monarceie.

Among the rest in all their wits fise,
They shall haue sensuall pleasures delectable:
The heauenlie sound which shalbe inenarrable,
Into their eares continuallie shall ring.
And eke the sight of Christ Iesus our King.

Into his triumphant thzone imperiall,
With his mother y Virgine quene of quenes:
There shall bee seene the court celestiall.
Apostles, Martyres, Confessours and Virgines,
Brighter thā Phœbus in his Sopheare that shines
The Patriarkes and Prophets venerable,
There shall be scene in glozie inestimable.

And with their spirituall eyes shall bee seene,
That sight which is most superexcellent:
GOD as hee is, and euermore hath bene,
Continuallie that sight contempland:
Augustine sayes, heerather take on hand,
To bee in hell, hee seeing the Essence
Of God, than be in heauen without his presence.

Who seeing GOD in his Diuinitie,
Hee saith in him all othet pleasant things:
The which with tongue cannot pronounced bee,
What pleasure bene to see that King of kings,
The greatest paine y damned folke downe things
And to the Devils most punition,
It is of God to lacke fruition.

And moreouer they shall seele such a smell.
Surmounting far the flowze of earthlie flowres:
And in their mouth a tast as I heere tell,

The fourth Booke

Of swæte and supernaturall sapours,
Als they shall see the heauenlie bright colours,
Shining among those Creatures diuine,
Which to describe transcendeth mans ingine.

And eke they shall have such agilitie,
In one instant to passe for their pleasure,
Ten thousand miles in twinkling of an eye,
So that their ioyes shall be without measure:
They shall reioyce to see the great dolour,
Of damned folke in Hell, and their torment.
Because it is of God the iust Iudgement:

Subtiltie they shall have marvellous,
Supposing that there were an wall of Basse,
A glorified bodie may right hastlie,
Out thzough the wall without impediment passe,
Suchlike as doth y sun beame thzough y glasse
As Christ to his Disciples did appeare,
All entresse close, and none of them did feare.

Albeit in heauen though euerie creature,
Have not alike felicitie nor gloze:
Yet euerie one shall have so great pleasure,
And so content, that they desire no more.
To have more ioye they shall no way implore,
But they shall all be satisfied and content,
Like to this rude example subsequent.

Take a Crowat, a Pint-stoupe, and a Quart,
A Gallon pitcher, a Runson, and a Tun,
Of wine, or balme, geve euerie one their part,
And fill them full, till they be over-run:

Of the Monarchie.

The little Crowat in comparison,
Shall bee so full that it shall hold no more.
Of such measures thogh they were twentie score.

Into the Tun, or in the Puntion,
So that those vessels in one qualitie.
May hold no more, except they ober-run,
Yet have they not alike in quantitie:
So by this rude example thou mayst see,
Though euerie one bee not alike in gloze,
Are satisfied, so that they desire no more.

Though presentlie by Gods purveyance,
Both Beastes, and fowles, and fishes in the Seas
Are necessarie for mans sustenance:
With Cornes, Herbs, Flowers, & fruitfull Trees
Then shall there bee no commoditie:
The Earth shall beare no plant, nor beast but all,
But as the heavens shall bee bright like Chrystall.

Suppose some bee on earth walking here downe,
Or high above, where euer they please to goe:
Of God they have aye cleare fruition:
Both east, and west, up downe, or to and fro.
Clarkes, have declared pleasures manie moe,
Which doth transcend all mortall mans ingine,
The thousand part of those pleasures diuine.

Into the Heauen they shall perfectlie know,
Their tender freinds their father & their mother,
Their Predecessours whom they neuer saw,
Their spouses, children, their sister, & their brother
And euerie one shall have such love to other,

The fourth Booke

Of others gloze and joy they shall resoyce,
As of their owne, as clarkes doe suppose.

Then shall bee seene that bright Ierusalem,
Which Iohn saith in his Revelation.
Woe mortall men, alas, are soze to blame,
That will not have considerat on,
And a continuall contemplation,
With hote desire to come into that gloze,
Which pleasure shall endure for evermore.

O Lord, our God, and King Omnipotent,
Which knew ere thou the heavens & earth create
Who would to the be disobedient,
And so deserbe for to bee reprobate:
Thou knowst the number of predestinate,
Whom thou dost call, and hast them iustified,
And shall in heaven with the be glorified.

Grant us to bee, Lord, of that chosen sort,
Which of thy mercie superexcellant:
Dost purifie, as Scripture doeth report,
With the blood of that holie innocent
Iesus, which made himselfe obedient
Unto the death, and steeved on the wood,
Let us, O Lord, bee purged with that blood.

All creatures that ever God created,
As writteth Paul, they wisht to see that day:
When the children of God predestinate,
Shall bee appeare in their new fresh array,
When corruption bee cleansed quite away,
And changed bee their mortall qualitie,
In the great gloze of immortallitie.

Of the Monarchie.

And mozeouer, all things coꝝpozeall,
Vnder the coue of the heauens Empire:
That now to labour subject are and thꝛall,
Sun, Moone, & Star, Earth, Water, Aire & Fire,
In a manner they haue an hote desire:
Wishing that day, that they may bee at rest,
As Erasmus expoundeth manifest.

Woe see the great Globe of the Firmament,
Continuallie in moving marvellous:
The seven Planetes contrarie their intent,
Are rest about with course contrarious.
The wind and Sea, with stormes furious,
The troubled Aire, with frost, snow, and raine,
Untill that day, they trauell ays in paine.

And all the Angels of the Order nine,
Hauing compassion on our miseries:
They wish after that day, and to that fine,
To see vs freed from our infirmities:
And cleansed from these great calamities,
And troublous life which neuer shall haue end,
Untill that day, I make it to the end.

An exhortation given by Father *Experience*,
vnto his Son the *Courteour*.

My son, now marke well in thy memorie
Of this false world's troubles transitory
Whose dreadful days do now draw nere
Then call on God to be thyne aduocatory, (an end
And euerie day, my son, memento mori,
And wot it not when, oꝝ where thou shalt wend.

The fourth Booke

Here to remaine I pray thee not pretend:
And knce thou knowest the time is verie short,
In Christs blood set all thy whole comfort.

Be not too much solist in tempoꝝ all things,
Since thou perceiue'st Pope, Emperoꝝ noꝝ kings,
Into the earth haue no place permanent,
Thou seest y death them dolefullie downe things
And reaves the from their rents, riches & reignes
Therefore on Christ confirme thy whole intent;
And of thy calling bee right well content:
Then God that feedeth the fowles of the aire,
All needfull things hee shall foꝝ thee prepare.

Consider in thy contemplation,
Aye since the woꝝlde's first creation:
Mankind hath suffered this miserie moꝝtall:
Aye tormented with tribulation;
With dolour, dread, and Desolation,
Gentiles and chosen people of Israel,
To this unhap, are all subiect and thꝝ all:
Which miserie no doubt shall eber endure.
Till the last day (My Son) therefore bee sure.

That day as I haue made narration,
Shall bee the day of consolation,
To all the childeꝝ of the chosen number.
There ended beas their desolation,
And eke I make the supplication,
In earthlie matters take thee no moꝝe cumber;
Dread not to die, foꝝ death is but a slumber:
Liue a iust life, and with a joyous heart,
And of thy goods take pleasantlie thy part,

Of the Monarchie

Of our talking now let us make an end,
Behold how Phœbus downe-ward doth descend,
Toward his Pallace in the Occident:
Dame Cynthia I see shee doeth pretend,
Into her watric Region to ascend,
With visage pale into the Orient:
The dew now donks the Roses redolent,
The marri-golds that all day were rejoyced,
Of Phœbus heate, now craftilie are closed.

The blisfull birds are bounting to their fraies,
And ceases from there heauenlie harmonies,
The cozne-craike in the craft I heare her cry,
The Backe, the Howlet, fæble of their eyes:
For their pastime now in the evening flæs,
The Nightingale with mirthfull melodie,
Her naturall notes doe peirce up through the Sky
To Cynthia, making her obseruance,
Which on Night doth take her daliance.

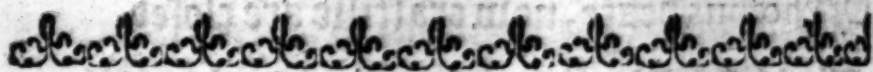
I see Pole Articke in the North appeare,
And Venus rising with her Beames cleare:
Wherefore (my son) I hold it time to goe:
Would GOD (said I) you did remaine all yærs
That I might of your heauenlie lessons leare:
Of your departing I am verie woe,
Take patience (said hee) it must be so,
Perchance I shall retorne with diligence,
Thus I departed from Experience.

And sped mee home, with heart sighing full sore
And entred in my quiet Oratoze:
I tooke Paper, and there began to write,

The complaint

This miserie, as you have heard before,
All gentle readers heartlie I imploze,
For to excuse my rurall rude endite:
Though Pharisees would have at mee despite,
Which would not that their craftinesse were kend
Let GOD bee Judge, and so I make an end.

Finis quod *Lindesay*.



THE TESTAMENT,

And complaint of our Soveraigne Lord, King
James the fifth, his *Papingo*, lying sore wounded,
and may not die till everie man
have heard what shee sayes.

Wherefore gentle Readers hast you, that
shee may bee out of paine.

Compiled by Sir DAVID LYNDESAY of the
Mount Knight alias Lyon King of Armes.

Livor post fata quiescit.

THE PROLOGVE.

Although I had ingine Angelicall,
With sapience more than Salomonickall
I wrote not what matter put in memoire,
The Poets old in stile heroicall,
In briebe and subtile tearmes Rhetoricall,
Of everie matter, tragedie and storie,
So ornate lie to their high land and glozie,

Habe

Of the papingo.

Have done endite, whose supream Sapience,
Transcendeth far the dull intelligence.

Of Poets now into our vulgare tongue.
For why? the bell of Rhetorick bene rung,
By Chaucer, Gower, Ligate, latweat:
Who dare presume these Poets to impung.
Whose swete sentence thzough Albion bene sung.
Of who can now the woꝝkes counterfaite,
Of Kennedie, with tearmes aureate?
Of wise Dumber. who language had at larg,
As may be seene into his Golden Targe.

Quintin, Mercer, Roule, Henderson, Hay & Holland
Though they be dead, their libels are liband:
Which to rehearse, makes readers to rejoyce,
Alas, for one that lampe was in this Land,
Of eloquence the flowing balmie strand:
And in our english rhetorick the rose.
As of rubies the carbuncle is chose:
And as Phcebus doeth Cynthia pretell,
So Gavin Douglas Bishop of Dunkell.

Had, when he was into this land on libe,
Above vulgare Poets prerogative,
Both in practice and speculation:
I say no more good readers may describe,
His wortheie woꝝkes in number more than fife
And speciallie the true translation
Of Virgil, which bene consolation,
To cunning men to know his great ingine,
As well in naturall science as divine.

The complaint

And in the court bene present in these dayes,
That ballats, brieves, lustlie and Layes,
Which to our Prince daylie they doe present.
Who can say more than sir James English sayes,
In ballates, farses, and in pleasant playes?
But Culros hath his pen made impotent,
Kid in cunning and practicke right prudent.
And Stewart, who desires a statelie style,
Full ornate workes daylie doth comyle.

Stewart of Lorne will carpe right curiously,
Galbraith, Kinloch, when they list them apply:
Into that art are craftie of ingine,
But now of late is start up hastilie,
A cunning Clarke, which writeth craftilie,
A plaint of Poets, called Bellendine.
Whose ornate wits my wit cannot define,
Get he into the court authoritie,
He will precell Quintine and Kennedie.

So though I had ingine, as I have none,
I know not what to write, by swete Saind Iohn
For why: in all the earth of eloquence:
Is nothing left, but barren stock and stone,
The polite teatmes are pulled eberie one,
By these surnamed Poets of pndence,
And since I finde none other new sentence,
I shall declare ere I depart you fro,
The complaint of a wounded Papingo.

Wherfore, because my matter is but rude,
Of sentence and of rhetozicke denude:

Of the Papingo.

To rurall folke my wꝛiting is directed,
Far fleemed from the sight of men of gub:
For cunning men I know will soone conclude,
It nothing dowes, but for to bee deſected:
And when I heare my matter is detracted,
Then ſhall I ſweare I made it but in mowes,
To Landwart Laſſes y milke the Kine & Cwes.

The Complaint of the Papingo.

Ho climbs too hie, perforce his feet muſt
Expꝛeme I ſhall the by experience (ſaile
If y thou pleaſe to heare a piteous taile,
How a faire bird by ſatall violence,
Devoured was and might not make defence,
Contrare the death, ſo failed naturall ſtrength,
As after I ſhall ſhew you at moze length.

A Papingo right pleaſant and perſite
Preſented was to our moſt Noble King:
Of whom his grace a long time had deſite,
Moze faire in forme, I wote flew never on wing.
This proper bird hee gave in governing
To me, which was his ſimple ſerviture,
To which I did my diligence and cure.

To learne her language artifiſſiall,
To play plat-ſcote, and whiſſel-ſcote beſore:
But of her inclination naturall.
Shee counterfaite all fowles leſſe and moze:
Of her courage ſhee would without my loze,
Sing like the Mir.e, and crow like the corke.
Pew like the Gled, and chant like the Laberocke.

The complain

Barke like a Dog, and kekke like a Ka,
Blaitelke an Hog, and buller like a Bull.
Gall like a Gouke, and wepe when she was wa
Climbe on a cord, and laugh, and play thefole:
She might have bene a menstrell against yole,
This blessed bird was to mee so pleasand,
Where eber I fare I bare her on mine hand.

And so befell into a mirthfull morrow,
Into my Garth I past, mee to repose,
This bird and I, as we were wont befor row:
Among the flouzes fresh fragrant and foriose,
My vitall spirits duellie did rejoyce,
When Phcebus rose, and rabe the cloudes sable,
Throug hzyghtnesse of his beames amiable.

Withouth vapour was well purificate.
The temperate aire soft, sober, and serene:
The earth by nature soedificate,
With wholesome herbs, blew, white, red & græne
Which elebate my spirit from the spleane,
That day Saturne and Mars durst not appeare,
Nor Elce from his Cave hee durst not steare.

That day perforce behobed to bee faire,
By influence and course celestail,
No planet pzeassd for to perturb the aire,
For Mercurie by moving naturall,
Eralted was into the Throne triumphall,
Of his mansion, into the fisteene gree.
In his owne soveraigne signe of Virginie.

That day did Phcebus pleasanthe depart,

From

Of the papingo.

From Gemini, and entred into Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart:
Venus that day consigned with Iupiter,
That day Neptunus hid him like a skar,
That day dame Nature with great businesse,
Furthered Fluro to shew her craftinesse.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne,
And Cynthia in Sagitare appeased:
That day deame Ceres, goddess of the Corne,
Full joyfullie Iohn Vpon land she pleased:
The bad respect of Saturne was appeased,
That day by Iuno, of Iupiter the joy,
Perturbing spirits causing to hold cop.

The sound of birds surmounting all the skies,
With melodie of notes muscally:
The balmie drops of dew Titan up dries,
Hanging upon the tender twigs small,
The heauenlie heu and sound Angelicall.
Such perfect pleasures printed in mine heart,
That with great paine frō thence I might depart

So still among those herbes amiable,
I did remaine a space for my pastance:
But worlde pleasures is so variable,
Pierced with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
That thereunto is no comparison.
So might I say, my short solace, alace,
Was dizen in dolour in a little space.

For in that earth among these fragrant floures
Walking alone, none but my bird and I:

The complaint

Unto the time, that I had said mine houres,
This bird I set upon a branch neere by:
But shee began to speake right speedily,
And in that tree did so highlie ascend,
That by no way I might her apprehend.

Swaete bird (said I) beware, mount not too hie
Returue in time, perchance thy seete may failie,
Thou art right fat, and not well usd to flie:
The grædie Gled, I dread shee assailie,
I will (said shee) Vailie quod Vailie,
It is my kinde to climbe aye to the hight,
Of feather and bone I wote will I am wight.

So on the highest little tender twist,
With wings displayed shee sat full wantonly:
But Boreas blew blasts ere eber shee twist,
Which brake the branch, and blew her suddenly.
Downe to the ground with manie a carefull cry.
Upon a stub shee lighted on her bzeast,
The blood rushd out, and shee cryd for a Preist.

GOD wote if then mine heart was woe begone,
To see that fowle flighter among the Flowres,
Which with great mourning ga to mak her mone
Now comming are (said shee) the fatall houres.
Of bitter death now must I thole the showres,
O dame Nature I pray thee of thy grace,
Lend me leasure to speake a little space.

For to complaine my fate infortunate,
And to dispone my goods ere I depart,
Since of all comfort I am desolate:

Alone

Of the Papingo.

Alone, except the death heere with his dart,
With a wfull cheare, readie to pierce mine heart.
And with that word shee tooke a passion,
Then flatlie fell, and swappd into soun.

With sozie heart pierced with compassion,
And salt teares distilling from mine eene:
To heare that Birds lamentation,
I did approach under an Haw-thorne græne:
Where I might heare, and see, and be unsæne,
And when this bird had sounded twise o: thise
Shee began to speake, saying on this wise.

O false fortune, why hast thou mee beguilde?
This day at mozne, who knew this carefull case;
Waine hope, though thee my reason was exilde,
Having such trust into thy fained face:
That ever I was brought to the court, alace,
Had I in forrest floune among my ffæres,
I might full well have lived many yeeres.

Prudent Counsell, alas I did refuse,
Against reason using mine appetite,
Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
That Eolus had mee at great despise:
Poets of mee have matter to endite,
Which clambe so high, and woe is mee therefore,
Not doubting that the death should mee deuoze.

This day at mozne my forme and feathrem faire
Above the proude Peacoke was pzerelling,
And now a catibe carion full of care,
Bathing in blood downe from my heart distilling

And

The complaint

And in mine eare the bell of death is knelling:
A world so false and changeable felicitie:
Fye on thy pryde, avarice, and immundictie.

In thee I see nothing is permanent,
Of thy short solace sorrow is the end:
Thy false infortunate gifts beene to us lent,
This day full proud, the morne nothing to spend,
Oh, yee that doe pretend aye to ascend,
My fattall end have in remembrance,
And you defend from this unhap'ie chance,

Whether that I was stricken in Extasse,
Or through a strong imagination:
But it appeared in my fantasie,
I heard this dolent lamentation:
Thus dulledd into desolation,
She thought this bird did bryebe in her manner,
Her counsell to the King as yee shall heare.

The first epistle of the *Papingo*, directed
to King *James* the fifth.

I Repotent Prince p'ereles of pulchritude,
Gloze, honor, land, triumph, and victorie,
Woe unto thine high excellent celsitude,
With martiall deeds cendign of memorie,
Since Atropus consumed hath my gloze,
And dolent death, alas must us depart:
I leave to thee my true unfained heart.

Together with this Cedull subsequent,
With most reberent recommendation:

Of the Papingo.

I grant thy grace get many document,
By famous Fathers predication:
With many notable Narration,
By pleasant Poets in style heroicall,
How thou should guyde thy seat imperiall.

Some doe deploze the great calamities,
Of diuerse Realmes the transmutation:
Some piteouslie doe treat of Tragedies:
All for thy graces information,
So I intend but adulation,
Into my barren rusticall indyte,
Among the rest (sir) something for to wyte.

Soueraigne, conceiue this simple similitude,
Of officers seruing thy Senepozie: (good
Who guydes them well, get at thy grace great
Who are unjust, degraded are of glozie:
And cancellate out of thy memorie,
Prohibing them moze pleasant in their place,
Belæue right so shall GOD doe with thy grace.

Consider well thou beene Officiare,
And Haile to that King incomparable,
Pleaseth thou to please y^e puissant Prince preclare,
Thy rich reward shall bee inestimable,
Exalted high in gloze interminable,
Above Archangels, vertuous Potestates.
Pleasantlie placed among the Principates.

Of thy vertue Poets perpetuallie,
Shall make mention untill the world bee ended:
If thou exerce thine office prudentlie,

The complaint

In heaven & earth thy grace shalbe commended,
Wherefore effeare that hee bee not offended,
Which hath exalted thee to such honour,
Of his people to bee a governour.

And in the earth hath made such ordinance,
Under thy foete all things terrestriall,
Are subject to thy pleasure and pastance,
Both fowles and fishes, and beasts pastozall:
Men to thy service, and women they are thyall:
Hauking, Hunting, Armes, and lawfull Armour:
Preordinate by God for thy pleasure.

Masters of Musicke to recreate thy spirit,
With daunted voyce and pleasant Instrument:
Thus mayst thou bee of all pleasures replete,
If in thine office thou bee diligent:
But bee thou sound slouthfull and negligent,
Or unjust in thine execution:
Thou shalt not faile diuine punishment.

Wherefore, since thou hast such capacite,
To learne to play so pleasantlie and sing,
Ride horse, run speare, with great audacitie,
Shoote with hand-bow, crose-bow, & culvering.
Among the rest (Sir) learne to bee a King,
Byth on that Craft thy pregnant fresh ingine,
Granted to thee by Influence diuine.

And since the definition of a King,
Is for to haue a people governance:
Addresse thee first, aboue all other thing,
To put thy bodie to such ordinance,

That

Of the papingo.

That thy vertue thine honour may advance:
For how should Princes governe their regions,
That cannot due lie guide their owne persons.

And if thy grace would liue right pleasantlie,
Call thy counsell, and cast on them thy cure,
Their iust decreets defend and fortifie:
Without good counsell, may no Prince long endure:
Work with counsell, then shall thy work be sure.
Chose thy Counsellor of the most sapient,
Without regard to blood, riches, or rent.

Among all other pastime and pleasure,
Now in thy adolescent yeres young,
Would thou each day studie but halfe an houre,
The regiment of Princelie governing,
To thy people it were a pleasant thing,
There mightst thou finde thine owne vocation,
How thou should use the scepter, sword, & crowne.

The Chronicles to know I thee exhort,
Which may bee mirrour to thy maiestie:
There shall thou finde both good and evill report,
Of everie Prince after his qualitie,
Though they be dead, yet their works shall not die
Trust well thou wilt be styled in that storie,
As thou deseruest, be put in memorie.

Requeist that Roy which was rent on the wood,
That to defend from deeds of defame:
That no Poet report of the but good,
For Princes dayes endure but as a dreame,
Since first King Fergus bare a Diademe,

Thou

The complaine

Thou art the last King of fivescore and fife:
And all are dead, and none but thou on live.

Of whose number fiftie and fife were slaine,
And most part of their owne misgovernance:
Wherefore I thee beseech my soveraigne,
Consider of their lives the circumstance:
And when thou knowest y^e cause of their mischance
On Vertue, then exalt thy selfe on hie,
Trusting on GODt' escape that Distinie.

Create each true Baron as hee were thy brother,
Which must at nede, thes and thy realme defend
When suddenlie one doeth oppresse another,
Let Justice mixt with mercie them amend.
Have thou their hearts, thou hast enough: o spend
And by the contrare, thou art but King of bone,
From time that their hearts are from the gone.

I have no leasure for to write at length,
My whole intent unto thine Excellence:
Decreased so I am in wit and strength,
My mortall wound doeth mee such violence,
People of me may have experience:
Because, alas, I was in counselable:
Now must I die a cative miserable.

The second Epistle of the *Papingo*, directed
to his brethren of court.



Brethren of court, with mind precordial
To y^e great God heartly I comend you
Imprint my fall in your memoriall
Together with this Cedul y^e I send you

Of the papingo.

To please ober high, I pray you not pretend you:
The vaine ascense of court who will consider,
Who sits most hie shall finde his seat most siddet

So yē that now bēne lanching up the ladder,
Take hēde in time, fastning yonr fingers fast,
Who climbs most hie, most dint have of the wea-
And least defence against the bitter blast (ther
Of false fortune which never taketh rest:

But now redoubted daylie shee downe thzings,
Pot spairing Popes, Emperours, noz Kings.

Though yē be mounted up abobe the Skyes,
And have both king and court in gobernance:
Some were as high, which now right lowelie lyes
Complaining soze the courts variance:
The pretered time may be Experience,
Which thzogh vaine hope of court did clim so hie
Then lacked wings, whē they thought best to flie.

Since each court is untrust and transitozie,
Changing as oft as Weather-cocke in wind:
Making some glad, and other some right sozie,
For-most this day, the mozne may goe behinde:
Let not vaine hope of court your reason blind,
Trust well some men will gibe you lauds as lozds
That would bee glad to see you hang on cozds.

I durst declare the miserabilitie
Of diuerse courts, were not my time is thort:
The dreadfull Change, Vaine-gloze and vilitie,
The painfull pleasures as Poets doe report:
Sometime in hope, sometime in Discomfort,

And

The complaint

And how some men do spend their youth-hood
In court, and ends into the hospitall.

How some in court are quiet Counsellers,
Without regard to Common-weale of Kings;
Casting their cure for to bee Conquerers,
And when they were high raised in their Reigns
How chang of court them dolefullie down things
And when they be from their estate depoled,
How many of their fall be right rejoyced.

And now fond fained fools and flatterers,
For small service obtaine oft great rewards:
Banders, pike-thanks, custons and clatterers,
Lewys up from lads, then lights among the late
Blasphematours, beggars, and common bards,
Some time in court have more authoritie,
Than devote Doctors of Divinitie.

Who in some court be haires of Belicell,
Full of dissimulate painted flatterie,
Provoking by intoricate counsell:
Princes to whozedome and to harlotrie:
Who doe in Princes print such hasaerie,
I say for me such peart provocatours,
Should punisht bee above all strong traitours.

What travell, trouble, and calamitie,
Have bene in court within these hundred yeeres
What mortall changes, and what miseries?
What noble men bene brought upon their Bares
Cross wel my freinds follow you must your fears
For since in court beene no tranquillitie,
Let not on it your whole felicitie.

Of the papingo.

The court changes oft times with such outrage,
That few or none may make to it resistance,
And spareth not the Prince more than the Page,
As well appeareth by Experience,
The Duke of Rothsey, might make no defence,
Which was pertaining Roy of this region,
But dolefullie deuoured was in prison.

What dead, what dolour had that noble King,
Robert the third: when once he knew the case,
Of his two sons, the dolent departing,
Prince David dead, and James captiue, alas,
To true Scots men which was a carefull case:
Thus may ye know the court is barland,
When blood royall y^e chang may not gainstand.

Who reigne in court more high & triumphand
For Duke Murdocke, while that his day endured
Was he not great Protector of Scotland?
Yet of the court he was not well assured,
It changed so: his king service was smored,
He and his Son faire Walter but remeard,
Fore-fallied were and put to dolefull deard.

King James the first, the patron of prudence,
Gemme of ingine, and pearle of Politie:
Well of iustice, and flood of Eloquence,
Whose vertue doeth transcend my fantasie:
For to describe, yet when he stood most high,
By false & robitant conspiracy,
That prudent Prince was pitiously put downe.
And James the second Roy of great renowne,

The complaint.

Being in his super-excellent glore:
Through rakklesse shooting of a great cannon,
The dolent death, alas, did him deboze,
One thing have bene, of which I marvell more
That fortune had at him such mortall fead,
Through fiftie thousand to waille him by the head.

Myne heart is pierced with paines for to pance
Or for to write that courts variance:
Of Iames the thirde when hee had governance,
The dolour, dread, and desolation:
The change of court, and conspiracyon:
And how that Cochrane with his companie,
That time in court clamb so presumptuouslie.

It had bene good these bairnes had not bene born
By whom that noble Prince was so abused:
They grew as did the weeds among the corne,
That prudent Lords counsell was refused.
And held him quiet as hee had bene included:
Alas, that Prince by their abusyon:
Was finallie brought to confusion.

They clamb so hie, and got such audience,
And with their Prince grew so familiar,
His german brethren might get no presence,
The Duke of Albanie, and the Earle of Mar,
Like banisht men were holden at the bar:
Till in the King there grew such mortall fead,
Hee flamed the Duke, and put the Earle to dead.

And Cochrane with his cative companie,
Them to flee, but yet they wanted feeders,
To the high Cedars of Libanie:

Of the Papingo.

They clambesohie, till they lap ober their ledgers
On Lawder bidge then keeped were in tedders:
Strangled to death, they got none other grace:
Their King catibe, which was a carefull case.

To put in wzite the fate infortunate,
And moztall change perturbeth mine ingine:
By wit beene weake, my fingers fatigate,
To dite o2 wzite the rancour and ruine,
The civile warre, the battell intestine,
How that the Son with banner broad displayed,
Against his father in battell came arrayed.

Would God y day that pzince had been comforted
With sapience of the pzudent Salomon,
And with the strength of Samson beene supported
With the bold host of the great Agamemnon:
What should I wish: remedie there was none.
At mozne a King with scepter, sword, and crown
At night with death a defozmid carion.

Alas, where is that right redoubted Roy:
That potent Pzince, gentle James the seirde,
I pray to Christ his soule so2 to conboy,
A greater Poble never raigne on the Erd,
O Atropus! warie may wee thy weirde,
For hee was mirrour of humilitie,
Lead- starre and lamp of liberalitie.

During his time, so Justice did preballe,
The savage Fles trembled so2 terrour:
Eskdale, Euisdale Liddisdale and Annandal,
Durst not rebell, doubting his vnto2dall.

The Complaint

And of his Lords had such perfect favour,
So for to shew, that he appeared not one,
Out through his Realme he would ride him alone,
And of his court through Europe sprang & came,
Of lustie Lords, and tender Ladies ying,
Triumphant tourneyes, iusting & knightly gam,
With all pastime according for a King,
He was the gloze of Princelike governing,
Who through the ardent love he had to France,
Against England did make his Ordinance.

Of Flandren felde the ruine to rebolue,
Of that most dolent day for to deploze:
I will for dread, lest dolour you desolue,
Shew how that Prince in his triumphant gloze
Destroyed was, what needeth processe moze?
Not by the vertue of English Ordinance,
But by his own wilfull misgovernance.

Alas, that day, had he bene counsellable,
He had obtained land, gloze, and victorie,
Whose piteous processe bene so lamentable:
I sorie for to put in memorie:
I never read in tragedie nor Storie,
At one journey so many Nobles slaine,
For the defence and love of their Soberaigne.
Now, brethren marke into your remembrance,
A mirrour of these mutabilitie,
So may ye know the courts in constance,
When Princes are thus pulled from their Sees,
After wylle leaue, what strange aduersities?

of the Papingo.

What great misrule into this region rang?
What our yōg Prince could neither speak oꝝ gang.

During his tender youth and innocence,
What stouth, what reaf, what murther, & mischāce
There was noght else, but weaking & vengrance:
Into that court, there reigned such variance,
Diverse rulers made diverse oꝝ dñance,
Sometime our Quēne reigned in authozitie,
Sometime the prudent Duke of Albanie.

Sometime the realme was ruled by regents,
Sometime Lieutenants leaders of the Law,
Then reigned so manie disobedients,
That few oꝝ none stood of another aw:
Oppression did so loude his bongle blaw,
That none durst ride but into feare of warre,
John-upon-land that time did losse his Deare.

Who was moꝝe high in honoꝝe levate:
Than was Margret, our high & mightie Princesse
Such power was to her appoziate.
Of King and realme that shee was gobernesse:
Yet came a change within a short pꝛocesse:
That pearle pꝛecleare that lustie pleasant Quēn
Long time into that court durst not be seene.

The Archbishop of S. Andrew, James Beton,
Chancellor and Primate in power pastozall,
Clambe next the King most in this region,
The laddoc shooke, he lap, and got a fall:
Authozitie noꝝ power spirituall,
Riches, friendship, might not that time pꝛebaile

The complaint

When Dame Curia began to stirre her taile.

His high prudence abailde him not a myte,
That time court bare him at such mortall feare,
As prisoner they kept him in despyte:
And sometime wist not where to hide his head:
But disguised like Iohn the Keafe he yead,
Hade not bene Hope bare him such companie,
Hee had bene strangled by melancholie.

What cumber & care was in the court of France
When King Francis was taken prisoner:
The Duke of Burbone amidst his Ordinance,
Died at one stroke, right bailfull brought to Rome
The court of Rome that time came all ariere,
When Pope Clement was put in prison strong,
The noble citie put to confusion.

In England who had greater governance,
Than their triumphant courtlie cardinall,
The common-weale some sayes he did advance,
By equall Justice both to great and small:
There was no prelate unto him peregall,
Englishmen sayes had hee reigne longer space,
Hee had deposed Sainct Peter of his place.

His princelie pompe no? Papall grabitie,
His pallace royall, rich, and radions,
No? yet the flood of superfluetie,
Of his riches, no? travell tedious,
When once Dame Curia helo him odious,
Abaild him not his prudence most profound,
The Ladder brake, and hee fell on the ground.

where

Of the papingo.

Where bæne the doughtie Carles of Douglas
Which royallie into this region rang
Forfault and flaine? What nedeth more processe?
The Carle of March was marshaled them among
Dame Curia them dolefullie downe thzong,
And now of late who clambe more hie among us,
Than did Archbald, sometime the Carle of Angus.

Who with the Prince was more familiar?
For of his grace had more authoritie?
Was hee not great wardane and chancellar,
Yet when hee stood upon his highest grae,
Trusting nothing bot perpetuitie:
Was suddenlie deposed from his place,
Forfault and flamed, he got none other grace.

Wherefore, trust not into authoritie,
My deare bethzen, I pray you heartfullie,
Presume not in your vaine prosperitie,
Confirm your trust in GOD alutterlie:
Syne serbe your Prince with heart entire truelie
And when yee see the court is at the best,
I counsell you then draw you to your rest.

Where is the heigh triumphant court of Troy?
Or Alexander, with his twelve prudent Peers?
Or Iulius that right redoubted Roy?
Agamemnon most worthe in his waeres?
To shew their fine my frayed heart affeeres,
Some murdered were, some poysoned piteouslie
Their carefull courts dispersed dolefullie.

Trust well there is no constant court but one
Where Christ is King whose time interminable

The Complaint

And high triumphant gloze shall neber bee gones
That quiet Court mirthfull and immutable,
Without variance stands aye firme and stable,
Dissemblance, flatterie, noz false Report,
Into that court shall neber get resort.

Trust well my friends this is no fained face,
For who that is in the extreame of dead,
The veritie doubtlesse they should declare,
Without regard to fauour or to fead.
While ye haue time, deare bzyethzen make remead
A dew for euer. of me yee get no moze,
Beseeching GOD to bzing you to his gloze.

A dew Edinburgh, thou high triumphant towne
In whose bounds right mirrillie I haue bene,
Of true marchants the roote of this region,
Most readie to receiue court, King, and Quene,
Thy policie and iustice may bee sene:
Where deuotion, wisedome, and honestie,
And credence lost, they might bee found in thee.

A dew faire Snadowne with thy Towres hie,
Thy chappel. royall, parke and table round:
May, Iune, and Iulie would I dwell in thee.
Where I a man to heare the birds sound,
Which doeth against thy royall rock resound.
A dew Lithgow, whose palace of pleasance,
Might bee a paterne in Portugall or France.

Facewell Falkland, the fozetresse sure of Fife,
Thy polite Parke under the Lowmond Law:
Sometime in thee I led a lustie life,

The

Of the papingo.

Thy fellow Dære to see them take and rāw,
Court-men to come to thee, they stand great awo,
Saying, thy burgh beane of all be:roues bail.
Because in thee they neber got good Aill.

~~~~~  
The comuning betweene the *Papingo*,  
and her holie Executours.

**W**he *P*y perceiv'd the *Papingo* in paine,  
He lighted down, & fained him to greet:  
Sister (said he) alas, who hath you slain  
I pray you make pꝛovision for your sprite  
Dispoone your goods and you confesse compleate:  
I have power by your contrition,  
Of all your misse to give you full remission.

I am (said he) a Channon regular,  
And of my Brethren *P*y your pꝛincipall:  
My white rocket, my cleane life doeth declare,  
The blacke is of the death memoꝛiall:  
Wherefoze I thinke all your goods naturall:  
Should be submitted whole unto my cure,  
Ye know I am an holie creature.

The raven came rousing when he heard y<sup>e</sup> rare  
So did the gled with many a pitteous peew,  
And fainedlie they counterfained great care,  
Sister (said they) your racklesnesse we rewe,  
Now best it is our counsell you ensew:  
Since we pretend to high promotion,  
Religious men of great devotion

# The complaint

I am a blacke Donke, said the ratling Rader,  
So said the Gled, I am an holte Freir:  
And haue power to bring you quicke to heauen,  
It is well known, my conscience beens cleare,  
The blacke Bible pronounce I shall perqueir,  
So to your bzethzen you will giue some good,  
God wote if we had neede of liues soude.

The Bapingo said, Father, by the roode,  
Albeit your rayment bee religious like,  
Your conscience I suspect it bee not good,  
I did perceiue when y<sup>r</sup> bilie y<sup>e</sup> did pyke  
A chicken from an hen, vnder a dyke.  
I grant (said hee) that hen shee was my friend,  
And I that chickenooke but soz my Liend.

You know the Faith, by us must bee sustiend,  
So by the Pope it is p<sup>r</sup>ordinate,  
That spirituall men should liue upon their tiend:  
But well I wote you beens p<sup>r</sup>edestinate,  
In your extreames to bee so fortunat.  
To haue such holie consolation,  
Wherefore we make you exhortation.

Since Dame Nature hath granted you such gr<sup>a</sup>de  
Leasure to make confession generall:  
Shew sozth your sin in time while you haue space  
Then of your goods make a memozi<sup>a</sup>ll,  
Wee th<sup>r</sup>e shall make your feast funerall:  
And with great blisse burie wee shall your bones,  
Then trentals twentie trattle all at ones.

The Roks shall reare the men shall on them rewe  
And cry Commemoratio animarum,

## Of the Papingo.

Wē shall make chickens peepe, & gaislings peepe,  
Althought the geese & hens should make alarum,  
And wē shall serue secundum usum Sarum,  
And make you safe, wē finde S. Blase to brygh,  
Crying for you the carefull cozynough.

And wē shall sing about your Sepulture,  
S. Mungeos matines, and the make cræde:  
And then devoutly say, I you assure,  
The olde Placebo backward on the beede,  
And wē shall weare for you the mourning weed:  
And though your sprit with Pluto were possess,  
Deuotellie shall your dirigie bee best.

Father (said hee) your facound words faire,  
Full soze I dread, bee contrair to your daedes:  
The wiues of the villages cryes with care,  
When they perceiue ye mow orthwart their meads  
Your false conceit both ducke, & drake soze dreads  
I marvell soothly, that yee bee not ashamed,  
For your default, bæing so soze defamed.

I doeth abhoze my peeze perturbed spirit,  
To make to you anie confession:  
It heare men say, you are an Hypocrite,  
Exempted from the sennyie of the session:  
To put my goods in your possession,  
That will I not, so helpe mee Dame Nature,  
For of my corps I will giue you no cure.

But if I had the noble nightingall,  
The gentle Jay, the Perle and Turtle trew,  
Mine obsequies and feastes funerall:



## The Complaint

Oder they would with notes of the new,  
The pleasant powne most Angel-like of hew,  
Would God I were with him this day confest  
And my devise duelie by him addrest.

The mirthfull mavis, with the gay gold-spink,  
The lustie lark would God they were present:  
Mine infortune so sooth they would so thinke,  
And comfort mee that beene so impotent,  
The swift swallow in practice most prudent,  
I know thee would my bleeding staunch belibe,  
With her most vertuous stone restringitive.

Count mee the case under confession,  
The gled said pouldie to the papingo,  
And wee shall sweare by your profession:  
Counsell to keepe, and shew it to no moe:  
Woe thee beseech ere thou depart us fro,  
Declare to us some causes reasonable.  
Why wee are holden so abominable.

By thy travell thou hast experience,  
First being bred into the Orient:  
Then by thy good service and diligence,  
To Princes made here in the Occident.  
Thou knowest the bulgare peoples judgement,  
Where thou transcurred the hote Meridionall.  
Then next the Pole the plage septentrionall.

So by thine high ingine superlative,  
Of all countries thou knowest the qualities,  
Wherefore I thee conjure by God on live,  
The veritie declare withoutten lies.

of the Papingo.

What thou hast heard by lands or by seas,  
Of us church men, both good and evill report,  
And how they iudge, shew us, woe thee exhort.

Father (said shee) I catibe creature,  
Dare not presume with such matter to melle:  
Of your Cases, ye know, I have no care,  
Demand them which with prudence doe excell,  
I may not sell, my paines beane so sell:  
Also perchance ye will not stand content,  
To know the vulgare peoples iudgement.

Yet will the death lyttle with-draw his dart,  
All that lyeth in my memorizall:  
I shall declare with true unfained heart:  
And first I say to you in generall,  
The common people sayeth, ye be all  
Degenerate from your holie primitives,  
As testifies the pzoesse of your lives.

Of your peyleffe prudent predeceffours,  
The beginning I grant was verie good:  
Apostles, martyres, birgines, and confessours,  
The sound of their excellent sanctitude,  
Was heard over all the world, by land and flood:  
Planting the faith by pzedication,  
As CHRIST had made to them narration.

To fortifie the faith they tooke no feare,  
Before princes, pzeaching full prudentlie,  
Of dolorous death they doubted not the deare,  
The veritie declaring ferventlie,  
And martyrdome they suffered patientlie,  
Then

## The complaint

Then tooke no care of Lands, Riches, nor Rent,  
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.

To shew their works at length were great wonder  
Whose miracles they were so manifest:  
In name of Christ they healed many hunder,  
Raising the dead, and purging the posselt,  
With perberse spirits which had bene opprest:  
The crooked ran, the blind men got their eene,  
The deafe men heard, & leppers were made cleane.

The pzelates spoused were with pobertie,  
Into those dayes when they flourisht with fame,  
And with her generadiable chastitie,  
And Dame Devotion notable of name,  
Humble they were, simple and full of shame:  
Thus chastitie and dame devotion,  
Were principall cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life devine,  
A ye till their reigned in Romes great citie,  
A potent Prince was named Constantine.  
Perceibed the Church had spoused pobertie,  
With good intent, and moved with pitie,  
Cause of divorce hee put betwene them two,  
And parted them withoutten words mo.

Then shortlie with a great solemnitie,  
Withoutten any dispensation,  
The Church he spoused with deame proprietie,  
Which hastily by proclamation,  
To pobertie can doe make narration,  
Under the paine of piercing of her eene,  
With the Church she never should bee seene.



## Of the papingo.

Sylvester that time reign'd Pope in Rome,  
Which first consented to the marriage,  
Of propertie of which began the blome,  
Taking the cure on her with high courage:  
Devotion drew her on an hermitage,  
When shee considered Ladies propertie,  
So high exalted into dignitie.

O Sylvester! where was thy discretion?  
Which Peter did renounce, thou didst receive:  
Andrew and Iohn they did leave their possession,  
Their ships and nets, their lynes, and all the labe  
Of temporall substance nothing would they have  
Contrarious to their contemplation,  
But soberlie their sustentation.

Iohn the Baptist went to the wilderness,  
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalene:  
Left heritage, and goods, both more and lesse:  
Prudent S. Paul thought propertie prophane,  
From towne to towne he ran in wind and raine,  
Upon his fecte, teaching the word of grace,  
And never was subjected to riches.

The Gled said, yet I heare nothing but good,  
Proceede shortly, and thy matter adbane,  
The Papingo said, father by the rood,  
It were too long to shew the circumstance,  
How propertie with her new alliance,  
Grew great with child, as true men to me told,  
And bare two daughters goodlie to behold.

The eldest daughter named was Riches,

The

## The complaint

The second Sister Sensuality  
Which did increase within a short processe,  
Per-plesant to the Spirituallitie.  
In great substance, and excellent beauty,  
These Ladies two grew so within few yeres,  
That in the world was none might be their peers.

Thus royall Riches and Lady Sensuall  
From that time forth they took whole governance  
Of the most part of the Spirituall  
And they again with humble obseruance,  
Amorously their wits they did aduance,  
As true lovers their Lady for to please,  
God wote if then their hearts were right at ease.

Some they forget to study, pray, and preach,  
They grew so subject to Dame Sensuall:  
And thought but pain poore people for to teach:  
Yet they decreed it into their counsaill:  
They would no more to marriage bee thzall,  
Trusting surely to obserbe Chastity,  
And all beguild said Sensuallity.

Appearantly they did expell their wiues,  
That they might liue at large without thirllage,  
At liberty to lead their lusty liues,  
Thinking men thzall that bene in marriage:  
For new faces prouock do new courage,  
Thus Chastity they turn into delite,  
Wanting of wiues bene cause of appetite.

Dame Chastity did steale away for shame,  
When once she did perceiue their purbeyance:

Dame

## Of the papingo.

Dame Sensuall a letter did proclaim,  
And her exiled Italie and France:

In England could shee get none ordinance:

Then to the King and the court of Scotland,

Shee turned her withoutten more demand.

Trusting into that court to get comfort,

Shee made her humble supplicatton:

Whortlie they said, shee should get no support,

But threatned her with blasphemation:

To Priests goe make your protestation,

It is (said they) many an hundredth yere,

Since chastitie had anie entrance here.

Tyred for travell, shee to the Priests pass,

And to the rulers of religion:

Of her presence whortlie they were agast.

Saying, they thought it but abusson,

Her to receiue: so with conclusion,

With one advise decreeted and gave doome,

They would receit no rebell out of Rome.

Should wee receiue that Romanes have refused,

And banisht England, Italie, and France:

For your flatterie? then were wee well abused,

Pass hence (said they) & fast your wayes advance

Among the Nunnes goe seeke your ordinance,

For wee have made oath of fidelitie,

To Dame riches, and sensualitie.

Then patientlie shee made progression,

Toward the Nunnes with heart sighing full soze,

They gave her presence with procession,



Complaint  
Receiuing her with honour, laude, and gloze  
Purposing to p̄serue hir evermore:  
Of that nobels came to dame p̄opertie,  
To riches, and to sensualitie.

Which sped them at the post right sp̄edilie,  
And set a sledge p̄ouodie about that place:  
The sillie Nunnes did yeelde them hastilie,  
And humble of that guilt they asked grace,  
Then gat e their bandes of perpetuall peace,  
Receiuing them, they cast up doores wide,  
Then chastitie there no longer might byde.

So for refuge fast to the friers shee fled,  
Who said they would of ladies take no cure:  
Where is shee now, then said the gr̄euous glebe:  
Not among you (said shee) I you assure,  
I trust shee be upon the Borrow-Moore,  
By south Edinburgh & that right many meanes,  
P̄fess among the sisters of the Seans.

Where hath shee found her mother povertie,  
And deuotion her owne sister carnall:  
Where hath shee found faith, hope, and charitie,  
Together with the vertuous Cardinall,  
Where hath shee found a convent yet unthzall.  
To Dame Sensuall, noz with Riches abused,  
So quietlie these ladies are enclosed.

The Wyat said I dread that they assailed,  
They render them, as did the holie Nunnes,  
Doubt not (said shee) for they are so artailed.  
They purpose to defende them with their gunnes

## of the Papingo.

readie to shoote they haue fire great cannons:  
perseuerance, constance, and conscience,  
aueritie, labour, and abstinence.

To resist subtile sensualitie,  
stronglie they are enarmed féele and hands:  
by abstinence and kepted povertie,  
Contrare riches, and all her false serbands.  
They haue a Bombard bzased up in bands,  
To keepe their port in midst of their close,  
Which is called, Domine custodi nos.

Within whose shot there dare none enemies  
Approach their place, for dread of dints doure:  
Both night and day they worke as busie bees,  
For their defence readie to stand in stoure.  
And haue such watches on their utter toure,  
That daung Sensuall with sledge dare not assaillie  
Nor come within the shot of their artailie.

The pyat said, whereto should they presume,  
For to resist sweete Sensualitie:

O, Dame Riches which rulers are at Rome,  
Are they moze constant in their qualitie,  
Than the W:inces of spiritualitie,  
Which pleasantlie withoutten obstacle,  
Haue them receiued in their habitacle?

How long trust ye these ladies shall remaine,  
So solitare in such perfection?

The Papingo said brother in certaine,  
So long as thy obey correction.

Choosing their heads by elegion,

The complaint

W<sup>th</sup> all to riches and to povertie,  
But as requireth their necessitie.

O prudent p<sup>re</sup>lates, where was your p<sup>re</sup>science?  
That tooke in hand to obserbe chastitie,  
But austere life, labour, and abstinence,  
Perceiue y<sup>e</sup> not the great prosperitie:  
Apparantie to come of p<sup>ro</sup>pertie?  
Y<sup>e</sup> know good cheare, great ease, and idlenesse,  
To lecherie was mother and mistresse.

Thou rab'<sup>st</sup> unroked, the raven said by the rood  
So to rep<sup>ro</sup>b<sup>e</sup> riches or p<sup>ro</sup>pertie:  
Abraham and Isaac were rich and verie good,  
Jacob and Ioseph had p<sup>ro</sup>speritie:  
The papingo said, that is of veritie:  
Riches I grant is not to be refused,  
P<sup>ro</sup>viding als that they be not abused.

Then laid the raven a replication,  
And said, thy reason is not worth a myte,  
As I shall p<sup>ro</sup>b<sup>e</sup> with p<sup>ro</sup>testation:  
That no man take my word into despise,  
I say the temporall p<sup>ri</sup>nces have the wyte,  
That in the Church such p<sup>as</sup>to<sup>rs</sup> do p<sup>ro</sup>vide,  
To governe soules, themselves that cannot guide

Long time after the Church tooke p<sup>ro</sup>pertie,  
The p<sup>re</sup>lates lived in great perfection,  
W<sup>th</sup> all to riches or sensualitie,  
W<sup>nder</sup> the holie spirites p<sup>ro</sup>tection,  
O<sup>rd</sup>erlie chosen by election:  
As Gregore, Ierome, Ambrose. and Augustine,  
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Clece, and Linc.



Of the papingo.

Such patient prelates, entered by the post,  
Pleasing the people by predication,  
Now dyke-lowers doe in the Church resort;  
By symonie and supplication,  
Of Princes, by their presentation:  
So sillie soules, that are the Lords Sheepe,  
Are given to hungrie ravenous wolbes to keepe.

No marveill is though we religious men,  
Degenerated be, and in our life confused:  
But sing and drinke, none other craft we ken,  
Our spirituall fathers have so us abused:  
Against our will these traitours bene intrused:  
Laicke men have now religious men in cures,  
Profest Virgines in keeping of strong whores:

Princes Princes, where is your high prudence?  
In disposition of your benefices?

The guardoning of your courticiens,  
As some cause of these great enormities:  
There is a sort waiting like hungrie flies,  
For spirituall cure, though they be nothing able,  
Whose greedie thirst bene ay insatiable,

Princes I pray you be no more abused,  
To vertuous men having so small regard:  
Why should vertue through flatterie be refused,  
That men of cunning can get no reward:  
Alas, that ever a brazier or a baird,  
A whore-master, or common basarture,  
Should in the Church get anie kinde of cure.

Where I am a man worthe to weare a crowne,

## The Complaint

As when there wanted any benefices,  
I should cause call a congregation:  
The principall of all the prelacies,  
Most cunning clarkes of vniuersities,  
Most famous fathers of religion,  
With their aduise make disposition.

I should dispoſe all Offices pastoral,  
To doctozs of diuinitie or iure:  
And cause vaine Vertue pull up all her sailes,  
When cunning men had in the church most caile,  
Cause lordes send their sons, I you assure,  
To seeke science, & famous schooles frequent,  
Then them promote that were most sapient,

Great pleasure't were to heare a bishop preach,  
A Deane, or Doctoz of diuinitie:  
An Abbot which could well the conuent teach,  
A parson flowing in philosophie:  
I tise my time to wish which will not be,  
Where not the preaching of the begging friers  
Lost were the faith among the seculars.

As for their preaching (said the Papingo)  
I them excuse: for why? they be so thral,  
To propertie, and her digne daughters two,  
Vaine Riches, and faire ladie Sensuall,  
They may not use no pastime spirituall,  
And in their habites they take such delite,  
They haue refused russet and rapluch white,

Taking to them scarlet and cramosse,  
With meneber, mertrick, greene and rich armine  
Thei

of the Papingo.

Their lowe heartes exalted are so hie,  
To see their papall pomp it is a pine,  
How rich array is now with scinyles fine,  
Upon the bairding of a Bishops moole,  
Than ever had Peter or Paul against Poole.

Then faire ladies their chaine may not escape,  
Dames Sensuall such seede in them bes sowne,  
Lesse skaith it were, with licence of the Pope,  
That each prelate a wife had of his owne,  
Thee & their bastards throughout the countrey blown  
For now be they well commed from the schooles,  
They fall to worke as they were common bulles.

Wew (said the Gled) thou preacheest all in vaine,  
For secular folk have of your case no cures:  
I grant (said shee) yet men will speake againe,  
How ye have made an hundred thousand hures,  
Which had not bin, were not your lecherous lures  
And if I lie heartlie I mee repent,  
Was never bird I know more penitent.

Then shee her shawe with devote countenance,  
To that false Gled, which fained him a scier,  
And when shee had fulfilled her pennance,  
Full subtiltie at her hee can enquire.

Choose you (said shee) which of us brethren here  
Shall have of your natural goods the cures,  
You know none beene more holie creatures.

I am content (said the poore Papingo)  
That you Frier Gled, & Corby monk your brother  
Have cure of all my goods and eke no more:



## The complaint

Since at this time friendship I finde none other,  
Whe shall bee to you true, as to our mother,  
( Said they ) and swoze to fullfill her intent:  
Of that ( said shee ) I take an instrument

The pyat said, what shall mine office bee,  
O ver-man ( said shee ) unto the other two:  
The rousing reaven said swæte sister let see,  
Pour whole intent, for it is tyme to goe:  
The grædie Gled said brother doe not so,  
Whe will remaine, and heere hold up her head,  
And never depart from her till shee bee dead.

The papingo them thanked tenderlie,  
And said, since yee have tane on you the cure,  
Then part my naturall goods equallie,  
What ever I had or have of dame nature.  
First to the houlet indigent and poore,  
Which on the day for shame dare not bee seene,  
To her I leave my gay galbert of greene.

My bright depured eyes as chrystall cleare,  
Unto the backe yee shall them both present:  
In Phæbus presence which dare not appeare,  
Of naturall sight shee is so impotent:  
My birnisht becke I leave with good intent,  
Unto the gentle piteous pelicane,  
To helpe to pierce her tender heart in twaine.

I leave the Conke which have no song but one,  
My musicke with my voyce angelicall,  
And to the goose give yee when I am gone,  
Mine eloquence and tongue rhetozicall,

And

Of the Papingo.

And take and dꝛy my bones great and small,  
Then close them in a case of Ebur fine,  
And them present unto the Phoenix syne.

To burne with her when shæ her life renewes,  
In Arabie yæ shall her finde but wære:  
And shall her know by her most heauenlie beuies,  
Gold, azure, gowles, purple and syneper,  
Her date is for to liue fife hundreth yæres:  
Make to that bird my commendation:  
Also I make you supplicacion.

Since of my corps I haue you giben the cure,  
Yæ speade you to the court but tarrying,  
And take mine heart of perfect postrature,  
And it present unto my soveraigne King.  
I know hæ will it close into a ring:  
Commend me to his grace I you exhort,  
And of my passion make him true report.

Yæ thꝛee my trypes shall haue for your trabell,  
With liber and lung to part equall among you  
Paying Pluto the potent prince of hell,  
If yæ faille, that in his nete hæ sang you,  
Bæ to me true, though I nothing belong you,  
Soze I suspect your conscience bæne too large,  
Doubt not (said they) wæ take it with the charge.

Adew bꝛethꝛen, said the poore Papingo,  
To talke now moze, I haue no time to tarrie,  
But since my spirit most from my bodie goe,  
I recommend it to the Quæne of farie.  
Eternallie into her court to tarrie,

## The complaint

In wilder nesse among the holts bore,  
Then she inclinde her head, and spake no more.

Plunged into her mortall passion,  
Full grielouslie she gripped to the ground:  
It were too long to make narration,  
With sighs full soze, with many song & sound,  
Out of the wound the blood did so abound,  
A compasse round was with her blood made red,  
Without remead there is nothing but dead.

And by shee had in manus tuas said,  
Extincted were her naturall wits side:  
Her head full softlie on her shoulders laid,  
Then yeld the sprit with paines pungitive,  
The Raven began rudlie to rug and rive,  
Full Radenous like, his emptie throate to saie:  
Eate softlie brother (said the grædie Gled)

While shee is hote, let part her eben among us  
Take thou one halfe, and reach to mee the other:  
Into our right I wote no wight dare wrong us,  
The Pyat said, the fiende receive the other,  
Why make you me they-bairne, & I you & brother?  
You doe mee wrong (sir Gled) I shew your heart  
Take there said hee, the puddings for thy part.

Then wote yee well my heart was wonder faire,  
For to behol'd that dolent departing:  
Her angel-feathers flying in the aire:  
Except the heart, was left of her nothing:  
The Pyat said, that pertaines to the King,  
Which to his grace I purpose to present,  
(said the Gled) shalt faile of thine intent.



Of the Papingo.

The Raven said, GOD noz I care in a rope,  
If thou get this to either King or Duke:  
The Papat said, plaint I not to the Pope:  
Than in a smiddie I be smorde with smoke.  
With that the Gled the piece caught in his cloke,  
And fled his way, the rest with all their might,  
To chase the Gled, flew all out of my sight,

Now have ye heard this little tragedie,  
The soze complaint, the testament and mischance  
Of this poore bird, which did ascend so hie:  
Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,  
And rude endite, which is not to aduance:  
And to the Queene I giue commandement,  
Take no repaire where Poets beane present.

Because thou beane of Rhetoricke so denude,  
Be neuer seene nere hand none other booke:  
With King noz Queene, with lord, noz man of good  
With coate uncleane claime kintred to some Cook  
Steale in a nooke, when they list on the looke:  
For smell of smooke men will abhoze to heare thee  
Here I forswear thee, wherefoze to lark go lear thee

The dreame of Sir DAVID LYNDESAY of the  
Mount Knight, familiar servitour to our Sove-  
raigne Lord, King *James* the fifth, &c.

The Epistle to the Kings Grace.

**I**ght potent Prince, of hie imperial blood  
Unto thy grace I trust it be well known  
By service done unto thy celsitude,  
Which needeth not at length for to be shoun

## The Epistle

And though my youth-hood néere bee oberblotne,  
Ererc'd in service of your Excellence,  
Hope hath mee height a goodlie recompence.

When thou wast young, I bare thee in mine arme  
Full tenderlie till thou began to gang:  
And in thy bed oft happed the full warme,  
With lute in hand, then sweetlie to thee sang,  
Sometime in dancing fierielie I flang,  
And sometime playing fairles on the flure,  
And sometime on mine office taking cure.

And sometime like a fiend transfigure,  
And sometime like a grælie ghost of gy:  
In diuerse formes oft times disfigure,  
And sometimes disguisde full pleasantly,  
So since thy birth, I have continuallie  
Bene exercisde, and aye to thy pleasure,  
And sometimes steward, capper, and carbour.

Thy purse-master, and secret thesaurer,  
Thine iher aye since thy nativitie:  
And of thy chamber chiefe cubicularer,  
Whilch to this houre have kept my lawtie,  
Loving bee to the blessed trinitie,  
That such a wretched woyme have made so able,  
To such a Prince to bee so agreable.

But now thou art by influence naturall,  
High of ingine, and right inquisitive:  
Of antique stories, and dédes martiall,  
More pleasantlie the time so to oberdye,  
I have at length the stories to describe,

To the Kings Grace.

Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Iulius,  
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.


Of Iason and Medea all at length,  
Of Hercules the acts honourable:  
And of Samson supernaturall strength,  
And of the leale lovers the stories amiable.  
And oft times have I fained manie a fable,  
Of Troilus the sorrow and the joy,  
And sedges all of Tyre, Thebes, and Troy.

The prophecies of Rymour, Beed, and Merling,  
And manie other pleasant hystorie.

Of the red Etin, and the Gyre Carling:  
Comforting thee when that I saw the sozie,  
Now with support of the King of glorie,  
I shall thee shew a storie of the new,  
The which befoze I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thine excellence,  
With orate tearmes though I cannot expresse:  
This simple matter, for lacke of eloquence.  
Yet notwithstanding all my busynesse,  
With heayt and hand my minde I will addresse,  
As I best can, and most compe ndeous,  
Now I begin, the matter hapned thus.

THE PROLOGVE

 Ato the kalends of Ianuarie.  
When fresh Phoebus by moving circular;  
From Capricorne was entred in Aquarie  
With blasts that had the bzyanches made full bare.  
The



## The Prologue

The snow and flæte perturbed all the Aire,  
And flæmed Flora from euerie banke and bush  
Thzough support of the austere Eolus.

After that I the long-some winter-night,  
Had lpen waking in my bed alone:  
Thzough heaby thought, þ no way slæpe I might  
Remembzng of diuerse things by-gone:  
So up I rose, and clothed me anone:  
By this faire Tiran with his beames light,  
Ouer the world had spzed his banner bright.

With cloake and hood I dressed me belibe,  
With double shoes and mittaines on mine hands  
Albeit the aire was right penetratibe,  
Yet fure I forth, lanching ouerthzough the lands  
Toward the sea, to sport me on the sands,  
Because unblowned was both banke and bray,  
And so as I was passing by the way.

I met Dame Flora in doyle-wæde disguised,  
Which into May was dulce and delectable,  
With sturdy stormes her swatnes was supp:ised  
Her heauenlie helwes were turned into sable:  
Which sometime were to lovers amiable:  
Fled from the frost the tender floures I saw,  
Under Dame Natures Mantle lurking law.

The small soules in flockes saw I flæ,  
To Nature making lamentation:  
They lighted down beside mee on a tree,  
Of their complaint I had compassion:  
And with a pittreous exclamation,

They

## The Prologue.

They said, blessed be summer with thy floures,  
And warded be thou winter with thy shoures.

Alas Aurora the sillie larkie can cry,  
Where hast thou left thy balmie liquor swete?  
That us rejoyced, we mounting in the sky  
Thy silber droppes are turned into flæte:  
O faire Phœbus, where is thy wholesome beate?  
Why sufferest thou thine heauenlie pleasant face  
With mistie vapours to be obscurde, alace?

Where art thou May? with Iune thy sister thine  
Well bordered with desires of delight?  
And gentle Iulie with thy mantle greene,  
Enbalmèd, with roses both red and white?  
How olde and cold Ianuarie in despise,  
Keaves from us all pastime and pleasure:  
Alas, what gentle heart may this endure?

Overspied are with cloudes odious,  
The golden skies of the orient:  
Changing in sorrowing song melodious,  
Which wee had wont to sing with good intent,  
Resounding to the heabens firmament:  
But now our day is changed into night,  
With that they rose, and flew out of my sight.

Pensive in heart passing full soberlie,  
Unto the sea, forwarde I past anone:  
The sea was out, the sand was smooth and dry,  
Then up and downe I mused mine alone,  
Till that I spied a little cave of stone,  
High in a crage, upward I did approach,  
Without staying, and clambd up to the roach.

## The Prologue.

And purposed for passing of the time,  
Me to defend from otiositie:  
With pen and paper to register in time,  
Some merrie matter of antiquitie,  
But idlenesse ground of iniquity  
Shee made so dull my spirites mee within,  
That I knew not at what end to begin.

But late still in that cave, where I might see,  
The waltering of the waves up and downe:  
And this false worlds instabilitie,  
Unto the sea making comparison,  
And of this wretched worlds variation,  
To them that fires all their whole intent,  
Considering who most had, should most repent,

So with mine hood I happed mee full warme,  
And in my cloake I folded both my feet:  
I thought my corps with cold should take no harme  
My mittaines held mine hands full in heate,  
The scoulling rocke mee covered from the sleet:  
Where still did I sit my bones for to rest,  
Till Morpheus with sleepe my spirit opprest.

So through the boisterous blasts of Eolus,  
And through my waking on the night before:  
And through the seas moving marvellous,  
By Neptunus, with many rout and roare,  
Constrained I was to sleepe, withoutten more,  
And what I dreamed in conclusion,  
I shall you tell a most marvellous vision.

The dreame of Sir David Lindsay.

I thought



Sir David Lyndesay.

**T**hought a ladie of poꝛtrature perfitte,  
Did salute me with benigne countenance  
And I which of her pꝛesence had delite,  
To her againe made humble reuerence,  
And her demanded saviꝝg her pleasure,  
What was her name? she answered courteously  
Dame Remembrance (said shee) called am I.

Which commed is foꝛ pastime and pleasure  
Of thee and foꝛ to beare thee companie:  
Because I see thy spirit without measure,  
So soꝛe perturbed by melancholie,  
Causing thy coꝛps to waꝛe cold and drie,  
Therefore get up and goe anone with mee,  
Sotwere we both in twinkling of an eye.

Down through the earth in midst of the center,  
Ere eber I wist, into the lowest Hell:  
And in that carefull cave when we did enter,  
Pouting and yowling we heard with many yell.  
In flame of fire right furious and fell,  
Was crying many carefull Creature,  
Blaspheming GOD, and warging Nature.

There saw we diuerse Popes and Emperours,  
Without recorde manie carefull King:  
There saw we many wzongous conquerours,  
Withouften right reauers of others reignes:  
The men of Church lay bonden into bings,  
There saw we many carefull Cardinall,  
And Archbishops in their pontificall.

Proud and perberse Prelates out of number,

## The dreame of

P:poys, Abbots, and false flattring Friers,  
To specifie them all, it were a cumber.  
Regulare Channons, churle Monks, Chatterers  
Carious Clarkes, and P:ests seculares:  
There was some part of each religion,  
In holie Church which did abusion.

Then I demanded dame Rememberance,  
The cause of these P:elates punition.  
Shee said, the cause of their unhappie chance,  
Was covetous lust, and ambition:  
The which now makes them lacke fruition  
Of God, and heere eternallie must dwell,  
Into this painfull poysoned pit of Hell.

And they did not instruct the ignorant,  
P:obocking them to penitence by p:eaching,  
But serbed wo:ldlie P:inces insolent,  
And were promoted by their fained flatching,  
Not so: their science, wisdom, no: their teaching  
By simonie was their promotion.  
More so: deniers, than so: devotion.

Another cause of the punition,  
Of these unhappie P:elates imprudent,  
They made not equall distribution,  
Of holie Church, Patrimonie no: rent,  
But tempozallie they have it all mispent,  
Which should have bene triparted into thre:  
First, to uphold the Church in honestie.

The second part to sustaine their estates,  
The thirde part, to be given to the poores:

Sir David Lyndelay:

But they dispone these goods all other gages,  
On cards and dyce, on harlotrie and whoozes,  
Those catibes tooke no count of their cures:  
Their Church ruine, their ladies cleanlye cled,  
And richlie ruled both on boorde and bed.

Their bastard barnes proublie they prouided,  
The Church-goods largely they did on them spend  
In their default their subdites were misguided,  
And counted not their God soz to offend,  
Which canso them lacke grace at the latter end.  
Ruling that rout I saw in cuppes of bzasse.  
Simon Magus, and Bishop Caiaphas.

Bishop Annas and the frastour Iudas,  
Mahomite that prophet paysonable:  
Chore Dathan, and Abiram there was,  
Heretickes wee saw innumerable:  
It was a sight right wondrous lamentable,  
How that they lay into these flames flouting,  
With carefull cryes, soze groaning and weeping

Religious men were punisht painefullie,  
For vaine-glozie and disobedience,  
Breaking their constitutions wilfullie,  
Not having their ober-men in reuerence.  
To know their rule they tooke no diligence:  
Unlawfullie they used propertie,  
Passing the bounds of wilfull povertie.

Full soze weeping with voyces lamentable,  
They cryed loude, O emperour Constantine!  
Wee may wyte thy possession paysonable,



## The dreame of

Of all our great punition and paine.  
Albeit they purpose was to a good fine,  
Thou banisht from us true deuotion,  
Hauing such eye to our promotion.

There wee beheld a den full dolorous,  
Where that Princes and Lords temporal,  
Were cruciate with paines rigozous:  
But to expzeame their paines in speciall,  
It doeth exceede all my memorzall:  
Importable paine they had but comforting,  
Their blood royall made them no suppoztng.

Some catiue Kings for cruell oppzeSSION,  
And other some for their wrongous conquest,  
Were condemned they and their succession:  
Some for publicke adulterie and incest,  
Some suffered people neuer to liue in rest,  
Delitting so in pleasure sensuall.  
Wherefoze their paine was there perpetuall.

There was the curled emperour Nero,  
Of eberie vice the horrible bestell:  
There was Pharaoh with manie Princes moe,  
OppzeSSours of the childzen of Israel,  
Herod, with many moe than I can tell,  
Ponce Pilate was there hanged by the halfe,  
With unjust iudges for their sentence false.

Dukes, marquesses, earles, barons, and knights  
With their Princes was punisht painfully,  
Particpant they were of their unrights:  
And so he went, and let those Lords lye.

And

730

Sir David Lyndesay.

And saw where ladies lamentable,  
Like mad Lyons were carefullie crying,  
In flame of fire right furiously crying.

Empresses, Quænes, and Ladies of honour,  
Many Duches, and countesse full of care:  
They peirst mine heart, these tender creatures,  
So pined in that pit full of dispare,  
Plunged in paine with manie ruthfull rare,  
Some for their pride, some for adulterie,  
For their tyling of men to lecherie.

Some had bene cruell and malicious,  
Some for making of wrongous heritours:  
For to rehearse their lives bitious,  
It were a great stay to the auditors,  
Of lecherie they were the verie lurs,  
With their provocative impudicte,  
Brought many a man to infelicitie.

Some women for their pusillanimitie,  
Over-set with shame they did them never shrybe:  
Of secret sins done into quietie,  
And some repented never in their live:  
Withouften ruth those cruellians did them rive,  
Rigoorouslie without any compassion,  
Great was their dole and lamentation.

That wee were made, they cryed full oft, alace  
Thus tormented with paines intollerable:  
Was mended not when wee had time and space:  
But tooke in earth our lusses delectable,  
Wherefoze with fiends ugly and horrible,

## The dreame of

Which are condemned for evermore, alace,  
Eternallie withoutten hope of grace

Where is the meate and drinke delicious,  
With which we fed our carefull carions:  
Gold, silber, silke, and pearles precious:  
Our riches, rents, and our possessions:  
Withoutten hope of our remissions:  
Alas our paines they are insufferable,  
And our torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld where manie a thousand  
Common people lay slightring in the fire:  
Of euerie stat there was a bailfull band.  
There might be seene manie a sorrowfull sye,  
Some for envie suffered, and some for yre,  
And some for lacke of restitution,  
Of wongous goods without remission.

Hensworn merchands for their wongous wining  
Houders of gold, and common userers:  
Falle men of law in cantels right cunning:  
Theeves, reabers, and publicke oppzessers,  
Some part there were of unleale labourers:  
Craftsmen there saw we out of number,  
Of each sort to declare it were a cumber.

Also long some for mee for to endite,  
Of this prison the paines in speciall  
The heat, the cold, the dolour and despise,  
Wherefore I speake to them in generall:  
That dolesull denne, that for nace infernall,  
Whose reward is to rewe without remead,  
Dying, and never to be dead,



Sir David Lyndelay.

Hunger, and thirst in stead of meat and drink  
And for their cloathing, toads and scorpions:  
That darke mansion is taped with stinks,  
They see nothing, but horrible visions:  
They have but scornes and derisions,  
Of foule fiends, and blasphemations,  
Their feeling is importable passions.

For melodie miserable mourning,  
There is no solace, but dolour infinite,  
In bailfull beds bitterlie burning,  
With sobbing, sighing, sorrow, and with spyt,  
Their consciences their heartes so did byt,  
To heare them flyt, it was a cause of care  
So in despyte plunged into despare.

A little aboue that dolorous dungeon,  
Which entred in a countrie full of caire:  
Where that wee saw many a legion  
Weeping and howling with many acuthful raire  
What place is that (said I) of blisse so bare:  
She answered, and said, Purgatory,  
Which purgeth soules ere they come to glozy.

I see no pleasure heere but meekle paine,  
Wherefore said I, leaue we this sort in vayne  
I purposeneber to come heere againe.  
But yet I doe believe, and euer shall,  
That the true Church can no way ere at all,  
Such things to be as Clarkes doe conclude,  
Albeit my hope stands most in Christs blood.

Aboue that, in the third prison anone,

Wee entred in a place of perdition,  
 Where manie babes were making deare mone  
 Because they lacked the fruition  
 Of God, which was the great punition,  
 Of baptisme, they lacked the ensenpie,  
 Upward we went and left that mirthles menyie

Into a Vault aboue that place of paine,  
 Unto the which but sojourne wee ascended,  
 That was the limbe, in the which did remaine,  
 Our fore-fathers, because Adam offended,  
 Eating the fruite, the which was so offended,  
 Many a yere they dwelt in that dungeon,  
 With darkenesse and with desolation.

Then thzough the earth, of nature colde and dry,  
 Wee had to escape those places perilous:  
 Wee halted us right wonder speedilie,  
 Yet wee beheld the secrets marveilous:  
 Of mynes of gold, and stones pzeious:  
 Of silver and of eberie fine mettall,  
 Which to declare it were too long to dwell.

Up thzough the water shortlie wee intended,  
 Which environes the earth withoutten doubt:  
 Then thzough the aire shortlie wee ascended,  
 His regions thzough beholding in and out,  
 Which earth and water closed round about,  
 Syne shortlie upward thzough the fire wee went.  
 Which was the highest and hottest element.

When wee had all the elements ober-pass,  
 That is to say, earth, water, aire, and fire,

Upward we went withoutten any red,  
To see the heavens, was our most desire,  
But ere we might win to the heabonsempire,  
It behoved us to passe the way full eben,  
Upthrough the spheares of the planets seven.

First to the moone, and blisled all her spheare  
Queene of the sea, and beantie of the night:  
Of nature moist and cold, and nothing cleare,  
For of her selfe she hath none other light,  
But the reflexe of Phœbus beames so bright:  
The twelue signes she passeth round about,  
In eight and twentie dayes withoutten doubt.

Then we ascended to Mercurius,  
Whith Poets call the god of eloquence,  
Right docto:like with tearmes delicious:  
In art expert, and full of sapience,  
It was pleasure to pause on his prudence,  
Painters and Poets are subject to his cure,  
And hote and drye hee is of his nature.

Also as cunning astrologiers sayes,  
He doeth compleate his course naturallie,  
In thzee hundzeth and eight and thirtie dayes:  
Then upward we ascended hastilie,  
To faire Venus, where shee right lustilie,  
Was set into a seat of silber sheene,  
That faire fresh goddesse, y lustie loues Queene

They pierced mine heart her blinkes amorous,  
Albeit that sometime shee is changeable  
With countenance, and cheare full dolorous:

Some



Sometime right pleasant, glad, and delectable,  
 Sometime constant, and sometime variable,  
 Yet her beauty resplendent as the fire,  
 Swages the wrath of Mars that god of ire.

The pleasant Planet, if I can right describe,  
 Shee is both hote, and moist of her nature:  
 That is the cause shee's provocative:  
 To all them that are subiect to her cure,  
 To Venus works so that they may endure:  
 And shee complets her courses naturall,  
 In twelue Moneths withouten any faile,

Then pass we to the sphear of Phœbus bright,  
 That lusty Lamb, and lantern of the Heauen,  
 And gladder of the stars with his light,  
 And principall of all the Planets seven,  
 And set in midst of them all full eben.  
 As Roy royall rolling into his Sphear,  
 Full pleasantly into his golden Chair.

Whose influence and vertue excellent,  
 Giveth the life to every earthly thing:  
 Which Prince of every Planet precellent,  
 Doth foster flowers and causeth herbs to spring.  
 Throgh the cold earth, and causeth birds to sing,  
 Also his regular reigning in the heauen  
 Is just under the Zodiack full eben.

For to describe his diademe royall  
 Bordred about with stones shining full bright,  
 His golden Cart or Throne imperiall,  
 The four steeds that draweth it full right.

Sir David Lyndelay.

I leave to Poets, because I have no sight:  
But of his nature hee is hot and drye,  
Completing in one yere his course truelle.

Then up to Mars in hie wee hasted us,  
Wonder hote and dryer than the thunder  
His face flaming as fire furious,  
His boast & b rage moze awfull than the thunder:  
Made all the heaven most like to shake asunder.  
Who would behold his countenance and feare,  
Might call him well the god of men of warre.

With colour red, and looke malicious,  
Right cholerike of his complexion  
Auster, angrie, swere, and seditious,  
Principall cause of the destruction,  
Of many good and noble region:  
Where not Venus his yre doeth mitigate,  
This world of peace would be right desolate.

The god of griefe withoften sojournig  
In yeres two his course hee doeth complete:  
Then past we up where Iupiter the King,  
Sat in his spheare right amiable and swete,  
Complexionate with moistnesse and with heate:  
That pleasant Prince, faire, dulce and delicate,  
Provoked peace, and banished debate.

The olde Poets by superstition,  
Held Iupiter the father principall,  
Of all these gods in conclusion:  
Of his prerogative in speciall,  
And by his vertues into generall.

The dreame of

To old Saturne hee maketh resistance,  
When to his malice hee would worke vengeance,

Thus Iupiter withoutten sojourning,  
Passe through all twelbe signes full eben,  
In yeres twelbe: and then but tarrying,  
Wee past unto the highest of the seven  
To Saturnus, which troubles all the heaben,  
With heauie cheare, and colour pale as leade,  
In him we saw but dolour to the dead.

And cold and drie is he of his nature,  
Foule like an oule, of ebill condition:  
Right unpleasant hee is of portrature,  
His in toricate disposition,  
It puts al things in perdition:  
Ground of sicknesse and melancholious,  
Perverse and poore, both false and enbious.

His qualitie I cannot lobe, but lacke,  
As so, his moving naturallie but weare,  
About the signes of the Zodiacke.  
Hee doeth compleate his course in thirtie yere:  
And so we left him in his frostie spheare.  
Upward we did ascend incontinent,  
But rest, till we came to the firmament.

The which was fird full of starres bright,  
Of figure round, right pleasant and perfit:  
Whose influence and right excellent light:  
And whose number may not bee put in wryte,  
Yet cunning clarkes doe naturallie endite,  
How hee doth end his course withoutten weare,  
In the space of an hundreth and thirtie yere,



Sir David Lyndesay.

Then the ninth spheare and mouer principall,  
Of all the rest, wee visite all that heauen,  
Whose daylie motion is continuall,  
Both firmament and all the planets seven,  
From east to west making them goe full eben,  
Into the space of foure and twentie yeres,  
Yet by the minde of the astronomers.

The seven planets into their proper spheares  
From east to west they mooue naturallie,  
Some swift, some slow, as to their kinde effectes  
As I haue showane before especiallie,  
Whose motion causeth continuallie,  
Right melodious harmonie and sound,  
And all through moving of these planets round.

Then mounted wee with right feruent desire,  
Through the heauen called the chrystalline:  
And so wee entred into the heavens empire,  
Which to describe it passeth mine ingine,  
Where God into his holy throne diuine  
Reignes in his glorie inestimable,  
With Angels cleare which are innumerable.

In orders nine these spirites glorious,  
Are diuided, the which excellentlie,  
Making lobing with sound melodious,  
Singing Sanctus right wonder feruentlie:  
These orders nine they are full pleasantlie  
Diuided into hierarchies three,  
And three orders in every hierarchie.

The lowest order are the Angels bright,

## The dreame of

As messengers to this low region:

The second order archangels full of might,  
Vertues potestates, p<sup>r</sup>incipates of renoune,  
The first is called, domination.

The seventh Thronus, the eight high Cherubin,  
The ninth and highest called, Seraphin,

And next unto the blessed trinitie,  
In his triumphing throne imperiall:  
Th<sup>re</sup> into one, and one substance in th<sup>re</sup>,  
Whose indivisible essence eternall,  
The rud ingine of mankind is too small  
To comprehend, whose power infinite,  
And divine nature no creature can write.

So mine ingine is not sufficient,  
For to treat of his high divinitie:  
All mortall men are insufficient,  
To consider these th<sup>re</sup> in unitie:  
Such subtile matter I must needs let be,  
To studie on my cræde, it were full faire,  
And let doctors of such matters declare.

Then we beheld the blest humanitie  
Of Christ, sitting upon his seat royall,  
At the right hand of the divinitie:  
With an excellent court celestiall,  
Whose exerrition continuall,  
Was in loving their p<sup>r</sup>ince with reverence,  
And on this wise they kept ordinance.

Next to the throne we saw y<sup>e</sup> Quene of quenes,  
Well accompanied with ladies of delite,

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Sir David Lyndesay.

Swaet was the song of these blessed Virgins,  
No mortall man their solace may endite:  
The Angels bright innumerable infinite,  
Ebery order into their own degree,  
Were Officers unto the Deitie.

Patriarchs and Prophets honourable,  
Collaterall Counsellors in his consistory,  
Euangelists, Apostles venerable  
Were Capitaines unto the King of glozy.  
Which Chistain-like had wone the victozy  
Of that triumphant Court celestiall,  
Saint Peter was Liebetenant generall.

The Martyres were as noble stalward Knights  
Discomfiteres of cruell battels thys:  
The flesh, the world, the fiend, and all their mights  
Confessours, Doctours in Divinitie.  
As Chappell Clarks unto his Deitie,  
And last we saw infinite multitud,  
Making sevice unto his celsitud.

Which by the high divine permission  
Felicity they had invariable:  
And of his God-head clear cognition,  
And compleet peace they had interminable:  
Their glozy and honour was inseparable,  
That pleasant place repleet of pulchritud,  
Unmeasurable it was of magnitud.

There is plenty of all pleasures perfitte,  
And clear brightnesse without obscurite,  
Withoutten dolour, dulcor, and delite,

with.



## The dreame of

Withoutten rancoz, perfect charitie,  
Withoutten hunger, satiabilitie.  
O happie are the soules predestinate.  
When soule and bodie shall bee glozificate,

These marvellous mirths so to declare,  
By arithmeticke they are innumerable:  
The portrature of that palace preclare,  
By geometrie, it is unmeasurable  
By Rhetorick also inpronounciable:  
There is no eares may heare, nor eyes may see,  
Nor heart may thinke this their felicitie.

Where to should I presume so to endite,  
The which Sainct Paul that doctoꝝ sapient,  
Cannot expresse, nor into paper write  
The high excellent worke inefficient,  
And perfect pleasures ever permanent,  
In presence of that mightie King of gloze,  
Which was and is and shall bee evermore.

At Remembrance I humblie did desire,  
If I might in that pleasure still remaine:  
(Said shee) against reason is thy desire,  
Wherefore my freind thou must retorne againe,  
Into the world where thou must suffer paine,  
And thole the death with cruell paines soze  
Ere thou begin to reigne with him in gloze.

Then wee turned soze against my will,  
Downe through the spheats of y<sup>e</sup> heavens cleare,  
Her commandment behoved I to fulfill,  
My wote heart, wote yet withoutten weare,

Sir Dauid Lyndesay.

I would full faine haue stayed there all yere,  
But shee said to mee, there is no remede,  
Ere thou remainst here first thou must be dead.

(said I) I pray you heartfullie Madame,  
Since that wee haue such contemplation  
Of heauenlie pleasures, yet ere wee passe hame,  
Let us haue some consideration  
Of earth, and of her situation:  
Shee answered and said, that shall bee done.  
So were wee brought into the aire full soone.

Where wee might see the earth all at one sight.  
But like a moate so it appeared to mee:  
In the respect of the heavens bright.  
I haue marvell (said I) how this may bee,  
The earth it seemes of a small quantitie,  
The least star fixed in the firmament,  
Is more than all the earth by my iudgement.

Shee said, son thou hast shewn the veritie,  
The smallest star first in the firmament,  
Indeepe it is of greater quantitie,  
Than all the earth, after the intent,  
Of wise and cunning clarkes sapient,  
What quantitie is then the earth? said I,  
That shall I shew (said shee) to thee shortly.

After the names of the Astronomers,  
And speciallie the author of the sphere:  
And other diuerse great Philosophers,  
The quantitie of the earth circlee,  
Is fiftie thousand ligges withouten more.

forben

The dreame of  
Seuen hundzeth and fiftie and no moe,  
Diuiding aye one legge in milles two.

And euerie myle in eight stade diuided,  
Each stade an hundzeth pace twentie and fife,  
A pace fife foot, who would them right diuide,  
A foot four palmes, if I can right describe,  
A palme foure inch, and who so would belibe,  
The circuit of the earth passe round about,  
Must be considered on this wise no doubt.

Suppone that there were none impediment,  
But that the earth but perill were and paine:  
Then that the person were right diligent,  
And went each day ten Ligges in certaine,  
He might passe round about, and come againe,  
In foure yeres, fiftene weekes, and dayes two,  
Goe read the Authoꝝ, and thou shalt finde it so.

### The diuision of the Earth.

**W**hen certainlie she took me by the hand  
And said, my son come on thy way w me  
And so she made me clearly understand,  
How that the earth diuided was in thre  
In Africa, Europe and Asia,  
After the minde of the Cosmographours,  
That is to say, the worlds descriptours.

First, Asia, is containde in the Orient,  
And is well more than both the other twaine:  
Africa and Europe, in the Occident,  
And are diuider by the sea certaine,  
That is called, the sea, Mediterrane,



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Sir David Lyndesay.

Which at the Straite of Morrocke hath entrie,  
That is betwene Spainie and Barbarie.

Toward the South-west lyeth Africa,  
On the North-west Europa doeth stand:  
And all the East containeth Asia,  
On this wise is divided the firme land,  
It were meekle for mee to take in hand,  
These regions to declare in spectall,  
Yet shall I shew you their names in generall.

In manie diuerse famous Regions,  
Is divided this part of Asia:  
Well plenished with Cities, Towres & Townes  
The great Inde and Mesopotamia:  
Pentapolis, Persia, and Syria:  
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie:  
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth, and Arabie.

Sydon, Indea, and Palestina:  
Upper Scythia, Iure, and Galilie.  
Hyberia, Bactria, and Philestina:  
Hercania, Campegina, and Samarie,  
In little Asia stands Galathie,  
Pamphilia, Isauria, and Leede,  
Rhegia, Arthusa, Assyria, and Meede,

Secondlie, wee considered Africa,  
With many fruitfull famous Regions,  
As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,  
Zeuges, where standeth that triumphant Town,  
Of noble Carthage, that Citie of renowne,  
Garamantes, Napabar, and Lybia,  
Egypt also and Mauritania.

## The dreame of

Fez, with Numidie and Tingitane,  
Of Africa these are the principall.

Then Europe was considered in certaine,  
Whose regions shortly rehearse I shall,  
These principall I finde above them all.  
Which are Spainie, Italie, and France,  
Whose sub-Regions were meete to advance.

Neither Scythia, Thrace and Carmanie,  
Austria, Histria, and Pannonia,  
Denmarke, Gothland, Grundland, and Almanie,  
Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Norica, Rhetica,  
Helvetia, and many diuerse ma.  
Also in foure diuided's Italie,  
Tuscane, Hetruria, Naples, and Campanie.

And subdiuided sundrie other wayes,  
As Lumbardie, Venice, and others ma,  
Calabert, Romanes, and Genowayes:  
In Greece, Epytus and Dalmatia,  
Theffalia, Africa, and Illyria,  
Achaia, Boetica, and Macedone,  
Arcadie, Pierie, and Lacedemone.

And France was saw diuided into thre,  
Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitaine:  
And subdiuided in Flanders, Picardie,  
Normandie, Gascoigne, Burgandie & Britanie:  
And others diuerse ducheries in certaine,  
The which were too long for to declare,  
Wherefore of them, as now I speake no more.

In Spainie lies Castile, and Arragone,  
Navarre, Galice, Portugall, and Granate,

Sir David Lyndesay.

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Then saw we famous Isles many one,  
Which in the Ocean sea were situate,  
Them to describe my wit was desolate,  
Of Cosmographie I am not so expert,  
For I did never studie in that art.

Yet I shall some of their names declare,  
As Madagascar, Gades, and Taprobane;  
And others diverse Isles good and faire,  
Situate into the Sea Mediterrane:  
As Cyper, Candie, Corsica, and Sabane,  
Crete, Abydos, Thoes, and Sicilia,  
Taplus, Eolie, and many others ma.

Who would at length heare the description,  
Of euerie Isle, as well as the firme land:  
And propertie of euerie region,  
To studie and to reade must take in hand,  
All the authenticke works to understand,  
Of Plinius, and worthie Ptolomie,  
Who were expert into Cosmographie.

There shall they find the names and properties  
Of euerie yle, and of each region,  
Then I inquired of earthlie Paradise,  
Of the which Adam lost possession.  
Then shewde they mee the situation,  
Of that precelling place full of delite,  
Whose properties were long for to endite.

#### OF PARADISE.

**T**his Paradise of all pleasure perfitte,  
Situate I saw into the Orient:



The dreame of

That glorious garth of ebery floure doth state,  
The lustie lillies, the roses redolent,  
Fresh whollsome fruites indeficient.  
Both herb and tree there groweth eber gréne,  
Th;ough vertue of the temperat aire serene.

The swete whollsome aromaticke odours,  
Proceeding from the herbs medicinall,  
The beavenlie heu of those fragrant floures,  
It was a sight wonder celestiaall:  
The perfection to shew in spectall,  
And joyes of the region diuine,  
Of mankind it exceedeth the ingine.

And eke so high in situation,  
Surmounting the mid region of the aire,  
Where no manner of perturbation,  
Of weather may ascend so high as there,  
For floods flowing from a fountaine faire,  
As Tygres, Ganges, Euphrates and Nile,  
Which in the East transcurrerh many a mile.

The Countrie closed is about full right,  
With walls high of hote and burning fire:  
And strittie kepted by an Angel bright,  
Since the departing of Adam our Grandf;re,  
Which through his crime incurred GOD's f;re,  
And of that Place lost the possession,  
Both from himselfe and his succession.

When this lobe-some Ladie Remembrance,  
All this foresaid, had eaulde mee understand,  
I prayed her of her benedolence,  
To shew to mee the Countrie of Scotland.

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Sir Dauid Lyndesay.

Well son ( said shee ) that shall I take in hand:  
So suddenly shee brought mee in certaine,  
Even iust aboue the broad Ple of Britaine.

Which stands North-west in the Ocean Sea,  
And diuided in famous regions two,  
The South part England a full rich Countrie,  
Scotland the North with many Ples mo,  
By West England, Ireland doeth stand also,  
Whose properties I will not take in hand,  
To shew at length, but onelie of Scotland.

Of the Realme of Scotland.

**W**hich after my simple intendement,  
And as Remembrance did to mee report  
I shall declare the sooth and verement:  
As I best can, and into tearmes short,  
Wherefore effectuouslie I you exhort,  
Albeit my writing be not to aduance,  
Yet where I faile, excuse mine ignorance.

When that I had ober-seene this region,  
The which of nature is both good and faire:  
I did propoun a little question,  
Beserching her the same for to declare,  
What is the cause our bounds beene so bare?  
( Said I ) or what doeth move our miserie?  
Or whereof doeth procede our povertie? )

For through the support of your high prudence  
Of Scotland I perceiue the properties:  
Also consider by experience,  
Of this Countrie the great commodities.

First, the aboundance of fishes in our seas,  
And fruitfull mountaines for our bestiall,  
And for our corne full many lustie baile.

The rich Riuers pleasant and profitable,  
The lustie Loches with fishes of sundrie kinds,  
Hunting, Hawking, for Nobles conuenable:  
Forrests full of Doe, Roe, Harts, and Hinds,  
The freshfontaines whose wholsom chrystal strads  
Refreshed so the floureshing greene Meads,  
So lacke we nothing that to Nature needs.

Of euerie mettall we haue the rich Mines,  
Both gold, silber, and stones precious:  
Albeit we lacke the spyes and the wines,  
And other strang fruites delitious,  
We haue as good, and more needfull for us,  
Meat, drinke, fir, cloaths might ther be caused abound  
Which else is not into the Mappebound.

More fairer men, nor of greater ingine,  
Nor of more strength great deedes for to endure:  
Wherefore I pray you that you would define,  
The principall cause wherefore we are so poore,  
For I marvell greatlie, I you assure,  
Considering the people and the ground,  
That Riches should not in this realme abound.

My son (said the) by my discretion,  
I shall make answer, as I understand:  
I say to the under confession,  
The fault is not I dare well take in hand,  
Neither into the people nor the Land:



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Sir David Lyndesay.

As for the land it lackes none other thing,  
But labour, and the peoples governing.

When whereln lyes our inprosperitie?  
(Said I) I pray you heartfullie Madame,  
You should declare to me the veritie,  
Or who shall beare of our barrane the blame?  
For by my trueth to see I thinke great shame,  
So pleasant people and so faire a Land,  
And so few vertuous deedes taken in hand.

(Said shee) I shall after my small judgement  
Declare some causes into generall:  
And into tearmes short shew mine intent,  
And than transcendunt more speciall:  
So this is my conclusion finall,  
Lacking of Justice Policie and Peace,  
Are cause of this unhappinesse, alas,

It is difficill riches to encrease,  
Where policie maketh no residence:  
And Policie may never have entresse.  
But where that Justice doeth diligence,  
To punish where there may be found offence:  
Justice may not have domination,  
But where peace maketh habitation.

What is the cause then would I understand,  
That wee should lacke justice and policie:  
More than doeth France, Italie or England?  
Madam (said I) shew me the veritie,  
Since wee have many Lawes in this countrie,  
Why lacke we of lawes execution,

Why

The dreame of  
Who should put justice to execution?

Wherein doth stand our principall remede?  
O who may make amends of this mischiefe:  
(Said shee) I finde the fault into the head:  
For they in whom doeth lye our whole reliefe,  
I finde them root and ground of all our grieffe,  
For when the heads they are not diligent,  
The members must of nages be negligent.

So I conclude the causes principall,  
Of all the troubles of this nation:  
Are in the Princes into speciall,  
The which have the gubernation,  
And of all the people domination:  
Whose continuall exercition,  
Should be in justice execution.

For when the slouthfull herd doth sing and sleepe  
Taking no care in keeping of his flocke:  
Who will goe search among such herds sheepe,  
May able finde manie poore scabbed crocke,  
And going wilde at large withoutten locke.  
Then Lupus comes and Laurence in a ling,  
And without ruth the sillie sheepe down thring.

But the good herd wakrife and diligent,  
Doeth so, that all the flocke are ruled right:  
To whose whiffell are all obedient,  
And if the wolbes come by day or night,  
Them to devour, then are they put to flight,  
Wounded & slaine by their well daunted dogges,  
So are they sure both of Cwes, Lambes, & hogges,

Sir David Lyndesay.

So I conclude, that through the negligence,  
Of our fatuate heads insolent:  
As cause of all this realmes indigence,  
Which in justice have not bene diligent,  
But to good counsell disobedient:  
Having small eye unto the Common-weale,  
But to their singular profit eberie deale.

For when these wolbes by oppression,  
The poore people but pittie doe oppresse:  
Then should the Princes make punition,  
And cause these Rebels for to make redresse:  
That Riches might be, and pollicte increase:  
But right difficult it were to make remead,  
When that the fault is so into the head.

The complaint of the Common-weale of Scotland

**A**nd thus as we were walking to & fro,  
We saw a boltrous bærn come over y lēt  
But horse, on foot, as fast as he might go  
Whose rayment was all ragged, tozn and rent  
With visage leane, as hee had fasted Lent:  
And forward fast his wayes hee did advance,  
With a right melancholius countenance:

With scrip on hip, and pyke-stake in his hand  
As he had purposed to passe from hame:  
(Said I) good-man, I wou'd understand  
If that you please to shew what were your name  
(Said hee) my son of that I thinke great shame,  
But since ye would of my name have a tale,  
Forsooth they call me, Iohn the Common-weale.

2 Bm. 238/9

Sir



## The dreame of

Sir Common-weale, who hath you so disguised:  
(Said I) or what makes you so miserable:  
I have marvell to see you so surprised,  
The which that I have seene so honourable,  
To all the world you have bene profitable:  
And well honoured in euerie Nation,  
How happens now your tribulation?

Alas (said hee) thou seest how it doeth stand  
With mee, and how I am disherised  
Of all my grace, and must passe from Scotland,  
And goe befoze where I was cherised,  
Remaine I heere, I am but perished,  
For there are few to mee that taketh tent,  
Which makes mee goe thus ragged, riben & rent.

My tender friends are all past to the flight,  
For policie is fled againe in France,  
My sister justice almost hath lost her sight,  
That shee cannot hold rightlie the ballance:  
Plaine wrong is Captaine of the ordinance,  
The which debarreth lawtie and reason,  
And small remead is found for open treason.

Into the South, alas, I was nere slaine,  
Ouer all the land I could finde no reliefe,  
Almost betwene the Mers and Lachmabane,  
I could not knato a leele man by a thiefe,  
To shew their reefe, theft, murther and mischiefes  
And vitiuous workes it would infect the aire,  
Also too long some for me to declare.

Into the Highland I could finde no remead.

But

Sir David Lyndesay.

But suddenly I was put to exile:  
Those swore swingeours they tooke of me no heed  
For among them let me remaine a while,  
Also in the out-yles, and in Argyle,  
Anthrist, sweernes, fallset, povertie and strife,  
Put policie in danger of her life.

In Lawland I came to seke refuge,  
And purposde there to make my residence:  
But singular profite causd me soone deludge,  
And did me great injuries and offence:  
And said to me, soone Harlot hye thee hence,  
And in this Countrie see thou take no cures,  
So long as mine authozitie endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,  
For I know not to whom I should mee meane:  
For I have sought all the spirituall state,  
Which tooke no count for to heare mee complaine,  
Their Officers they held mee at disdain,  
For simonie hee rules up all that rout,  
And cobetice that Churle causde barre mee out.

Pride hath chased from them humilitie,  
Devotion is fled unto the friers  
Sensuall pleasure hath banisht chastitie,  
Lords of Religion they goe like Seculiers,  
Taking moze count in telling their Deniers,  
Than they doe of their Constitution,  
Thus are we blinded by Ambition.

Our gentle men are all degenerate,  
Liberalitie and Lawtie both are lost.

And

The dreame of

And covetice with Lords laureat:  
Knightlie courage turned to brag and boast,  
The civill warre misguideth everie hoast:  
There is nought elie, but each man for himselfe,  
That makes mee goe thus banisht like an Elfe.

Therefore adew, I may no longer tarrie.  
Facewell (said I) and with S. Iohn to borrow,  
But wote ye wel, mine heart was wonder sorry  
When Common-weale so souped was in sorrow,  
Yet after the night, comes the glad morrow:  
Wherefore I pray you shew mee in certaine,  
When that you purpose for to come againe.

That question it shall be sone decided,  
(Said hee) there shall no Scot have comforting  
Of mee, untill I see the Countrey guided.  
By wisome of a good and prudent King,  
Which shall delite him most above all thing,  
To put justice to execution,  
And on strong Traytors make punition.

And yet to thee I say another thing,  
I see right well that Proverbe is full true,  
Woe to the Realme that hath too young a King,  
With that hee turnde his backe, and said, adew,  
Over Firth, and fell right fast from mee hee flew:  
Whose departing to mee was displeasand:  
With that Remembrance tooke mee by the hand.

And sone I thought shee brought me to the Roch,  
And to the cave where I began to sleepe:  
With that a Ship did speedilie approach,

Full




Sir David Lyndesay:

Full pleasantlie sailing upon the Deepe:  
And then did slacke her sailes, and gan to creepe,  
Toward the land anent where that I lay:  
But wote you well I got a fellon fray.

All her great Cannons shee let cracke at once,  
Downe shooke the streames from the top-castell  
They spared not the powder nor the stones:  
They shot their Boats, & down their Anchors fell  
Their Mariners they did so yout and yell,  
That hastilie I start out of my dreame,  
Halfe in a fray, and speedilie past hame.

And lightlie dynded with list and appetif,  
Then after past into an Dzatoz:  
I toke my pen, and there began to write,  
All the vision, that I have showane befor.  
Sir of my dreame as now thou gets no more:  
But I beseech God for to send thee grace,  
To rule thy Realme in unitie and peace.

The Exhortation to the Kings Grace.

 Ir, since that God of his pzeordinance  
Hath granted thee to have the gobernanca  
Of his people, and created thee a King,  
Faile not to print in thy remembrance,  
That hee would not excuse thine ignorance,  
If thou bee carelese in thy governing,  
Wherefore addresse thee aboue all other thing  
Of his lawes to keepe the oblervance,  
If thou thinke long in Royaltie to reigne,  
Thanke him that hath commanded Dame Nature  
To

## The Exhortation

To paint thee of so pleasant portraiture,  
Her gifts they may be clearlie on the knowne,  
To deame fortune thou nãdes no procatur,  
For shee hath largelie shewne on thee her cure.  
Her gratitude shee hath unto thee shewne,  
And since that thou must reape as thou hast sown  
Have all thy hope on GOD thy Creator,  
And aske him grace, that thou may bee his own.

And then consider thy Vocation,  
That for to have the Gubernation  
Of this Kingdome, thou art predestinate,  
Thou mayst well know by true narration,  
What sorrow and what tribulation  
Hath bene this poore Realme infortunate:  
Now comfort them that hath bene desolate,  
And of thy people have compassion,  
Since thou by God art so preordained.

Take manlie courage, and leaue insolence,  
And use counsell of noble Dame Prudence,  
Ground thee firmly on faith, and fortitude.  
Draw to the Court iustice and temperance,  
And to thy Common-wealth have attendance,  
And also I beseech thy celsitude.  
Hate vicious men, and love them that are good,  
And each flatterer thou shew from thy presence:  
And false report out of thy Court exclude.

Doe equall iustice both to great and small,  
And bee example to the people all  
Exercising vertuous deeds honourable,

To the Kings Grace.

Bee not a wretch for ought that may befall,  
To that unhappie vice if thou bee thrall,  
To all men thou shalt bee abominable,  
Kings nor Knights are nebet conbenable,  
To rule the people bee they not liberall:  
Was neber yet no wretch too honourable.

And take example of the wretched ending.  
Which made Midas of Thrace, the mighty King,  
That to his gods made inboration,  
Through greidinesse, that all substantiall thing,  
That euer hee toucht, should turne but tarrying,  
Into fine gold: he got his supplication,  
All that hee toucht without delation,  
Turned in gold, both meat, drinke, and cloathing  
And died for hunger without recreation.

And I beseech thy maiestie serene,  
From lecherie thou keepe thy bodie cleane,  
Last neber that intoricate popson,  
From that unhappie sensuall sin absteane,  
Till that thou get a lustie pleasant Quene:  
Then take thy pleasure with my bannison.  
Take heed how pridfull Tarquine lost his crown,  
For the defozcing of Lucrece the shene,  
And was depzied and banisht Romes Town.

And in despite of his lecherous living,  
The Romanes would be subject to no King,  
Many long yeares as stories doe record:  
Till Iulius by vertuous governing,  
And princelie courage gan on them to reigne,



## The Exhortation

And chosen of Romanes Emperour and Lord:  
Wherefore my Soberaigne, in thy mind remord,  
That vitiuous life makes oft an ebill ending,  
Except it bee by speciall grace restord.

And if thou wouldst thy fame and honour grea  
Use counsell of thy prudent Lords trew:  
And see thou not presumptuously pretend,  
Thine owne particular will for to enslew,  
Worke with counsell so shalt thou neuer reu,  
Remember of thy friends the fatall end,  
Which to good counsell would not condescend,  
Till bitter death, alas did them persew,  
From such unhap, I pray God thee defend.

And finally, remember thou must die,  
And suddenlie passe from this mortall sea,  
And art not sicker of thy life two houres,  
Since there is none from that sentence may flee,  
King, Quene, nor knight, of low estat nor hie,  
But all most thole of Death the bitter shewes,  
Where are they gone those Popes & Emperours:  
Be they not dead: so shall it fare on thee,  
As no remead, strength, riches, and honours.

And so with conclusion,  
Make you provision,  
To get the infusion,  
Of his high Grace:

Which bled with effusion,  
With scozne and derision,  
And died with confusion,  
Confirming our peace.



# THE COMPLAINT OF

Sir DAVID LYNDESAY, of the

*Mount Knight: directed to the*

*KINGs Grace.*



**I**r, I beseech thine Excellence,

Hearre my complaint with patience:

My dolent heart doeth me constraine,

Of mine infortune to complaine:

Albeit I stand in great doubtance,

Whom I shall blame of my mischance,

Whether Saturnus crueltie,

Reigning in my Natibitie:

By bad aspects which worke beangence,

Or other heauenable influence:

Or if I be predestinate.

In court to be infortunat,

Which have so long in service bene,

Continuallie with King and Quene,

And entred to thy maiestie,

The day of thy natibitie.

Wherethrough my freinds bene ashamed,

And with my foes I am defamed:

## The complaint of

Seeing that I am not regarded,  
Nor with my brethren of court rewarded,  
Blaming my slouthfull negligence,  
That seeks not for somere compence.  
When diuerse men doe me demand,  
Why gets thou not some piece of Land  
As well as other men haue gotten:  
Then wish I to be dead and rotten.  
With such extreame discomfoting,  
That I can make none answering.  
I would some wise men did me teach,  
Whether that I should flatter or sleach:  
I will not flyt, (that I conclude,)  
For crabing of thy celcitude.  
And to flatter, I am defamed,  
Lacke I reward, then am I shamed:  
But I hope thou shalt doe as well,  
As did the father of Famel:  
Of whom Christ maketh mention,  
Who for a certaine pension,  
Hired men to worke in his Vine-yard,  
But who came last, got first reward.  
Wherethrough the first men were displeased,  
But he them prudentlie appeased:  
For though the last men first were serued,  
Yet got the first that they deserued.  
So am I surethy majestie,  
Shall once reward mee ere I die.  
And rub the rust of mine engine,  
Which is for langour like to time.

Although



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Sir David Lyndesay.

Although I beere not like a bard,  
Long service yerneth aye reward,  
I cannot blame thine Excellence,  
That I so long lacke recompence,  
Had I solistred like the labe,  
My reward had not beene to crabe:  
But now I may well understand,  
A dumbe man yet wan never land.  
And in the court men gets nothing,  
Without importunat asking:  
Alas, my slouth and shamefastnesse,  
Debarde me from all greedinesse,  
Gredie men that are diligent,  
Right oft doe obtaine their intent:  
And faile not for to conquesse lands,  
And namelie at young Princes hands  
But I tooke never none other cure,  
In speciall, but for thy pleasure,  
But now I am no more disparte  
But I shall get princelie reward.  
The which shall bee to mee more gloze,  
Than them thou didst reward befoze.  
When men doe aske ought at a King,  
Should aske his grace a noblething,  
To his excellence honourable,  
And to the asker profitable.  
Though I bee in my asking blunder,  
I pray thy grace for to consider,  
Thou hast both made Lords and Ladies  
And hast given many rich rewards.  
To them which were full far to seeke,

The complaint of

When I lay nightlie by thy Chéke,  
I take the Quéenes Grace thy Mother,  
My Lord Chancellor, and manie other,  
Thine Nurse and thine olde Mistresse,  
I take them all to beare witnesse.  
Olde Willie Dillie were he on liue,  
My life full well he could describe.  
How as a chap-man beares his packe,  
I beare they grace upon my backe:  
And sometimes stridlings on my necke,  
Dancing with many bend and becke,  
The first syllabes that thou didst mune,  
Was Pa-da-lyne upon the lute :  
Then plaid I twenty springs perqueare  
Which was great pleasure for to heare,  
From play thou letst me neber rest,  
But Ginkerton thou loodst aye best,  
And when thou cam'st from the schoole,  
Then I behov'd to play the fcole.  
As I at length unto my dreame,  
My sundrie service did expreame.  
Though it be better (as saith the wise)  
Hap to the court, than good service.  
I know thou lovest me better than,  
Then now some wife doth her good-man  
Then men to other did record,  
Said Lyndesay would be made a Lord.  
Thou hast made Lords sir, by Saind Geill  
Of some that hath not serb'd so well.  
To you my Lords that doe stand by,  
I shall you shew the causes why,

Sir David Lyndesay.

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If you list to tarrie, I shall tell,  
How my misfortune thus befell:  
I prayed daylie on my knée,  
My young maister that I might see.  
Of age in his estate royall,  
Having power imperiall.  
Then trusted I withoutten demand,  
To be promoted to some Land:  
But mine asking I got too sone,  
Because the eclipse fell in the Moone.  
The which on Scotland made on stære  
Then did my purpose run arære:  
The which were longsome to declare.  
And eke mine heart is wonder saze:  
When I have in remembrance  
The sudden chang of my mischance:  
The King was but twentie yeres of age  
When new rulers came in their raige,  
For Com mon-weale no taking care,  
But for their profite singulare:  
Impudentlie like witlesse foles,  
They tooke the young Prince from the scholes:  
Where he understood obedience,  
Was learning vertue and science,  
And hastilie put in his hand,  
The governance of all Scotland.  
As who would in a stormie blast,  
When Mariners beene all agast:  
Through danger of the seas rage,  
Would take a childe of tender age:  
Which never had bene on the Sey.



## The Complaint of

And to his bidding all obey:  
Giving him the whole governall,  
To ship, merchant and martnall,  
For dread of rockes and for land,  
To put the ruther in his hand:  
Without Gods grace is no refuge,  
If there be danger yee may judge.  
I give them to the devill of hell,  
That first devised that counsell.  
I will not say it was treason,  
But I dare sweare it was no reason;  
I pray God let mee never see reigne,  
Into this realme so young a King.  
I may not tarrie to decide it,  
How then the Church a while was guided,  
By them that partlie tooke in hand,  
To guide the King and Scotland.  
And eke longsome for to declare,  
Their facond flattering words faire:  
Sir (some would say) your majestie,  
Shall now goe to your libertie,  
Thou shalt to no man be coerced,  
For to the Schoole no more subjected.  
Wee thinke them verie naturall fooles  
That learne over mekle at the schooles.  
Sir, you must learne to run a speare,  
And guide you like a man of waere:  
For wee shall put such men about you.  
That all the world, and moe shall doubt you.  
Then to his grace they put a garde,  
Which hastilie got their reward:  
Each man after their qualitie,

They

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Sir David Lyndesay.

They did solist his Majestie:  
Some causde him rebell at the racket,  
Some harled him to the hurleie hacket:  
And some to shew their courtlie cosses,  
Would ride to Leeth, and run their horses:  
And wightlie gallop ower the sands,  
They neither spatted spurre noz wands.  
Casting gamonds with bends and beckes,  
For wantonnesse some bzacke their neckes.  
There was no play, but cards and dyce,  
And aye Sir flatteris bare the pryce:  
Rounding and rowking one to another  
Take thou my part (said he) my brother,  
And make betwene us sicker bands,  
When ought shall baik amongst our hands,  
That each man stand to helpe his fellow,  
I hold thereto man by alhallow:  
So thou fish not within my bounds,  
That shall I not by Gods wounds,  
(Said he) but rather take thy part,  
So shall I doe by Gods heart.  
And if the Thesaurer bee our friend,  
Then shall we both get tacke and tiend:  
Take he our part, then who dare wrong us,  
And we shall part the pelfe among us.  
But haile us while the King is young,  
But let each man keepe well his tongue,  
And in each quarter have a spy,  
As to adbertise haillie.  
When any casualities,  
Shall hapen into our countries.  
Let us make sure provision.

Cre

The complaint of

Ere hee come to descretion,  
 No more hee knowes than doeth a Saine,  
 What thing it is to have or want.  
 So ere he come to perfect age,  
 Wee shall bee sicker of our wage.  
 And then let each Carle crave another,  
 That mouth speake more, said hee, my brother.  
 For GOD no2 I rare in a rope,  
 Thou mightst gibe counsell to the Pope.  
 Thus laboured they within few yeres:  
 That they became no Pages yeres.  
 So hastilie they made a band,  
 Some gathered gold, some conquest Land:  
 Sir some would say, by Saint Denice,  
 Gibe to mee some fate benefice.  
 And all the profit you shall have,  
 Gibe me the name take you the labe.  
 But by his buls were well come hame,  
 To make service he would think shame.  
 Then slip away withoutten more.  
 When he had gotten that he sought for:  
 He thought it was a pitteous thing.  
 To see that faire young tender King,  
 Of whom those gallants stood none aw.  
 To play with him plucke at the Crow:  
 They became rich, I you assure,  
 But aye the Prince remained poore.  
 There was few of that garison,  
 That learned him a good lesson:  
 But some to cracke and some to clatter,  
 Some playde the fowle, and some did flatter.  
 And one, Devill sticke mee with a knife,



Sir Dauid Lyndesay.

But Sir, I know a maide in Fife;  
One of the lustiest wanton Lasses,  
Whereto, Sir, by Gods blood shee passest:  
Hold thy tongue, brother, said the other,  
I know a fairer by sistene sother,  
Sir, when yee please to Ligthgow passe,  
There shall yee see a lustie Lassie:  
How trattle, trattle, crow, low,  
Said the third man, thou dost but mow,  
When his grace comes to faire Sterling  
There shall hee see a dayes darling.  
Sir (said the fourth) take my counsell  
And goe all to an high bordell  
There may yee loupe at libertie,  
Withoutten anie gravitie.  
Thus euerie man said for himselfe,  
And did amongst them part the pelfe:  
But I, alas, ere eber I wust,  
Was troden down into the dust.  
With heauie charge withoutten more,  
But I knew never yet wherfore.  
And hastilie befoze my face,  
Another slipped in my place:  
Which full lightlie got his reward,  
And stiled was the ancient Laird  
That time I might make no defence,  
But tooke perforce in patience.  
Praying to send them a mischance:  
That had the court in gobernance,  
The which against mee did maligne,  
Contrare the pleasure of the King.

The complaint of

For well I knew his Graces minde,  
Was euer to me true and kinde.  
And contrare their intention,  
Causde pay me well my pension.  
Though I a while lacked presence,  
Hee let me haue none indigence:  
When I durst neither peepe nor looke,  
Yet would I hid mee in a nooke,  
To see these uncouth vanities,  
How they like many busie bees:  
Did occupie their golden houres,  
With helpe of these new governours.  
But my complaint for to compleat,  
I got the sowre, and they the sweet.  
And Iohn Macerrie the kings foole  
Got double garments against ycole,  
Yet in his most triumphant gloze,  
For his reward got the glangoze.  
Now in the court sel dome he goes,  
In dread men trade upon his toes.  
As I that time durst not be seene,  
In open court for both mine eene.  
Alas, I haue not time to tarrie,  
To shew you all the færie sairie:  
How those that had the gouernance,  
Amongst themselves raisde variance.  
And who must to my skaith consented,  
Within few yeres fall soze repented.  
When they could make me no remead  
For they were harled out by the head.  
And others tooke the gouerning,  
Well wort it than they in all kind thing

Those

Those Lords tooke no more regard,  
But who might purchase best reward,  
Some to their friends got benefices,  
And other some got Bishopries:  
For euerie Lord as he thought best,  
Brought in a bird to fill the nest,  
To be a watch-man to his marrow,  
A hey gan to draw at the catharrow:  
The proudest Prelates of the Kirk,  
Were faine to hide them in the mirk,  
That time so failed was their sight,  
Whensyn they might not thole the light,  
Of Christs true Gospell to bee scene,  
So blinded are their corporal eene,  
With worldly lusses sensuall,  
Taking in Realmes the governall:  
Both guiding court and session:  
Contrare to their profession:  
Wherefore I thinke they should haue shame,  
Of spirituall Priests to take the name,  
For Isaias into his warke,  
Calles them like dogges that cannot barke,  
That calld are Priests, and cannot preach,  
For Christs Law to the people teach,  
If for to preach beene their profession,  
Why should they mell with court or session?  
Except it were in spirituall things,  
Referring unto Lords and Kings.  
Temporall causes to bee decided,  
If they their spirituall Office guided,  
Each man might say they did their partes,  
But if they can play at the cartes:



## The complaint of

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And contrare their intention,  
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For his reward got the glangoze.  
Now in the court ſeldome he goes,  
In dread men trade upon his toes.  
As I that time durſt not be ſene,  
In open court for both mine eene.  
Alas, I haue not time to tarrie,  
To ſhew you all the ſerie ſairie:  
How thoſe that had the governance,  
Amongſt themſelves raiſde variance.  
And who muſt to my ſkaith conſented,  
Within ſew yeres full ſore repented.  
When they could make me no remead  
For they were harled out by the head.  
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Wherefore I thinke they should haue shame,  
Of spirituall Priests to take the name,  
For Isaias into his warke,  
Calles them like dogges that cannot barke,  
That calld are Priests, and cannot preach,  
For Christs Law to the people teach,  
If for to preach beene their profession,  
Why should they mell with court or session?  
Except it were in spirituall things,  
Referring unto Lords and Kings.  
Temporall causes to bee decided,  
If they their spirituall Office guided,  
Each man might say they did their partes,  
But if they can play at the cards:

Sir David Lyndesay.

And mollet moylie on a mole,  
Whough they had neber sene the schools :  
Yet at this day as well as than,  
Will be made such a spirituall man.  
Princes that such Prelates promowbes,  
Account thereof to gibe behowbes.  
Which shal not pas without punishment  
Except that they mend and repent.  
And with due ministracion,  
Wozke after their vocation.

¶ I with the thing that will not bæ,  
Those perberse Prelates are so hie:  
When once that they be called Lords,  
They are occasion of discords.  
And largelie will propines height,  
To cause each Lord with other fight.  
If for their part it may abaile,  
So to the purpose of my tale,  
That time in court rose great debate,  
And euerie Lord did scribe for state:  
That all the realmes might make no redding,  
Till one each side there was blood shedding,  
And fielded othir in Land and Burgh,  
At Lichgow, Melros, and Edinburgh.  
But to deploze I thinke great paine,  
Of noble men that there was slaine.  
And als longsome to bæ reported:  
Of them which to the court resorted:  
As Tyrants, Traytors, and transgressours.  
And common publicke plaine oppressours.  
Open-murtherers and common Thiebes,  
To that court got their reliebes.



## The complaint of

There was few Lords in all those Lands,  
But to new Regents made their bands:  
Then rose a reeke ere ever I wist,  
The which could all their bands bytist:  
Then they alone which had the guiding,  
They could not keepe their feet from sliding,  
But of their liues they had such dread,  
That they were faine to trot ober Tweede.

¶ Now potent Prince, I say to thee,  
I thanke the holie Trinitie:  
That I have leab'de to see the day,  
That all that world is went away:  
And thou to no man are subjected,  
Nor to such counsellors coacted.  
The foure great vertues cardinals,  
I see them with the principals,  
For justice holds her sword on hie,  
With her ballance of equitie:  
And in this realme hath made such order.  
Both throught the Highland and the Border,  
That oppression and all his fellows,  
Are hanged high upon the gallows,  
Dame prudence hath thee by the head,  
And temperance doeth thy byidle lead.  
I see dame force makes assistance:  
Bearing the targe of assurance:  
And lustie ladie chastitie,  
Hath banisht sensuallitie,  
Dame Riches takes on thee such cure,  
I pray God, that she long endure:  
That povertie dare not bee seene,  
Into thine house for both her gene.

## The complaint of

But from thy Grace fled many myles,  
Amongst the hunters in the ples.  
Dissemblance dare not shew her face,  
Which wont so to beguile thy Grace,  
Follie is fled out of the Towne.  
Which eye was contrare to reason,  
Pollute and peace begins to plaint,  
That vertuous men can neber want:  
And as sloathfull idle Lownes,  
Shall fettered bee in the galeponnes.  
Iohn upon land beere ful glad I trow,  
Because the rush-bush keeps his bow,  
So is there nought I understand,  
Without good order in this land.  
Except the spirituallitie,  
Praying thy grace thereto haue eyes:  
Cause them make ministracion,  
Conforme to their Location:  
To preach with unfained intents,  
And truly use the sacraments,  
After Christs institutions  
Leaving their vaine traditions,  
Which doe the sillie sheepe illude,  
For whom Christ Iesus shed his blood:  
And superstitious pilgrimages,  
Praying to graven Images,  
Expresse against the Lords command:  
I doe thy grace to understand,  
If thou to mens Lawes assent,  
Against the Lords commandement,  
As Ieroboam and manie moe,  
Princes of Israel also.

Con

Sir David Lyndesay.

Consenters to Idolatrie,  
Which punish't were right pitteouslie,  
And from their realmes were rooted out  
So shalt thou bee withoutten doubt,  
Both here and there withoutten moze,  
And lacke the everlasting gloze.  
And if thou wilt thine heart incline,  
And keepe his blessed law diuine,  
As did the faithfull Patriarks,  
Both in their words and in their works:  
And as did many faithfull kings:  
Of Israel, during their reignes:  
As King David and Salomon,  
Who Images would suffer none.  
In their rich Temple soz to stand,  
Because it was not Gods command;  
But destroyed all Idolatrie,  
As in the Scripture thou mayst see,  
Whose rich reward was heauenlie blisse  
Which shall be thine, thou doeing this.  
Since thou hast chosen such a guard,  
Now am I sure to get reward:  
And since thou art the richest King,  
That euer in this Realme did reigne,  
Of gold, and stones pzeious:  
Most prudent and ingenious,  
And hast thine honour done aduance,  
In Scotland, England, and in France.  
By martiall deedes honourable,  
And art to euerie vertue able.  
I know thy grace will not mis-ken mee,



## The Complaint of

But thou wilt either give or lend me.  
Would thy Grace lend me to a day,  
Of gold, a thousand pound or tway,  
And I shall fire with good intent,  
Thy Grace a day of payment,  
With sealed obligation,  
Under this protestation.  
When the Basse and the Ples of May,  
Was set upon the Mount Sinay:  
When the Lowmond beside Falkland,  
Was lifted to Northumberland.  
When Church-men yearnes no dignitie,  
Nor wibes no soveraigntie:  
Winter without frost, snow, wind, or raine,  
Then shall I give the gold againe.  
Or I shall make to thee payment,  
After the day of judgement:  
Within a moneth at the least,  
When Saint Peter shall make a feast,  
To all the fishers of Aberladie,  
So thou have mine acquittance readie.  
Failing thereof by Saint Philane,  
Thy Grace gets never a groat againe.  
If thou bee not content of this,  
I must request the King of blis  
That hee to me have some regard,  
And cause thy grace me to reward.  
For David King of Israel,  
Who was the great prophet royall,  
Saves, God hath whole at his command,  
The hearts of Princes in his hand.  
When as he list them so to turne,

Sir David Lyndesay.

That must they doe without sojourn:  
Some to exalt in dignitie,  
And some to depzbe in povertie:  
Sometime of low men to make Lords,  
And sometime Lords to bind in cords:  
And then alutterlie destroy,  
As pleaseth God that noble roy,  
For thou art but an instrument.  
Of that great God omnipotent,  
So when it pleaseth thine excellence,  
Thy grace shall make me recompence,  
O he shall cause me stand content,  
Of quiet life and sober rent,  
And take me in my latter age,  
Unto my simple hermitage:  
And spend that mine elders have won  
As olde Diogines in his Tun.  
Of this complaint with minde full make,  
Thy graces answere, sir I besæke.

Quod Lindelay to the King.

THE TRAGEDIE OF THE

umquahile most reverend Father, David  
by the grace of God, Cardinal and  
Archbishop of S. Andrewes &c. com-  
piled by sir David Lyndesay of the  
Mount, Knight, alias Lys-  
on King of Armes.

*Mortales cum nati sitis, supra Deum ne vos exeritis.*

THE PROLOGVE.

Not long agoe after the houre of prime,  
Secretlie sitting in mine ozetrie,

## The Prologue

I tooke a booke to exercise the time,  
Where I found manie Tragedie and storie,  
Which Iohn Boccas had put in memorie:  
How manie Princes, Conquerours and Kings,  
Were dolefullie deposed of their reignes.

How Alexander the potent Conquerour,  
In Babylon was poysoned pittouslie:  
And Iulius the mightie Emperour,  
Murthred at Rome, causelesse and cruellie:  
Pudent Pompey in Egypt shamefullie,  
Hee murthred was, what needs processe more?  
Whose tragedies were pittie to deplore.

I sitting so upon my booke reading,  
Right suddenly before me did appeare:  
A wounded man, abundantlie blæding,  
With visage pale, and with a deadlie cheare,  
Seeming a man of two and fiftie yere.  
In rayment red, cloathed full courteouslie,  
Of Velvet, and of Satine Cramosie.

With feeble voyce, as men opprest with paine,  
Shortlie hee made me supplication,  
Saying, my freind, goe read, and read againe,  
If thou canst finde by true narration,  
Of anie paine like to my passion:  
Right sure I am were Iohn Boccas on liue,  
My tragedie at length hee would describe.

Since hee is gone, I pray thee to endite,  
Of mine infortune some remembrance,  
Or at the least my Tragedie to write,  
As I to thee shall shew the circumstance,



154  
The Cardinall

In tearmes short of my unhappie chance,  
Since my beginning to my satall end:  
Which I would to all Creatures were kend.

I not (said I) make such memor:iall,  
But of thy name I had intelligence?  
I am David that carefull Cardinall,  
Which doe appeare (said hee) to thy presence,  
That sometime had so great preheminence,  
Then hee began his deades for to endite,  
As ye shall heare, and I began to writze.

The Tragedie of the Cardinall.

**D**avid Beton, sometimes Cardinall,  
Of noble blood by line I did descend:  
During my time I had no petegall,  
But now, alas, is comed my satall end:  
Aye gree by gree upward I did ascend,  
So that into this realme did never reigne,  
So great a man as I under a King.

When I was a young gallant gentle-man,  
Princes to serbe I set my whole intent:  
First to ascend to Arbroth I began:  
An Abbacie of great riches and rent,  
Of that estate yet was I not content,  
To get more riches, dignitie, and gloze,  
Mine heart was set, alas, alas, therefore.

I made such service to our Sovereigne King,  
Hee did promote me to more high estate:  
A Prince above all Priests for to reigne,  
Arch-bishop of S. Andrewes consecrat:

## The Tragedie of

To that honour when I was eleuate,  
My pridesfull heart was not content at all,  
Till that I create was a Cardinall.

Yet preast I to haue moze authoritie,  
And finally was chosen Chancellor:  
And for upholding of my dignitie,  
Was made Legate: than had I no compare.  
I purchast for my profite singulare,  
My bores and my treasures to aduance,  
The Bishopricke of Meropose in France.

Of all Scotland I had the governall,  
But mine aduise concluded was nothing:  
Abbot, Bishop, Archbishop and Cardinall,  
Into this realme no higher could I reigne,  
But if I had bene Pope Emperour or King,  
For shortnesse of the time I am not able,  
At length to shew mine actes honourable.

For through my princelie prodigallitie,  
Amongst Prelates in France I bare the price:  
I shewed my lordlie liberalitie,  
In banquetting, playing at cards and dyce:  
Into such wisdomme I was holden wise,  
And spared not to play with King nor knight,  
Three thousand Crownes of gold upon a night.

In France I made foure honest voyages,  
Where I did actes digne of remembrance:  
Through mee were made triumphant Marriages  
To our soberaigne both profit and pleasance,  
Queene Magdalene the first daughter of France,

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## The Cardinell

With great riches was into Scotland brought,  
That Mariage thzogh my wisdom was wrought

After whose death in France I past againe,  
The second Queene homeward I did conboy  
That lustie Princesse Marie de lorane,  
Which was receiv'd with great triumph and joy.  
So served I our right redoubted Roy.  
Some after that Henrie of England King,  
Of our soveraigne desired a communing.

Of that meeting our King was well content,  
So that in Yorke was set both time and place,  
But our Prelates and I would never consent,  
That he should see King Henrie in the face.  
But we were well content albeit his Grace,  
Had sailde the sea to speake with anie other,  
Except the King who was his mothers brother.

Whereby there rose great war and mortall strife  
Great her ships, hunger dearth, and desolation:  
On either side did many losse their life.  
If I would make a true narration.  
I caused all that tribulation:  
For to take peace I never would consent,  
Except the King of France had bene content.

During this warre were taken prisoners,  
Of noble men fighting full furiously:  
Amonge a Lord, Baron, and Batchelers,  
Wherethzough our King took such melancholie,  
Which drave him to the death right dolefullie,  
Extreme dolour did so overset his heart,



The Tragedie of  
That from his life, alas, hee did depart.

But after that both strength & speech is leased,  
A paper blanke I made his Grace subscribe,  
Into the which I wrote all that I pleased,  
After his death which long were to describe:  
Thzough that witting I purposed I litle,  
With support of some Lords benevolence,  
In this region to have preheminence.

As for my Lord our righteous governour,  
If I would shortlie shew the veritie:  
To him I had no manner of labour,  
During that time I purposed that hee,  
Should never come to none authoritie:  
For his support therefore he brought among us,  
Forth of England the noble Earle of Angus.

Then was I put abacke from my purpose,  
And suddenlie cast in captivitie:  
My pridesfull heart to daunt I suppose,  
Devised by the high diuinitie:  
Yet in mine heart sprang none humilitie,  
But now the word of GOD full well I know,  
Who doeth exalt himselfe, God will bring low.

In the meane time when I was so subjected,  
Ambassadoury were sent into England:  
Where they both peace and marriage contracted:  
And more suretie for to obserue that band.  
Where promised diuerse pledges of Scotland.  
Of that Contract I was no wise content:  
For never would the ceto give my consent.

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## The Cardinall.

To Captaines that kept me in ward,  
Giftes of gold I gave them great plentie,  
Wherethrough I scaped from captivitie.  
But when I was free at my libertie,  
Then like a lyon loosed from his cage,  
Out through the realme, I gan to raile and rage

Contrare the governour and his companie  
 Oftentimes made I insurrection:  
 Purposing for to have him basillie,  
 Subdued unto my correction.

Or put him to extreame subjection:  
 During this time if it were well decided,  
 This realme by mee was utterlie divided,

The governour purposing to subdew,  
 I raise an host of manie a bolde baron:  
 And made a rade that Lichgow yet may rewe,  
 For he destroyed a myle about the town,  
 For that I got manie blacke malisoun,  
 Yet contrare the governours intent,  
 With out young Prince we unto Scriviling went.

For high contempton of the governour,  
 I brought the Earle of Lennox out of France,  
 What lustie Lord living in great pleasure,  
 Did loose that land and honest ordinance,  
 But he and I fell soone at variance,  
 And through my counsell was wi thin short space,  
 For fault and shamed, he got none other grace.

Then through my prudence practik and ingine  
 Our governour I caused to consent:

Full

The Tragedie of

Full quietlie to my counsell incline,  
Whereof his nobles were not well content,  
For why? I caused dissolve in Parliament,  
The band of peace contracted with England,  
Wherethrough came harme & herthip to Scotland.

The peace broken, arose new mortall weares,  
By sea and land such rease without reliefe,  
Which to report my frayed heart effeares:  
The veritie to shew in tearmes brieve,  
I was the root of all this great mischiefe,  
The south countrie may say, it had bene good,  
That my purse had smoozed me in my coud.

I was the cause of meekle more mischance,  
For uphold of my gloze and dignitie:  
And pleasure of the potent King of France,  
With England would I have none unitie,  
But who consider would the veritie,  
Wee might full well have lib'de in peace and rest,  
Nine or ten yeres, and then plaide loose or fast.

Had wee with England kepted our contrates,  
Our noble men had lib'd in peace and rest,  
Our merchands had not lost so manie packes:  
Our common people had not bene opprest,  
On either side all wrongs had bene redrest.  
But Edinburgh since then Leeth and Kinghorne  
That day and houre may ban that I was borne.

Our governour to make him to me sure,  
With swarte and subtile words I did him sure,  
Till I his son and heire got in my cure,



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## The Cardinall. :

To that effect I found a craftie wyle,  
That hee no manner of way might mee beguyle.  
Then leugh I when his lieges did alledge,  
How I his son had gotten into pledge.

The Earle of Angus, and his germane brother  
I purposde then to make them lose their life:  
Right so to have destroyed many other,  
Some with the fire, some with the sword and knife  
In speciall manie gentle men in Fife,  
And purposed to put to great torment,  
All favourers of the olde and new Testament.

When everie man they tooke of mee such feare,  
That time when I had so great governance:  
Great Lords dreading I should doe them deare,  
They durst not come to court without assurance:  
Since then there hath not bene such variance:  
Now to our Prince, Barons obedientlie,  
Without assurance come full courtiouslie.

My hope was most into the King of France,  
Together with the Popes holinesse:  
More than in God, my worship to advance,  
I trusted so into their gentlenesse:  
That no man durst presume me to oppresse.  
But when the day came to my fatall houre,  
Far was from me their support and succour.

When to preserve my riches and my life,  
I made a strength of wals high and braid:  
Such a fortresse was never found in Fife,  
Behaving there no man durst mee invade:

Now

## The Tragedie of

Now finde I true the Saw which David said,  
Except God of an house be master of warke,  
Hee woꝝkes in vaine, though it be neuer so sturke.

For I was through the whole power diuine,  
Right dolefullie beate down among the ash,  
Which could not be through moztall mans ingine.  
But as David did kill great Goliath:  
Or Olopherne by Iudith killed was,  
In mids among his triumphing Armie,  
So was I slaine into my chiefe citle.

When I had greatest domination,  
As Lucifer had in the Heabens Emprre,  
Came suddenlie my depꝛibation,  
By them which did my dolent death conspyre,  
So cruell was their furious burning pyre:  
I got no time, leasure noꝝ libertie,  
To say, In manus tuas Domine.

Behold my fatall infelicitie,  
I being in my strength incomparable,  
That dreadfull dungeon made mee no supplie,  
My great riches and rents profitable,  
My liber-woꝝke, jewels inestemable,  
My papall pompe of gold, my rich treasure,  
My life and all I lost in halfe an houre.

To the people was made a spectacle,  
Of my death, and deformed carion  
Some, said it was a manifest miracle:  
Some said it was diuine pynition,  
So to bee slaine into my strong dungeon,

## The Cardinall

When ebery man had iudged as hē list,  
They salted mē, then closde me in a kist.

I lay unburied fife moneths and moze,  
Ere I was bozn to Closter, Church, or Quēre,  
In a dung-hill great pittie to deploze,  
Without suffrage of Channon Monke, or Frier.  
All proud Prelates at me may lessons leare,  
Which raigne so long, and so triumphantlie,  
Byne in the dust dung down so dolesfullie.

To the Prelates.



**P**æ my bzeithzen Princes of y<sup>e</sup> Priests  
I make to you heartlie supplication:  
Both night and day reholbe into yone  
The proceſſe of my depzivation: (bzeiths  
Consider what bæene your vocation,  
To follow me I pray you not pretend you,  
But reade at length this Cedull that I send you.

**P**æ know how Iesus his disciples sent,  
Ambassadors to eberie Nation:  
To shew his law and his commandement,  
To all people by predication:  
Therefore to you I mak narration,  
Since yæ to them are verie successors,  
Pæ ought to doe as did your predecessours.

**H**ow dare you bæ so bold to take in hand,  
For to be herauldes to so great a King?  
To beare his message both to burgh and land,  
Pæ bæing dumb, and can pronounce nothing:  
Like menſtrels that can neither play nor sing.



## The Cardinall.

O why should men giue to such Herds an hyre?  
That cannot guide their flocke about the myre.

Ashame yē not to be Christs serbitours,  
And for your hyre haue great tempoꝛall lands:  
Since of your Office yē cannot take the cures:  
As Canon Law and Scripture you commands.  
Yē will not lacke tiend sheefe. noꝛ offerande,  
Tiend wolle, tiend lamb, teind calfe, teind gryle  
To make service yee are all out of use. ( & goe

O y deare brethzen, doe not as yē were wont,  
Amend your liues now while your days endures:  
Trust well yē shall bee called to your count,  
Of euerie thing belonging to your cures.  
Leaue basartie, your harlotrie and hures,  
Remembering on mine unpꝛobided dead,  
For after death may no man make remead.

Yē Prelates that haue thousands for to spend,  
Yē send a simple frier for you to preach:  
It is your craft I make it to you kend,  
Pour selues into your Temple for to teach:  
But marvell not though sillie friers fleach,  
For if they plainlie shew the veritie,  
Then will they want the Bishops charitie.

Wherefoze is giben to you such royall Rent,  
But for to finde the people spirituall food?  
Pꝛeaching to them the olde and new Testament,  
The law of God doeth plainelie so conclude.  
Put not your hope into vaine woꝛldlie good,  
As I haue done: behold my great treasure,  
Made me none helpe at mine unhappie houre.

759  
The Tragedie of

That day when I was Bishop consecrat,  
The great Bible was bound upon my backe,  
What was therein, I little knew, God wate,  
More than a beast bearing a precious packe:  
But hastilie my covenant I brake.

For I was obliht with mine owne consent,  
The Law of God to preach with good intent.

Brethren, right so when yæ were consecrat,  
Yæ obliht you upon the selfe same wise:  
Yæ may bæ called Bishops counterfait,  
As gallants busked for to make a guise.  
Now thinke I Princes are nothing to prise,  
To giue a famous Office to a fowle,  
As who would put a Mitre on a Hogle.

Alas, if yæ that sorrowfull sight had sene,  
How I lay bullering bathed in my blood,  
To mend your liues it had occasion beene,  
And leaue your olde corrupted consuetud,  
Failing thereof, then shortly I conclud,  
Except yæ from your Rebellie arise,  
Yæ shall be serued on the selfe same wise.

To the Princes.

**U**nprudent Princes without discretion,  
Hauing on earth power imperiall:  
Yæ haue beene cause of this transgression  
I speake unto you all in generall,  
Which doe dispoñe all Office spirituall,  
Giuing the soules which are Christs sheepe,  
To blind Pastors but consciences to keepe.

when

## The Tragedie of

When the Prince doeth lacke an Office,  
A Baker, Brewer, or a Master-cooke:  
A prime Taylor, a cunning Cordoner,  
Ouer all the land, at length hee will cause looke,  
Most able men such Offices to brooke.  
A Brewer that can brew most wholesome Ale,  
A cunning Cooke that best can season Cattle.

A Taylor who hath fostered beene in France,  
That can make garments of the gayest gulle,  
For Princes are the cause of this mischance,  
That when there doeth baite anie benefice,  
Hee ought to doe upon the selfe same wise.  
Cause search and seeke both in burgh and land,  
The law of God who doeth best understand.

Make him a Bishop that prudentlie can preach  
As doeth pertaine to his Vocation:  
A Parion who his Parochin can teach,  
Cause Vicars make due ministration.  
Also I make you supplication,  
Make your Abbots right religious men,  
Which to the people Christs Law can ken.

But not to Rebels new come from the coast,  
Not of a stuffet stolne out of a stable:  
The which into the schoole made never no cost,  
Nor never was to spirituall science able,  
Except the cards, the dyce, the ches and table.  
Of ROME-rakers, nor of rude Ruffians,  
Of Callay-pakers nor of Publicans.

Nor of fantasticke fained flatterers,

Most



760

## The Cardinall.

Most méete to gather Pettles into May  
Of Cowhubbles, noz of Clatterers,  
That in the Church can neither sing noz say,  
Though they be cloaked up in Clarkes array,  
Like doated Doctoꝝ new come out of Athens,  
And mumble over a paire of mangled Matins.

Not qualified to képe a Benefice,  
But thzough Sir Simon solistation,  
I was promoted on the selfe same wise,  
Alas, thzough Pꝛinces supplication,  
And made at Rome thzough false narration,  
Bishop, Abbot, but no religious man.  
Who me promoted, I now their bones doe bast.

Albeit I was a Legate and Cardinall,  
Little I knew therein what should be done:  
I understood no science spirituall,  
Poe moze than did blind Allane of the Doone.  
I dzead the King that sitteth high abone,  
On you Pꝛinces shall make soze punishment,  
Right so on us thzough righteous judgement.

On you Pꝛinces for undiscreet giving,  
To ignorant such Offices to use:  
And wee for our importunat asking,  
Which should have done such dignitie refuse,  
Our ignorance hath done the world abuse,  
Thzough covetice of riches and of rent.  
That ever I was a Pꝛelat, I repent.

O Kings! take yé no care to give in cure,  
Virgines profess into Religion?

## Queene Magdalene.

Into the keeping of a common whoze?  
To make, think ye not great derision,  
A woman parson of a parichon,  
Where there is two thousand to guide,  
That from harlots cannot their hips hide?

What if King David liued in thir dayes?  
Or out of heauen what if he looked downe,  
The which did found so manie faire Abbayes:  
Seeing the great abomination,  
In manie Abbayes of this Nation:  
He would repent that narrowed so his bounds,  
Of yarelle rent threescore of thousand pounds.

Wherefore I counsell euerie Christian King,  
Within this realme making reformation:  
And suffer no moe Rebalds for to reigne,  
Above Christs true Congregation.  
Failing therefore, I make narration,  
That the Princes and Prelates all at once,  
Shall buried be in Hell, soule, blood, and bone.

That euer I kepted benefice, soze I reio,  
Or to such hight so prondlie did pretend,  
I must depart: therefore my friends adieu,  
Where euer it pleaseth God now must I wend:  
I pray thee to my friends mee recommend,  
And failie not at length to put in wryte.  
My tragedie, as I have done endite.

The deploration of the death, of

Queene Magdalene.

O Cruell death, too great is thy puissance,  
Deuourer of all earthlie liuing things:

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## The Cardinall.

Adam wee may blame thee of this mischance,  
In thy default this cruell tyzant reignes.  
And spareth neither Emperour nor Kings,  
And now, alas, hath rest swooth of this land,  
The flowre of France, and comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam, alas, that thou abused,  
Thy free will, being disobedient:  
Thou choolest death, and lasting life refused,  
Thy succession, alas, that may repent,  
That thou hast made mankind so impotent,  
That it may make to death no resistance.  
Example of our Quene the flowres of France.

O dreadfull Dragon, with thy dolefull dart,  
Which didst not spare of the femine the flowre:  
But cruellie didst pierce her through the heart,  
And wouldst not gibe her respite for an houre.  
To remaine with her Prince and Paramour,  
That shee at leasure might have tane licence,  
Scotland on thee may cry aloude vengeance.

Thou let Methusalem live nine hundred yere,  
Threescore and nine: but in thy furious rage:  
Thou didst devour this young Prince but weere  
Ere shee was compleete seventene yere of age:  
Greedie gozmand, why didst thou not asswadge  
Thy furious rage contrare this lustie Quene,  
Will we some fruite had of her bodie sene.

O Dame Nature: thou didst no diligence,  
Contrare this thiefe who all y world confounds,  
Haddst thou with naturall targes made defence.



Of the death

That by yer had not come within her bounds,  
And had bænesabed from such moztall soundes:  
This many a yere: but where was thy discretion  
That let her passe, till wee had sene succession?

O Venus with thy blinde sonne Cupido,  
Fye on you both, that made no resistance,  
Into your court you ueber had such stow,  
So leele Lovers without dissimulance,  
As Iames the fifth, and Magdalene of France,  
Descending both of blood imperiall.  
To whom in love I finde no perigall.

Foz as Leander swamme out thzough the flood,  
To his faire Ladie Hero manie nights,  
So did this Prince thzogh bullering streams wold  
With Charles, Barons, Squyres, & with knights  
Contrate Neptune and Eole, and their mights,  
And left this realme into great desperance,  
To sake his Love, the first daughter of France.

And thee like prudent Quæne Penelope,  
Right constantlie wold change him foz none other  
And foz his pleasure left her owne Countrie  
Without regard to father and to mother:  
Taking no care of Sister oz of Brother,  
But thoztlye toke her leave, and left them all,  
Foz love of him to whom love made her thzall.

O dame fortune! where was thy great comfort,  
To her to whom thou was so favourable:  
Why sliding gift made to her no support,  
Her high linage noz riches intellable,  
For thy puissance is but variable:

of Queene Magdalene

When her father the most deare Christian King  
To his deare childe might make no supporting.

The potent Prince her lustie Love and Knight  
With his most hardie Nobles of Scotland.  
Contrate that baillfull Briber had no might,  
Though all the men had bene at his command,  
Of France, Flanders, Italic, and England,  
With fiftie thousand millions of treasure,  
Might not prolong that Ladies life one houre.

O Parise of all cities principall,  
Who did receive our Prince with land and gloze.  
Sclernedlie thzough Arches triumphall,  
Which day bene digne to put in memorie.  
For as Pompey after his victorie,  
Was into Rome receibed with great joy,  
So thou receibed our right redoubted Roy.

But at his marriage made upon the mozne,  
Such solace and solemnization:  
Was neber scene befoze since Christ was bozne,  
For to Scotland such consolation,  
There sealed was the confirmation,  
Of the wellkeped ancient alliance,  
Made betwæne Scotland & the Realme of France,

I neber did see a day more glorious,  
So manie in so rich abullements:  
Of silke and gold with stones precious,  
Such banqueting such sound of instruments,  
With song and dance, and martiall ornaments,  
But like a storme after a pleasant morrow,

Some for our solace changed into sorrow,

O traitor death, whom none may contramand,  
Thou mightst haue seene the preparation,  
Made by the three Estates of Scotland,  
With great comfort and consolation,  
In euerie Citie, Castle, Towre, and Towne,  
And how each Noble set his whole intent,  
To be excellent in abullement.

These, sauest thou not the great preparatiues  
Of Edinburgh, that famous noble Towne:  
Thou sauest the people labouring for their liues,  
To make triumph with Trumpe and Clarion.  
Such pleasure was neuer seene in this region,  
As should haue bene the day of her entresse,  
With great propines giuen unto her grace.

Thou sauest making right costlie scaffolding,  
Depainted well with gold and Azure fine.  
Readie prepared for the up setting,  
With fountaines flowing water cleare & wine.  
Disguised folke, like creatures diuine,  
On each scaffold to play a sundrie storie,  
But all in weeping turned thou their glorie.

Thou sauest full well many fresh Galland,  
Well ordred for receiuing of their Quene,  
Each Craftsmen with his bent bow in his hand  
Right gallantlie in short cloathing of graine,  
The honest burgesse cled thou should haue seene:  
Some in Scarlet, and some in cloath of graine,  
For to haue met their Ladie Soberaigne.



Probest, Baillies. and Lords of the Towne,  
The Senators in order subsequent,  
Cled into filke of Purpure blacke and browne,  
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,  
With manie knightlie Baron and Barent,  
In filke and gold in collour comfortable,  
But thou alas, all turned into sable.

Then all the Lords of religion,  
And Princes of the Priests venerable,  
Full pleasantlie in their procession,  
With all cunning Clarkes honourable,  
But theftuonslie thou tyrant treasonable,  
All their great solace and solemnities,  
Thou turned into dolefull dirigies.

Then next in order passing through the Town  
Thou should have heard the noyle of instruments  
And Taberne, Trumpet, Shalme and Clarion,  
With ræde resounding through the Elements:  
The Heralds with their awfull vestiments,  
With masses upon either of their hands,  
To rule the pzeasse with burnisht silver wands.

Then last of all in order triumphant,  
That most illustrious Princesse honourable,  
With her the lustie Ladies of Scotland,  
Which would have beene a sight most delectable:  
Her rayment to rehearse I am not able,  
Of gold, and Pearle, & precious stones bright,  
Twinkling like starres into a frostie night.

Under a Pale of gold shee should have past,

By burgeses bozne cloathed in silkes fine,  
The great Master of Household at the last,  
With him in order all the Kings traine,  
Whose ornaments were longsome to define:  
On this manner the passing through the town,  
Should have receiued manie banison.

Of virgines and of lustie burgesse wiues,  
Which should have bene a sight Celestiall:  
Ve ve la Royne, crying for their liues,  
With an harmonious sound Angelicall,  
In euerie corner mirth muscalt:  
But thou tyzant in whom is found no grace,  
Our Alleluia, hath turned in alace.

Thou shouldst have heard the ornat Oratours,  
Making her highnesse salutation,  
Both of the Clergie, Towne and Counsellours,  
With manie a notable narration:  
Thou shouldst have seene her coronation,  
In the faire Abbay of the holte Rade,  
In presence of a mirthfull multitude.

Such banqueting, such awfull ornaments,  
On horse & foot that time which should have bene  
Such Chappell Royall with such instruments,  
And craftie musicke singing from the spleene,  
In this Countrie was never heard nor seene:  
But all this great solemnitie and game,  
Thou turned hast in Requiem eternam.,

Unconstant world thy freindship I desy,  
Since strength, nor wisdom, riches, & honour.

Virtue

Of Queene Magdalene,

Virtue no: beautie none may certifie,  
Within thy bounds so: to remaine one houre,  
What availes to be King o: Emperour,  
Since Princelie puissance may not be exēmed,  
From death, whose dolour cannot be exp̄med.

Since man on earth hath no place permanent,  
But all must passe by that most horrible port:  
Let us pray to the Lord Omnipotent,  
That dolefull day to be our great comfort,  
That in this realme with him we may resort,  
Which from y<sup>e</sup> Hell with his blood ransomed bene,  
With Magdalene sometime of Scotland Quene.

O death though thou the bodie may deuoure,  
Of euerie man, yet hast thou not puissance,  
Of their vertue so: to consume their gloze,  
As shall be seene of Magdalene of France,  
Sometime our Quene, whō Poets shall aduance  
And put her in imperiall memorie,  
So shall her fame of thee have victorie.

Though thou hast kil'd y<sup>e</sup> heauenlye floure of France,  
Which impted was into the Thistle keene  
Wherein all Scotland saw their whole pleasure,  
And made the Lyon rejoyced from the spleene:  
Though the root be pulled from the leaues greene  
The smell of it shall in despite of thee,  
Keep aye two realmes in peace and amitie.

The answer which Sir *David Lyndesay*  
made to the Kings flyting.

**R** Doubted Roy. your ragment I haue red,  
Which doth perturb my dall intendement,



From your flytting, would God that I were free  
Or else some Tygers tongue were to me lent,  
Sir pardon mee, though I be impatient,  
Which am so with your pruned pen detraded  
And rude report, from Venus court dejected.

Lustie ladies that one your Lybell looke,  
By companie doe hold abominable:  
Commanding me beare companie to Cookes,  
Poore like a Devill they hold me detestable:  
They banish me, saying, I am not able,  
Them to compleasse, or please to their presence,  
Upon your pen I cry a loude vengeance.

Where I a Poet I should please with my pen,  
To wrecke me on your benemous writing:  
But I must doe, as dog doeth in his den.  
Fold both my feete, or flie far from your flytting,  
The meekle Devill may not endure your vyting,  
Wherefore Cor mundum crea in me, I cry,  
Proclaiming you the Prince of Poetrie,

Sir, with my Prince pertaines me not to pley,  
But since your grace hath giben me such command  
To make answer, I must it needs obey,  
Though ye be strong now like an Elephant.  
And into Venus workes most valiant.  
The day will come and that within few yeares,  
That ye will dote at leasure with your feares.

What can you say further, but I am failed,  
In Venus workes? I grant, Sir, that is true,  
The time hath bene I was better attailed

Than

## The Kings Flytting

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Than I am now, but yet full soze I rewe,  
That eber I did Mounth=thanklesse so persewe,  
Wherefore tak hærde, and your fine powder spare,  
And waste it not but if yee knew weell where.

Though you run rudelie like a restlesse ram  
Shooting your bolt at many sundrie shels,  
Beleeve right well it is a byding game:  
Wherefore bewar with doubling of the bells:  
For many one doe haſt their owne soule knels,  
And spectallie when that the well goes drie,  
Then cannot get againe such ſtuffe to buy.

I gibe your Counsell to the fiend of Hell,  
That would not of a Princeſſe you provide:  
Suffering you run shooting from ſhell to ſhell,  
Waſting your Corps, letting your time ober ſlid  
For like a buſteous Bull you run and ride,  
Riotouſſelike a rude Rubiatoz.  
Aye fucking like a furious Fornicatoz.

On Ladzons for to loupe you will not let,  
How eber the Carribalds cry the cozinough:  
Remember how beſide the Maſking=ſat.  
You caſt a Queane overthwart a ſtinking trogh:  
That fiend with fuſling on her roſted hogh:  
Caſt down y fat, wherethrough drink, draſſe & ſugs  
Came rudelie running down about your legs.



Would God the ladie that lobes you beſt,  
Had ſeene you there ly ſwatterring like two ſwyne  
But to endite how that Duddon you dzeſt,  
Drowped with dzeſs whimpzing w many wbyne  
That

That procelle to report it were a paine:  
On your behalfe I thanke GOD times tencfold,  
That you preserved from Out & from Grandgoyle.

Now, Sir farewell because I cannot flyte,  
And though I could, I were not to advance,  
Against your oznate Better to endite,  
But beware with labouring of your Lance,  
Some sayes there comes a buckler out of France,  
Which will endure your dints thogh they be done.  
Farewell of flowing Rhetoricke the flowze.

Quod *Lyndesay* in his dyting  
Against the Kings flyting.

The Complaint and publicke Confession of the  
Kings olde hound, called *Bashe*: directed to  
*Bawtie*, the Kings best beloved Dog,  
and his companions: made at com-  
mand of King *James* the fifth, by  
Sir *David Lyndesay*, of the  
Mount Knight, aliàs *Ly-*  
*on* King of Armes.

 Las, to whom should I complaine,  
In mine extreame necessitie?  
 D? whom to should I make my mone,  
In Court no Dogge will doe for me?  
Beseeching some for charitie,  
To heare my supplication,  
To Scudler, Lufra, and Bawtie,  
Now ere the King passe from the Towne.  
I have followed the court so long,  
While in good faith I may no maize:



The countrie knowes I may not gang,  
 I am so crooked, olde and saire:  
 That I know not where to repaire.  
 For when I had authoritie,  
 I thought me so familiare,  
 I never dzed necessitie.

I rew the case that Geordie Steele,  
 Brought Bawtie to the Kings presence:  
 I pray God let him never doe well,  
 Since then I got none audience:  
 For Bawtie now gets such credence:  
 That hee lyes on the Kings night-gown:  
 Where I perforce for mine offence,  
 Must in the Close lye like a clown.

For I have bene aye to this houre,  
 A wirrier of lambe and hogge:  
 A tyzant and a tuleyeour,  
 A murtherer of manie a dogge,  
 Fibe sowles I chaff out through a scrogge,  
 Wherefoze their Mothers did me warie:  
 For they wers all drownde in a bogge,  
 Speare at Iohn Gordon of Pitcarie.

Which in his house did bring me up,  
 And used me to kill the Deere:  
 Swæte milke and meale hee made mee sap,  
 That tread I learned sone perqueer.  
 All other vertue ran acere,  
 When I Began to barke and flyte:  
 For there was neither monke noz frier,  
 Noz wise, noz child, but I would hyte.

## The Complaint of

When to the King the case was knowne,  
Of mine unhappie hardinesse:  
And all the sooth unto him showane,  
How euerie Dogge I did oppresse:  
Then gave his grace command expresse,  
I should be bzought to his presence:  
Notwithstanding my wickednesse,  
In court I got great audience.

I shewde my great ungratitude,  
To the Captaine of Badyeno:  
Which in his house did finde me foode:  
Two yeres with other hounds moe,  
But when I saw that it was so,  
That I grew high into the Court.  
For his reward I wrought him woe,  
And cruellie I did him hurt.

So they that gave me to the King,  
I was their moztall enemye.  
I tooke cure of no kind of thing,  
But to please the Kings Masellie,  
But when he knew my crueltie,  
My falsset and my plaine oppression,  
Hee gave command that I should bee  
Hanged without confession.

And yet because that I was olde,  
His grace thought pittie for to hang me,  
And let mee wander where euer I would:  
Then let my foes for to fang mee:  
And euerie Butchers dogge downe dang mee,  
When I troud best to bee a Laird:

of Bash.

Then in the Court each wight did wrong mee,  
And this I got for my reward.

I had wirried blacke Mackelson,  
Where not the Rebalos came and red!  
But hee was fleemed from the Town,  
When once the King saw how I bled,  
Hee causde lay mee upon a bed,  
For with a knife I was mischiebed,  
This Mackelson for feare hee fled,  
A long time ere hee was relieved.

And Pattricke Stirling in Argyle,  
I bare him backward to the ground:  
And had him slaine within a while,  
Where not the helping of an Hound:  
Yet got hee many a bloodie wound,  
As yet his skin well shew the marks  
Finde me a dog where ever ye found,  
Hath made so many bloodie sarks.

Good brother Lance-man, Lyndesayes Dogge,  
Whichebet hath keeped thy lawtie:  
And never wirried Lambe nor Hogge,  
Pray Lufra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,  
Of mee Bash for to have pittie,  
And provid me a portion:  
In Dumfermeling where I may dye,  
Pennance for mine extortion,

Get by their solistation:  
A latter from the Kings Grace;  
That I may have collation,



## The Complaint

With fire and candle in the place,  
But I will live short time, alas,  
Lacke I good fresh flesh for my gammes,  
Betwene Ashwednesday and Bath,  
I must have leabe to writte Lambes.

Bawtie, consider well this Bill,  
And read this cedull that I send you,  
And eberie point thereof fulfill,  
And now in time of misse amend you,  
I pray you that you not pretend you,  
To climbe too high, nor doe no wrong:  
But from your foes with right defend you,  
And take example how I gang.

I was that no man durst come neare me,  
Nor put mee forth of my lodging,  
No dogge durst from my dinner skar me,  
When I was tender with the King:  
Now eberie tyke does me downe thring:  
The which befoze by me was wronged,  
And sweares I serbe none other thing,  
But in an halter to be hanged.

Thogh ye be homellie with the King,  
Ye Scudlar, Lufra, and Bawtie,  
Beware that ye doe not downe thring,  
Your neighbour through authoritie,  
And your example make by me,  
And beleve well you are but dogges,  
Thogh ye stand in an high degree:  
For ye byte neither lambes nor hogges.  
And ye have now great audience,

See that by you none be oppress,  
 For will be punisht for your offence,  
 When once the King be well confess:  
 There is no Dog that hath transgress,  
 Though cruellie if he may fang him,  
 His Majestie will take no rest,  
 Till on a Gallous hee cause hang him.  
 I was once as farre ben as ye are,  
 And had in Court such audience,  
 And aye pretended to be higher:  
 But when the Kings Excellence,  
 Did know my falsset and offence:  
 And my proudfull presumption,  
 I got none other recompence,  
 But boyd and hunted out of the Town.  
 Was never so unkind a Course,  
 As when I had authoritie,  
 Of my freindes I tooke no force,  
 The which befoze had done for mee:  
 This proverbe is of veritie,  
 Which I had heard read into a letter,  
 He highest in court next to the widow  
 Except hee guide him all the better.  
 I tooke no more thought of a Lord,  
 Than I did of a kitchin knave,  
 Though everie day I made discorde,  
 I was set up above the lave,  
 The gentle hound was to mee slave,  
 And with the Kings owne fingers fed,  
 The little Raches would I reave,  
 Thus for mine ill deedes I was doted.

## The Complaint

Therefore Bawtie, looke best about,  
When thou art highest with the King:  
For then thou standest in greatest doubt,  
Be thou not good in governing,  
Put no poore Tyke from his steedings,  
Nor yet no sillie Raches reade:  
He sits aboue that sees all thing,  
And of a Knight can make a knabe.

When I came stepping ben the floore,  
All Raches great roome to mee red:  
I of no creature tooke cure,  
But lay upon the Kings owne bed:  
With cloath of gold though it were spred,  
For feare each Fraike would stand on far,  
With every dog I was so dzead,  
They trembled when they heard mee nar.

Good brother Bawtie beare thee ben,  
Though with thy Prince thou be potent:  
It cryes a vengeance from the heauen,  
For to oppresse an innocent:  
In wealth be thou most diligent,  
And doe no wrong to Dogge nor Bitch,  
As I habe, which I now repent:  
No Messane reave to make thee rich,  
Nor for augmenting of thy bounds,  
Aske no reward, Sir, at the King:  
Which may doe hurt to other bounds,  
Oppresse against Gods owne bidding:  
Chase no poore Tyke from his midding,  
Through cast of court, nor Kings request,  
And of thy selfe presume nothing,  
Lest thou be a byutall beast,



of Bashe.

Trust well there is none oppressour,  
Noz Buchers Dog, drawer of blood,  
A tyzant noz a transgressour,  
That shall now of the King get good,  
From time forth that his cellitnde,  
Doeth clearelie know the veritie,  
But hee is sleemde soz to conclude,  
Dz hanged high upon a tre.

Though ye be coupled all together,  
With silke and sooles of silver fine,  
A Dog may come out of Balwhidder,  
And make you leade a lower traine:  
Then shall your pleasure turn in pine,  
When a strong hunter blows his hozne  
And all your credence make you tyne,  
Then shall your labour be sozlozne.

I say nomoze, good freinds adew,  
In dzead we neber meete againe:  
That eber I knew the Court, I rew,  
Was neber twight so will of wane.  
Let no dog now serbe our soberaigne,  
Except hee bee of good condition:  
Bee hee perberse I tell you plaine,  
Hee hath nede of a good remission.

That I am on this wise mischibed,  
The Carle of Huntlic I may warie:  
Hee waende that I had beene relieved,  
When to the court hee causde me carie.  
Would God I were now in Pitcarrie  
Because I have bene so evill dædie,  
Adew I dare no longer tarte,  
I dzead I wabe into a widdie.

## The Contemption.

A supplication directed from Sir *David Lindsay*,  
of the Mount, to the Kings Grace, in contemp-  
tion of side tailles and musselled faces.



**I**r, thogh your grace hath put great order  
Both in the High-land and the Border.  
Yet I make supplication,  
To have some reformation,  
Of a small fault which is no treason,  
Though it be contrarie to reason:  
Because the matter beene so vile,  
It may not have an ornat style,  
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,  
To heare me with great patience.  
Of stinking weedes maculate,  
No man may weare a rose-chaplet.  
Soveraigne, I meane of those side tailles,  
Which thzogh the dust and dubes trailles,  
Thzæ quarters long behind their heeles:  
Expresse against all Common-weales,  
Though Bishops in their pontificales,  
Have men for to beare up their tailles:  
For dignitie of their office.  
Right so a Quene or an Emprice,  
Albeit they use such grabitie,  
Conforming to their Majestie:  
Though their Rob Royalls bee up-bozne,  
I thinke it but a verie scozne:  
That everie Ladie of the Land,  
Should have her taile so lye trailand:  
Albeit they be of high estate,  
The Quene they may not counterlaite,  
Where ever they goe it may be seene,

## Of side Tails.

How Church and Callay they swaſpe cleane,  
The Images into the Kirke,  
May thinke of their ſide taites great irke:  
For when the weather beene moſt faire,  
The duſt flies higheſt in the Aire.  
And all their faces doeth begarie,  
If they could ſpeake, they would them warie,  
To ſee I thinke a pleaſant ſight,  
Of Italie the Ladies bright,  
In their clothing moſt triumphand,  
Aboue all other Chriſten land:  
Yet when they trauell throug the Townes,  
Then ſees their ſet beneath their gownes,  
Foure inches aboue their proper heeles,  
Circulate aboue as round as wheeles:  
Wherethroug there doeth no powder riſe,  
Their faire whit limbs for to ſuppiſe.  
But I thinke moſt abuſion,  
To ſee men of religion:  
To beare their taites throug the ſtreet,  
That folkes may behold their ſet:  
I trow Sainct Bernard, nor Sainct Blaſe,  
Caule neber man beare up their claiſe.  
Peter nor Paule, nor Sainct Andrew,  
Caule neber beare up their taites I trow,  
But I laugh beſt to ſee a Nun,  
Caule beare her taile aboue her bun,  
For nothing elſe as I ſuppoſe,  
But for to ſhew her lillie whit hoſe,  
In all their rules they will not finde,  
Who ſhould beare up their taites behind.



## The Contemption

But I have most into despite,  
Poore Claggoock clad with raplogh white:  
Which have scarce two markes of fées,  
Will have two eles beneath their knés:  
Kittooke that clecked was yestréne,  
The mozne will counterfaite the Quéene.  
A mozeland Beg that milks the Powes  
Clagged with clay above the howes:  
In barne nor byze shee will not hyde,  
Except her Kirtle taile bee syde.  
In Bozrowes wanton Burgesse wiues,  
Who may have sidest taites stribes:  
Well bordered with Welbet fine,  
But following them it is a pine:  
In summer when the streetes dries,  
They ratie the dust above the skies.  
None may goe neare them at their ease,  
Except they cower mouth and nease.  
From the powder to kepe their éne,  
Consider if their clothes be cleane.  
Betwéne their cleaving and their knés  
Who would behold their sweatie thies,  
Begaried with dirt and dust,  
It were enough to stanch the lust,  
Of anie man that saw them naked,  
I thinke such giglotes are but glaked,  
Without profite to have such pride,  
Harling their clagged taites so side.  
I would the Bozrowstowne bairnes had bzeeks  
To kepe such mist from Hakins chéekes.  
I dread rough Hakine die for dzeouth,  
When such dzy dust blowes in her mouth.

## Of side Tailles.

I thinke most paine after a raine,  
To see them towked up againe.  
Then when they step out through the stræte,  
Their folding flaps about their feet:  
Their loathlielyning sootthwith fipped.  
What hath the mucke and midding wpped:  
They waste more cloath within few yeres  
Then would cloath fiftie scoze of frieres.  
When Marion from the midding goes,  
From her mozn-darg shee strips the nose.  
And all the day where ever shee goe,  
Such liquoz shee licks up also.  
The turcumes of her taile I trow,  
Might bee a supper to a Sow.  
I know a man which sware great oathes  
How hee did list all hittockes cloathes:  
And would have done, I wot not what,  
But soone remead of love hee gat:  
Hee thought no shame to make it witten,  
How her side tailles was all beshitten.  
Of filth such flowze strake to his heart,  
That hee behobed so, to depart:  
(Said shee) good sir, mee thinke you reth  
(Said hee) your taile casts such a stew,  
That by Sainct Bride I cannot byde it.  
You were not wise that would not hide it.  
¶ Of tailles I will no more endite,  
For dreadd some Duddon mee despite:  
Notwithstanding I will conclude,  
That of side tailles can come no good,  
Syder than can their hanclets hyde,

## The Contemption

The remanent procédes of pride,  
And pride procédeth of the Devill,  
Thas alwayes they procéde of evill.

Another fault, Sir may be sene,  
They hyde their face all but the éne.

When gentle-men bids them good day,  
Without reverence they slide away.

That none may know I you assure,  
An honest woman by an whoze.

Except their naked face I see,  
They get no more good dayes of mee.

Hailse a french ladie when yee please,  
Shee will discover mouth and nease.

And with a humble countenance,  
With visage bare make reverence.

When our Ladies doe ride in raine,  
Should no man have them at disdain:

Though they be covered mouth & nease,  
In that case they will none displease:

For when they goe to quiet places,  
I them excuse to hide their faces,

When they would make collation,  
With any lustie Champion:

Though they be hid then to the éne,  
We may consider what I meane,

But in the Church and market places,  
I think they should not hide their faces.

Except these faults be sure amended,  
My sytting, Sir, shall never be ended.

But would your grace my counsell take,  
A proclamation you should make:

Both



## Of side Tailles.

Both in the Land and Borrowtownes,  
To shew their face and cut their gownes:  
None should from them exeeemed bee,  
Except the Quenes Maiestie.  
Because this matter is not faire,  
Of Rhetoricke it must bee baire,  
Women will say, this is no bounds,  
To write such vile and filthie words:  
But would they cleanse their filthie tailles,  
Which ober the myze and mofding trailes:  
Then should my writing ended be,  
None other mends y<sup>e</sup> get of mee.  
The trueth should not bee holden close.  
Veritas non querit angulos.  
I know good women that beane wise,  
This rurall ryme will not dispise.  
None will me blame, I you assure,  
Except a wanton glozious whores.  
Whose flyting I feare not a flea,  
If arewell, y<sup>e</sup> get no more of mee.

Quod LYNDESAY in contempt of side tailles,  
that Duddrons and Duntibours through  
the dubbes trailes.

## KITTIES CONFESSION,

Compiled (as is beleeved) by Sir David

Lynndesay, of the Mount Knight, &c.

The Curate and Kittie.

**T**he Curate Kittie could confesse,  
And shee tolde on both more and lesse,  
When shee was talking as shee wist,

## Kitties Confession.

The Curate Kittie would have kist,  
But yet a countenance hee bare,  
Digest, devote, daine and demure:

And then began her to exame:

He was best at the after game.

Said hee, have y<sup>e</sup> ante wrongous geare?

Said shee, I stole a pecke a beare,

Said hee, that should restozed bee,

Therefoze deliber it to mee.

Tibbie and Peter had mee speare,

By my conscience they shall it heare.

Said hee, lide you in licherie?

Said shee Willie Leno mowed mee.

Said hee, his wife that shall I tell,

To make my quantance with her sell.

Said hee, know y<sup>e</sup> none hertise?

I know not what that is said shee.

Said hee heard yee none English bookes?

Said shee, my master on them lookes,

Said hee, the Bishop shall that know:

Foz I am swozn that foz to show.

Said hee, what said hee of the king?

Said shee, of good hee spake nothing.

Said hee, his grace of that shall wit,

And hee shall lose his life foz it.

When shee in minde did moze revolbe,

Said hee, I cannot you absolbe:

But to my chamber come at even,

Absolbed foz to bee and sh<sup>z</sup>iben:

Said shee, I will passe to another,

And I met with Sir Andrew his brother

And

## Kitties Confession.

And hee full cleanelie did me shꝛibe,  
But hee was somewhat talkative:  
Hee asked many a strange case,  
How that my love did mee embrace,  
What day how oft, what sozt, & where?  
Said he, I would I had bene there:  
Hee mee absolved foꝛ a placke,  
Though he with me no pꝛice wold make  
And meekle Latine he did mumble,  
I heard nothing but humble bumble.  
He shew me not of Gods word,  
Which sharper is than anie sword:  
And deepe into our hearts doe pꝛint,  
Our sins wherethꝛogh we do repent  
Hee put mee nothing into feare,  
Wherethꝛough I should my sins foꝛbear  
Hee shew mee not the malediction,  
Of God foꝛ sin, noꝛ the affliction:  
And in this life the great mischiefe,  
Doꝛained to punish whoꝛe and thiefe:  
Hee shew me not of the Hells paine,  
That I might feare, and vice restraine.  
Hee counseld me not to abstaine.  
And lead an holie life and cleane.  
Of Christs blood nothing hee knew  
Noꝛ of his pꝛomises full trew.  
That saved all that will beleve,  
That Sathan shall us never grieve.  
Hee teacheth me not foꝛ to traist,  
The comfort of the holy Chaist  
And bade mee not to Christ bee kind.



## Kitties Confession.

To kéepe his law with heart and minde,  
And love and thank his great mercie,  
From sin and hell that saved me:  
And love my neighbour as my self,  
Of this nothing he could mee tell.  
But gave me pennance every day,  
An Ave Maria for to say:  
And frydayes fide no flesh to eate,  
But butter and egges is better meat.  
And with a plack to buy a messe,  
From dzunken Sir Iohn Latine-lesse:  
Said hee, a placke I will cause Sandie,  
Give thee againe at handie dandie:  
Then into pilgrymage to passe  
The verie way to wantonnesse.  
Of all this pennance I was glad,  
I had them all perqueare, I said,  
To mowe and steale I know the price,  
I shall it set on sinne and lyce,  
But hee my counsell could not kéepe,  
Hee made him by the fire to sleape.  
Then cryed, collops, beafe, and coales,  
Hose and shoes with double soales.  
Cakes and candle, græse and salt,  
Cooznes of meale, and handfuls of malt,  
Wollen and linnen, warp and woff,  
Dame kéepe the keyes of your wool-loft:  
Though drinke and sleep made him to rave  
And so with us they play the knave.  
Friers sweare by their profession,  
None can be safe without this confession,

And

## Katties Confession.

And make all men to understand,  
That it is Gods owne command:  
Yet it is nothing but mans dreame,  
The people to confound and shame.  
It is nought else but mans law,  
Made mens minds foꝛ to know:  
Wherethrough they fyle them as they will,  
And make their lawes confoꝛme theretill.  
Sitting in mens conscience,  
Above Gods magnificence,  
And doeth the people teach and tye,  
To serue the Pope and Antichrist.  
To the great God Omnipotent,  
Confesse thy sin, and the repent,  
And trust in Christ, as writeth Paul,  
Which shed his blood to save thy soule.  
Foꝛ none can thee absolve but hee,  
Foꝛ take away thy sins from thee,  
If of good counsell thou hast neede,  
Dost haue not learned well thy Creede:  
Dost wicked vices reigne in thee,  
The which thou canst not moꝛtifie:  
Dost be in desperation,  
And wouldst haue consolation.  
Then to a Preacher true thou passe,  
And shew thy sins and thy trespasse.  
Thou needs not foꝛ to shew him all,  
Foꝛ tell thy sins both great and small,  
Which is impossible to bee,  
But shew the vice which troubles thee,  
And hee shall of thy fault haue rue.

## The Iusting, &c.

And the instruct into the trueth:  
And with the word of veritie,  
Shall comfort and shall counsell thee,  
The Sacraments shew thee at length:  
Thy little faith to firme and strength,  
And how thou should them rightly use  
And all hypocrisie refuse.  
Confession first was ordained free,  
In this sort in the Church to bee,  
So to confesse as I describe,  
Was in the Church primitive:  
So was Confession ordained first,  
Though Codrus kyte should cleave and burst.

The Iusting betweene *James Watson* and *John Barbour*,  
servitours to King *James* the fifth.

Compyled by Sir *David Lyndesay*, of the Mount  
Knight, alias, Lyon King of Armes.

**A** S. Andrewes on Whitsonmononday,  
Two Champions their man-hood to essay,  
Wast to the Barrace enarmed heade and  
hands,

Was never seene such Iusting in no lands:  
In presence of the Kings Grace and Quene,  
Where mante lustie Ladie might bee seene,  
Many knight, Barron, and Barrent,  
Came forth to see that awfull toznamen,  
The one of them was gentle *James Watson*,  
And *John Barbour* that gentle Champion.

Unto



## The Iusting, &c.

Unto the King they were familiars,  
Of his Chamber both Cubiculars  
James was a man of great intelligence,  
A mediciner full of experience:  
And Iohn Barbour hee was a noble Leech,  
Crooked carlings he wold cause them get speeche  
When once they entred were into the fieelde,  
Full womanlie they wolded speare and sheld,  
And wightlie waded in the wind their heeles,  
Hobling like cadgers ryding on their creeles,  
But either ran at other with such hast,  
That they could never their speare get in the rest.  
Whē gentle James trod best with Iohn to meet  
His speare did fall among his horses feet.  
I am right sure good James had bene undone,  
Were not y Iohn his markes toke by the Done,  
My spear is good, now keep thee from my knocks.  
Said Iohn, albeit thou thinkst my legs like rocks.  
Tarie a while, said James, for by my thrist,  
The fiend a thing can I see but the List.  
No more can I, said Iohn, by Gods bread,  
I see nothing except the steeple head:  
Yet though my byans be like two barrow-frams,  
Defend thee man, then can they to like Rams:  
At that rude rinke James had bene stricken down  
Were not that Iohn for fiercenesse fell in sown,  
And right so James to Iohn had done great deare,  
Were not amongst his horse-feet brok his speare,  
Said James to Iohn Yet for our Ladies sake,  
Let us together strike thre market strakes:  
I hold, said Iohn, that shall on thee be woken.

But

The Iusting, &c.

But ere he spurred his horse, his spear was broken  
From time his spears none can their marrow meet,  
James drew a sword with a right awfull spirit,  
And ran to Iohn, and would caught him a rout,  
Iohns sword was rusted & would no way come out:  
Then James let drive at Iohn with both his fists,  
Hee mist the man, and dang upon the lists.  
And with þe stroke he throw'd the man was slaine,  
His sword sticke fast, and got it neber againe.  
By this good Iohn had gotten out his sword,  
And ran to James with many awfull word,  
By furiousnesse forsooth now shalt thou finde,  
Striking at James his sword flew in the winde.  
Then gentle James began to cracke good words,  
Alas (said hee) this day for lacke of swords:  
Then either ran at other with new races.  
With gloues of plate they bate at other faces,  
Who wan the field no creature could name,  
Till at the last Iohn cryed, red for shame:  
Yea, red said James, for it is my desire,  
It is an houre since I began to tire.  
So by they had ended that royall rinke,  
Into the field might no man stand forrinke.  
Then every man that stood on far cryde, fye,  
Dying, adew for diert partes companie.  
Their horse-harnesse, & all things was so good,  
Loving to God that day was shed no blood.

¶ F I N I S .

Quod Lyndesay, at command of  
King James the fifth.

